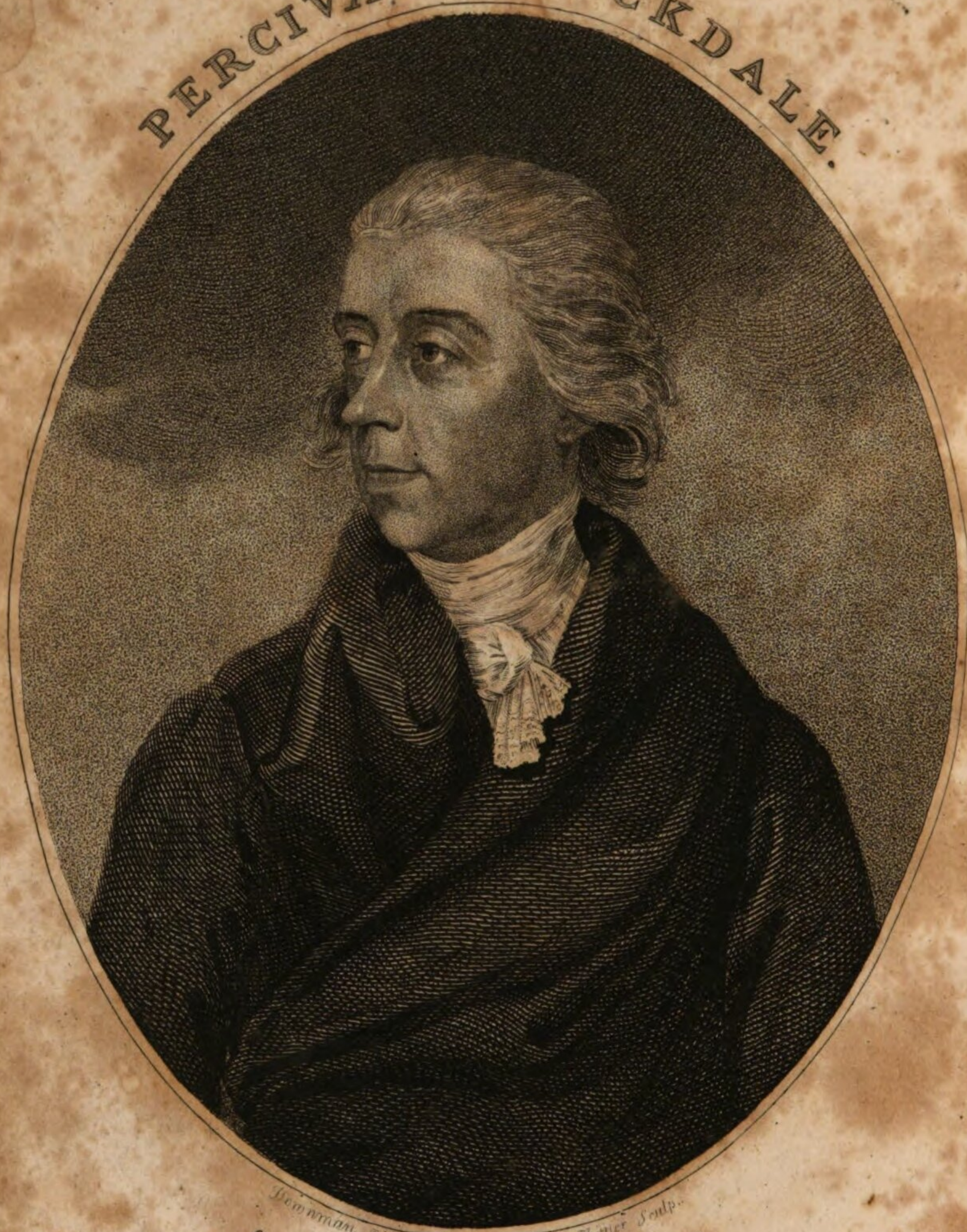


THE
MEMOIRS
OF
PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

Printed by W. T. Jones,
Old Burying-Ground, Newbury.

Printed by *W. Pople*,
22, Old Boswell-Court, Strand.

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.



Donnan Pinx.

F. J. S. Sculp.



THE
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE, AND WRITINGS
OF
PERCIVAL STOCKDALE;
CONTAINING
MANY INTERESTING ANECDOTES
OF THE
ILLUSTRIOUS MEN WITH WHOM HE WAS CONNECTED.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito
Quam tua te fortuna sinet.

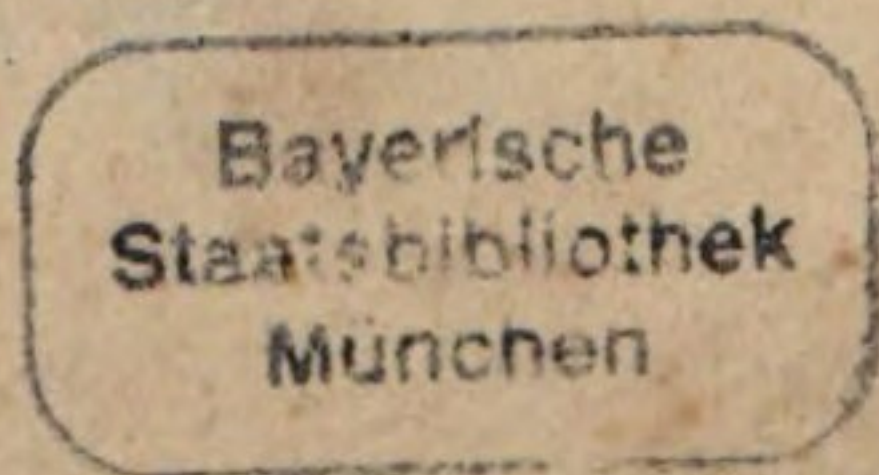
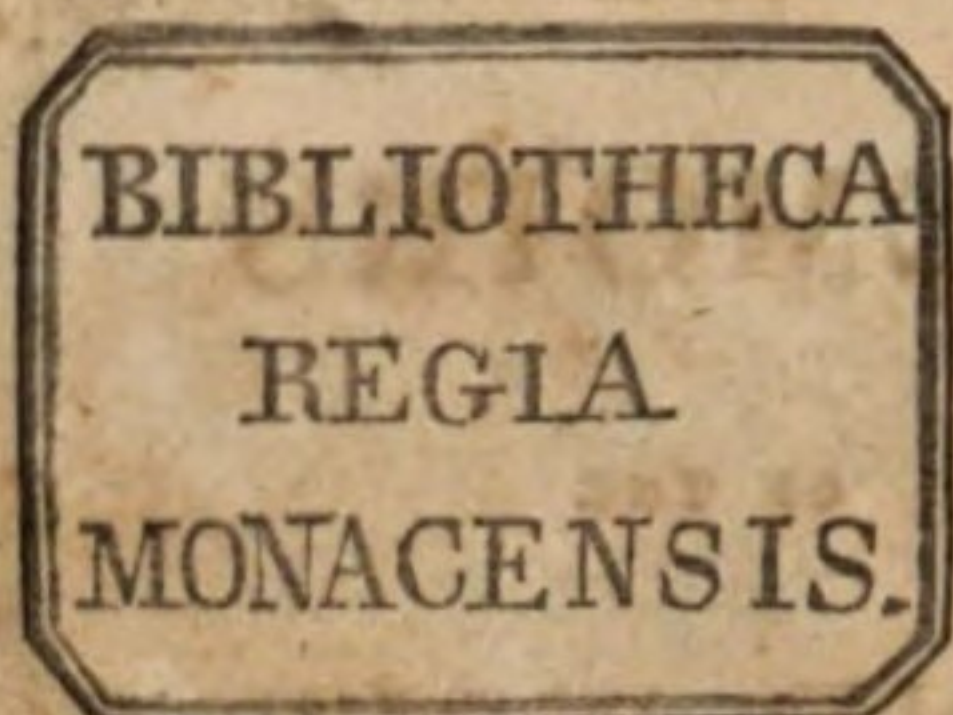
VIRGIL.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

54. D.



DEDICATION.

TO

MISS PORTER.

LESBURY:

Sunday; St. MATTHIAS's-day;

February 24th, 1805.

MADAM,

IF in the usual flattering style of dedications, I should request a particular attention to these memoirs, of some person who was entitled merely by external and artificial consequence, to a publick testimony of my respect, I should do great injustice to the ingenuous nature, and independent habits of my own mind: and I should do equal injustice to *yours*: I should be stupidly insensible to the

most refined, and exalted virtue; which I have long observed, and admired: I should be guilty of inexcusable ingratitude for innumerable instances of the most generous, and sublime friendship; if I hesitated, for a moment, to whom I should, on this occasion, offer my sincere, and ardent literary tribute.

You, madam, condescended to be the humble copier of the following work. By *your* care, and accuracy, my attention to the press has been free from the many extremely perplexed embarrassments of my manuscript; which were occasioned partly by the lapses of my memory; and partly by the increasing, and awful mental infirmities of old age. But singularly great as I shall always deem *this* favour, you have far surpassed it; and *you* alone, in your moral progress, can rise above the acts of your preceding magnanimity.

When a most afflicting nervous disorder had weakened the powers of my

mind; and had rendered it incapable to actuate, and brighten a gloomy solitude, with the splendid beings of memory, and imagination; *you* quitted, at my anxious request, the genial, and charming scenes of SURREY, for the bleak, and dreary wilds of NORTHUMBERLAND; you quitted the most attractive connexions, to soothe an unfortunate, and aged poet with your humane, and christian sympathy; and to animate him with your interesting, and brilliant conversation.

Then,

“ I and malice, from this hour, are friends.”

After all my disappointments, and mortifications in life, my ambition has, at length, obtained a glorious homage to learning, and to genius; which would have been denied to the lumber of wealth, or to the tinsel of a star.

The almost unexampled greatness of your conduct to *me*, cannot be assimilated to the characteristicks of the pre-

sent age; it must be thrown back into the remote, and better times of the *heroick*; or it must be elevated to the ethereal region of the *romantick*, and imaginary virtue. It may excite the surprize of *common* minds; of *little* souls it will most probably be honoured with the ridicule; with their spurious, and invidious wit.

I have the honour to be,
with the highest esteem, and respect,

dear madam,

your inexpressibly obliged friend,

and most obedient servant.

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

THE
PREFACE.

IT is now six years since I wrote the memoirs which I am going to publish. From that time to the present, I never looked at them. I have now reperused them with great care, and circumspection; a species of attention which has not timidly checked the freedom with which I always wish to write. I have, however, found it expedient, in this preliminary address to the publick, to vindicate that freedom, by ingenuously representing the state of mind which produced it.—Not a particle of it resulted from the austerity, and moroseness of old age; from disappointed ambition; nor from that prejudice,

and partiality for past times, which is often, without foundation, imputed to old men.—It proceeded from the absolute independence of my mind; from my constitutional, and habitual assertion of all important truth, without any unmanly fear of consequences;—a noble state of the soul, from which I will not ignominiously, and shamefully recede, in my old age; nor in my death. The enjoyment of it has almost countervailed the external misfortunes which it has occasioned me; life, while I am now writing, presents very little of what is desirable to my contemplation; therefore it would be the extreme of folly to relax in these memoirs, from my intellectual, and literary intrepidity.

I have thus distinctly, and sincerely communicated the motives which dictated the prevailing strain of my memoirs. I am well acquainted with human nature; and I am thoroughly convinced of some fine exceptions to my general knowledge of it. Of the liberal, and the generous, I warmly anticipate the belief, and the confidence; the great majority must think, and determine for themselves; I am not so presump-

tuous as to mean to convert their system; and I wish them well.

I have taken the liberty repeatedly to observe, that our literary taste, and consequently our literary productions are in a declining, and degenerate state. This I have asserted from no disrespect of persons; nor hastily, and presumptuously; but from the general evidence of the fact; from which it is impossible for our illustrious island to plead an exception. It would be absurd to point out the case, by mentioning any one particular state; for in all great empires, the powers, the judgment, and the taste of the human mind, have sunk analogously with their morals. A deluge of commerce overwhelms rectitude of conduct, and buries it under luxury, and dissipation.—All this is inevitable in the progress of human affairs. My observation is general; I am not criminating all. Some manly, and determined souls (I am sorry that I was not one of them) will be deaf to the songs of the sirens; will dash away the cups of CIRCLE; and assume the panoply, and the perfection of virtue. But with the great majority it will always necessarily be otherwise. Therefore *they* are entitled to the

benevolent compassion, and forgiveness of the philosopher; not to a precipitate, and indiscriminate condemnation. “Let us not (says “LA BRUYERE) quarrel with mankind because “they are selfish, proud, amorous, and licentious:—c’est ne pouvoir souffrir que la pierre tombe, ou que le feu s’eleve.” Yet here I feel it my duty to observe, that man is not a mere physical, and material being. If he exerts his reason as it directs him to virtue; and if he avails himself of the pure, and unsophisticated light of the divine christian religion; he will be a good, generous, and happy man; and he will completely redeem, with relation to himself, the very unfortunate, and calamitous misconduct of our species.

I must now request the gentlemen of the law to accept my respectful apology for the free observations which I have taken the liberty to make on *their* profession. I have observed that the objects of their study contributed very much to give penetration, and acuteness, but that it was not favourable to elegance, and expansion of mind. I hope that those remarks will meet with their indulgence, when I assure them that they

flowed from no illiberal disrespect; but from that unbiassed, and unreserved love of critical, and intellectual truth, which has always marked my writings. I have not the least personal dislike to any lawyer in the kingdom. Indeed I have the strongest reasons to cherish very different impressions with regard to several of them. I revert, with a tear of pious gratitude, to the kind, and affectionate friendship which was shown me by some gentlemen of this profession who are now no more. I am happy, at this moment, to view some of them, in my mind's eye, amongst my living friends.—But to avoid the infamy of ingratitude, I must ardently look back to the memory of lord THURLOW, by whom the greatest favour was done to me that I ever received.—To *him* I owe my establishment in the church; to *him* I owe my exemption from indigence, and oppression; which, without his active benevolence, would, at this hour, afflict, and torment my old age, unspeakably depressed by a nervous malady. He marked, and rewarded my literary merit.—I say this from no particle of vanity; but as a proper tribute to the memory of a great man, who rewarded literary merit in others as

well as in me ; with a practical reproach to the prime ministers of an enlightened country, who have very seldom shewn any protection to those literary men who distinguished themselves. He had great and splendid talents ; a magnanimous, and unsubmitting soul ; and all the actions of his life were as independent as his decrees.

I hope that the clergy will be as liberal in their indulgence of me as the gentlemen of the law. If I have made some free remarks on those externals which are concomitants of our profession, I have so much confidence in their candour as to presume that they will think I have made ample (I should have said more than ample) atonement for those remarks, by my warm defence of the christian religion ; and by the ardent strain of it's morality, which flows through this work.

Monday forenoon. Oct. 3d.—I have now come to that most agreeable part of my preface, where I shall have the heart-felt pleasure of giving the praise which they deserve to a few privileged, and distinguished authours, whose writings dart through the general fog of our literary dullness, and vitiated taste, and kindly salute us with their genial, and benignant rays. As I am an un-

popular, and unfashionable man, I previously request them to be assured that I by no means think that my encomium, however well-founded, will be of great consequence to *them*;—but to *me* it will be of no little consequence:—it will show; nay, I hope it will prove, to generous minds, that in my old age I am not blinded with an infatuation for past times; that I am free from envy, and malignity; and that however unsuccessful, from the disinterested, and fearless independence of my nature, my own productions have been, I am proud to seize occasions of commending eminent literary desert. It is with genius as it is with virtue; the man of genius, in the worst times, distinguishes the objects of intellect that are about him, with a lynx's eye; dashes away the rubbish of the mind; and in his own, forms and incorporates the mental gold, and diffuses it's glory over the nation. So with regard to virtue; the man who is born with a strong, and happy disposition to cultivate and confirm that divine object, rises with vigour above the profligacy, and licentiousness of his age; and asserts, and maintains the moral dignity, and majesty of a SOCRATES, or a CATO.

My old, and dear friend, Mr. JERNINGHAM, is an elegant writer both in verse and prose. All his writings are in unison with his sentiments; they warmly inculcate an excellent morality; an evangelical mildness and benignity; and his doctrine of JESUS CHRIST is more forcibly recommended and impressed by the colouring, and imagery of the poet.

Amidst a heap of execrable trash, under the title of novels, let me pay a just and well merited distinction to those of my worthy friend Mr. DALLAS. He is a man of a most affectionate, and virtuous mind. He has had the moral honour, in several novels, to exert his talents, which were worthy of their glorious cause, in the service of good conduct, and religion.

CRABBE is a good, and elegant poet; and very consistently with his clerical profession, he has made his poetical objects subservient to the excellent cause of christian morality.

I love the anacreon of MOORE; I will not say much for the force of the original; but even the objects of pleasure, if they are poetically produced, interest, and delight the mind. His lit-

the book does him honour, whether we consider him as a poet or a critick.

Mr. LEWIS is very eminent as a genius; for his originality, and variety; and for the strength of his colouring and description. His romantick tales have interested, and entertained me. I rather regretted his four Facardins. His liberality of mind, I hope, will let my sincere praise atone for my friendly censure.

I have read SCOTT's lay of the last minstrel, and his MARMION, with very great delight. He is a genuine poet; and I am happy to know that such productions come forth at a period which is unfavourable to that divine art. I was born in NORTHUMBERLAND; two miles south of the TWEED. BRANXTON, near the field of FLODDEN, was the place of my nativity. I often walked over that field with my dearest father. Hence the local objects of those poems, united with their fine hues, distinguished characters, and strong pathos, particularly engrossed, and enraptured my poetical imagination.

I have read with pleasure, Mr. PRATT's writings, in verse and prose. I take this publick opportunity to express my gratitude for his kind attention to *me*.

The earl of CARLISLE, by his eloquence, and his poetry, does very great honour to the british coronet.

I must now particularly mention some objects which are to *me* emphatical. I avail myself of this opportunity to make my warm acknowledgement to the bishop of DURHAM, for his expeditious attention to my request for his licences for absence from my livings, when my health was materially concerned. His immediate granting me those licences, and to the utmost extent of time that the law allows, takes very considerable merit in *my* mind. At present, from some concomitant circumstances, on which I now reflect, not with a little regret; and as I respect his approbation, it would be ungenerous in me not to be assured that for the sincere, and disinterested zeal which I have shown in these memoirs, for the cause of christianity, he will forgive several of my arguments, and sentiments which may be different from his own.

Before I close this preface, as I am a clergyman, I feel it my indispensable duty to offer my eulogy to the glorious liturgy of the church of ENGLAND.—It's well arranged, and well con-

nected variety is happily adapted to a diversity of dispositions and feelings ; and keeps the human mind in a devoutly pleasurable state of devotion. It's pathos melts the heart ; and it's sublimity elevates it to heaven. Nor let me here forget to pay my tribute of encomium to our great divines, who have enforced the cause of christianity with the most energetick and noblest sermons that ever appeared in the world.

In my epistolary correspondence, I was honoured, many years ago, with several letters from some of our most illustrious men. The letters that I received from GARRICK ; from lord LYTTELTON ; from Dr. JOHNSON ; from lord THURLOW ; from BURKE, and from Fox, are yet in my possession ; and I will not resign them till I die, to some elegant, and distinguished soul who may be worthy of them. I am proud ; and I ever will be proud of such honours, from such men. To show my inexpressible esteem for them, I value them as much as a miser does his gold. But let me atone to myself, and to the memories of those celebrated men, for the humiliating comparison. The love of the *miser* proceeds from the most groveling

ideas that can sink the mind of man. *My* adoration of the letters to which I refer, flows from my glowing, and expanded enthusiasm for sublime characters, and for their immortal glory. I have very lately perused those letters; as they have no connexion with these memoirs, nor with objects of publick interest, I have determined not to publish them. While I was reading those letters, I imagined, in the creation of poetical fancy, that the shades of their illustrious writers presented themselves before me.

2, BATEMAN'S Buildings,

Nov. 11, 1808.

THE
MEMOIRS
OF
PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

To say that self-love, I hope, a fair and allowable self-love; a desire of the attention of posterity, and even of my cotemporaries, was not *one* motive with me for writing the narrative on which I am now entering,—would not be believed; and deservedly; because it would not be true. But another, and if I know my own heart, the more cogent motive which dictates these memoirs, is the prudential, and moral edification which the perusal of them may afford to my readers; especially to the young, and rising generation. Mankind have in all ages, been dupes to externals; and lives of those men who have possessed immense power, and who have been environed with great pomp, and splen-

dour, have always been read with avidity ; with an absurd, and immoral partiality. Yet most of the heroes of those histories, instead of having been examples of private, and publick virtue, were the notorious robbers, and oppressors of the world. And to shew the justice of our judgement on human conduct, their success, and the extent of their encroachments, and tyranny, to *some* degree, in our estimation, authorized their crimes. Hence, *their* historians, instead of contributing to make us prudent, and virtuous, excite in our minds an idolatry to lawless power ; an admiration of profligate, and destructive ambition.

The humbler, and private life ; and the faithful, unreserved, and fearless representations of it, are the proper schools for the best, and most salutary instruction of the human race. If I can write as effectually as I wish, for moral improvement, few histories of individuals, will be more useful ; more practically important, than the ingenuous account of myself, which I shall give to the publick. Every thing that constituted my nature, my acquirements, my habits, and my fortune, conspired to let in upon me a complete

knowledge of human nature.—The descriptions of it that we read in books, which were written by merely theoretical men; though they interest and entertain, while we give our attention to them, do not make impressions that are sufficiently durable, and powerful, to actuate, and direct our conduct; these advantages, perhaps, are obtained, to the summit of philosophy, only by the various sallies, and extravagances of extreme sensibility; and by their natural; by their almost necessary effects; a variety of situations, and sufferings. If a reader, earnestly, and carefully, and with a determination to make himself a wiser, and a better man, attends to an ingenuous account of all this diversified, and dear-bought discipline, from the person who sustained it; the account may be as useful to him as if he had been the actor in the real drama, not the intellectual spectator. I trust that I shall be very sincere, and explicit in this narrative; even on occasions which may demand such frankness, against myself. With this unreserved, and impartial manner of relating facts; and with all my faults; with all my imprudences and misconduct; with all my ill-requited humanity, and good

offices ; and with a few talents, for which nature exacted a more than jewish usury in the active, and unrelenting malignity of mankind ; with the full display of *these* objects, I trust that I shall be an entertaining ; I shall certainly be a most instructive biographer.

I shall not, in this literary will, and testament, be so industriously, and accurately eloquent, as I have endeavoured to be, however ineffectually, and unfortunately, in my former writings. Old age loves to relax from arduous exertion ; and it is, at last, my best, and my highest literary ambition, to engage, and inform the heart, with an honest, and “ unvarnished tale.”

As I have always despised every appearance of affectation in writing, as in life, I shall speak of myself, in the course of this narration, in the first person ; I am going to write anecdotes of my life, because I hope they will do good ; but if, even with *this* motive, if there is any arrogance or presumption in writing them, I ought to be obnoxious to that charge, for drawing the deliberate, and long attention of my readers on myself ; not, surely, for the frequent, and natural use of a pronoun, which consists of one

poor letter. If an authour, for virtuous, and laudable reasons, may hope that the publick will candidly, and generously receive a whole book which relates the history of himself; why should the repetition of one little word be avoided;—of a word, not certainly in *that* history, obtrusive, and ostentatious; but of easy, of necessary connection? *That* pride, or conceit, which assumes the semblance of modesty, is particularly disgusting to open souls; for it is a coward who is insidious to deceive us. In the biographical style, I have always thought that the formal, retreating *he*, was as consequential a gentleman as the honest advancing *I*. As to the literary individual who grammatically cuts, and divides his person; who severs *one* into *we*, I am at a loss to know what he means by *his* mode of affectation; by his fractional delicacy; whether by subdivision, to weaken, or by multiplication, to strengthen his importance.

I must farther previously observe that through this whole narrative, I shall be very attentive conscientiously to adhere to truth; and I shall think it an equal obligation of conscience, to communicate, with an unbiassed, and unreserv-

ed mind, whatever important, and useful truths may occur to my recollection, and observation. Good writing, as the excellent LONGINUS remarks, flows as much from the heart, (from the pure, and disinterested discipline of the soul,) as from the head. An energy like that of genius flows from the sincerity, and congenial simplicity of the authour; and without a most explicit honesty, regardless of emoluments; nay, of the soothing objects of life, and of it's factitious honours; we cannot really, and completely, serve the cause of morality, and literature. In each province, I shall write with a freedom untainted with any improper, and unmanly fear. In that of Letters, they whose impartiality, and judgement were equal to their benevolence, have thought that I have not been so fortunate as I have deserved. Let me, at least hope, that as an authour, I shall live long enough to survive cotemporary prejudice, and malevolence; and to receive the just award of men remote from the contact of these ungenerous passions. In the mean time, I declare, that I shall give my sentiments on our present literature; and on the general character of our present literary adven-

turers ; as dispassionately, as if I had never been an authour myself ; and as if I had never been unfortunate ;—when I said, dispassionately, I meant a freedom from the mean impulse of envy, and malevolence. For to write with a totally unimpassioned mind, when it is our duty to assert the laurels of injured genius, or without a warrantable resentment, to repell the rude claims of pompous dullness, I leave to those heavy, and discreet authours, who, in consequence of writing, sink to Lethe, or rise to promotion.

It cannot fairly be disputed that I have a right to give my sentiments on any object that is connected with our degenerate republick of Letters. I cannot proceed according to my plan ; my zeal for the elegant cultivation, and improvement of the human mind cannot produce any good effects, if I am limited in the range of my observations. I applied the epithet, *degenerate*, to the present state of our republick of letters. Not from an austere, and fastidious temper ; but from a painful conviction of its propriety ; a conviction, which in the progress of every month, receives new demonstrations.

Our literature is debased with the characteristic of the *general* depravity, and puerility of our taste. They to whom books are the objects of a transitory attention, are heated with a little fever of the mind for novelty, and show; not with a noble passion for the dignity of intellectual improvement. From the immense number of books that are now published in the course of every year; a number unknown to the passed annals of our learning; and from the foolish, and extravagant literary decorations; we may easily, and indisputably infer the exertions, and habits of our minds. In fact, the great majority of us are but grown children; we are only eager after change, and variety;—whatever trifles *they* present to us, we read them with avidity;—and consistently with this capricious, and inglorious pursuit, we prefer the vain luxury of the eye before the virtuous luxury of sentiment; we prefer lavish, and external meretricious ornaments before the genuine, and god-like splendour of thought, and language. My good intentions will not be misconstrued by liberal, and distinguishing criticks, (by those who read, and write, with judgement, and with taste, themselves,) into

the uncorrected peevishness of age; into an unbecoming, and presumptuous pride. I am conscious that the freedom of my present remarks is not actuated by these motives. Nor am I so absurdly vain of my own powers, or so unacquainted with life, as to imagine that the intellectual reformation that I wish, is to be effected by *my* remonstrances, and persuasions. Yet if they are patiently, and maturely considered, they may induce my more untutored, and passive readers, to check the mechanical progress of their minds; and to assert the native principles, and information of good, and discriminating sense: and thus by the progressive, and powerful influence of time co-operating with the aid of more enlightened instructors, they may mount from the vapid, and gross dregs of ROMULUS, to the spirited, and sparkling nectar of our AUGUSTAN age.

Superior to personal, and gloomy motives; and only impelled by the love of those studies, which, if they have not made me affluent, have been my indeprivable, and best consolation; and laudably jealous of the glory of our intellectual heroes; I shall not hesitate to use those

means which I think warrantable, to do justice to the polite literature of our country.

The right of giving our explicit sentiments on *any* publication, is free to every man : To treat any publication with a malignant partiality, and impertinence, is not an evident right, but an arrogated iniquity. Not spleen, and disgust, but long, and incontrovertible experience has taught me to apprehend that the constitutional, and indefeasible right of an english writer to ingenuous, and unlimited criticism, will not so cheerfully be granted to *me*, as to *others*. I shall beg leave, however, to assert it ; the voice of reason, and generosity may yet be heard in my favour, before I die ; they may substantiate my claims ; they may fix them on an adamantine foundation.

Every literary production is a fair object of publick opinion, delivered in such terms as the production deserves. And to name an authour, when absolute perspicuity, and accuracy require that we *should* name him, is surely no profane, no illicit act against social, and civil decorum. We cannot too distinctly, and notoriously proscribe those who sacrilegiously violate the temple

of the muses ; we cannot pay too high, and characteristick honours to those who rightfully worship there.

I must insist that *he* has a particularly indisputable right to make these uncircumscribed, and honest literary animadversions, who openly, and honourably avows that he is their authour ; who involves himself, and his writings, in the same fate ; and who thus, at once invites the pleasing approbation, and the instructive censure of learned, and impartial minds ; and secure in the consciousness of his good intentions, hazards, without anxiety, the pointless wit, and vulgar aspersions of ignorance, and malevolence.

Let me, then, compare the present with the past ; let me observe how ENGLISHMEN *now* write ; and let me recollect, and consider how they *have* written. The comparison may induce *others* to compare ; it may contribute to awaken in their *breasts* the love of nature, and of that happy art which is her glowing image ; her faithful, and inspiring representative ; and which is dormant, but not extinguished *there*. Thus they may be persuaded to stem the tide of dullness ; (more encroaching as more successful ;)

to emerge from the fogs of BÆOTIA; and to court a genial, and salubrious atmosphere of intellect; the serenity, and the fragrance of our ATTICK air.

Tell me, then, my countrymen, whom though misguided, I respect;—tell me, ye natives of the first region in the world, for mental endowments; Why ye suffer an oblivion of our immortal authors; an estrangement from our celebrated models of the beautiful, and the sublime? Why do you suffer your attention to be directed from POPE; from YOUNG, and from MILTON; why do you suffer it to be engrossed by any little tyrant of a verbal PROCRUSTES; who mangles, and murders poetry; who undoubtedly presuming to eclipse those illustrious men, disgusts, and nauseates every reader of taste, and sentiment; while he contends for excellence by a novelty and invention, which, I hope, will ever be his own; by an affectation, and distortion, which make a jargon of language; and by uninteresting, unnatural, and monstrous fiction? Or, when english prose engages your attention, why do you suffer a SWIFT, an ADDISON, and a BOLINGBROKE, in whom you may find the graces of CICERO,

and of CESAR; to be supplanted by one of our conceited, and prating modern authours?

That such people should write, and publish, is not surprising; if we consider the self-deceit, and presumption of human nature; but that they should be read with a serious attention; that they should be approved; that they should be admired; would certainly be an object of surprize; if we did not likewise consider the dissipated, and licentious manners of the age, which are always at war with taste, as well as morals. These writers, with the true spirit of undeserved good fortune, seem to feel all their transitory consequence; but, at the same time, they are not without their alarms; they seem to apprehend, or anticipate the application of just, and free criticism; which may prune the luxuriance of their deciduous laurels. Hence they keep in firm, and compact array;

Defendit numerus, junctæque rembone phalanges;

fluttering, sometimes, in a forced, and imaginary triumph; lavishly fumigating each other with the incense of adulation; and pronouncing all hostilities, all censure of themselves, and their friends

(though God knows, the opposition may be very well founded) the mere splenetick effects of envy and malevolence.

But though liberal, and momentous truth, may, for *some* time, be depressed, she will at length, spring up; and assert, and acquire her authority, and her honours. The generous exertions of recluse, and independent talents, may, during their sublunary existence, be returned with ungrateful repulses; with affected contempt. They may seem to be overwhelmed for ever, by the force of individual, and combined malice;—but the voice of posterity may redeem the wrongs of their injured fame. It may pronounce their aims not *malignant*, but *benovolent*. It may decorate their memory with the noblest eulogium: it may openly, and warmly acknowledge, that their ardent, and unsubmitting efforts, contributed, or *should* have contributed, to retard the moral, and literary corruption of their country.—

This declaration of the freedom of opinion which I shall beg leave equitably to indulge, when occasions may invite it, I thought a *necessary*, and I will yet so far confide in the justice

of the publick, as to hope that it will be a *sufficient* apology for the whole tenour of my book. I shall now enter, as a biographer, on the commencement of my unfortunate life. Let the gentle reader, however, pardon my future *not* absolutely unconnected digressions ; or my remoter wanderings, which may be pleasing, and interesting to my heart, and memory. Of my sincerity, and truth, he may always be assured ; and *these* qualities give a kind of moral dignity, and lustre, even to amusive trifles.

For me, I like to speak the truth as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old MONTAIGNE.

If I should sometimes be desultory, and rambling, I shall endeavour to be in some degree entertaining, like that facetious, yet philosophical authour.

I was born at BRANXTON, in NORTHUMBERLAND, on the 26th of October, O S : in the year 1736. That village is situated in the northern part of the county, two miles south of the TWEED. A catastrophe melancholy to SCOTLAND has made it famous in history. The plain, or field of FLODDEN lies near the south-east end

of BRANXTON, and in the road to MILLFIELD. On this field, and on the 9th of September, 1513, the battle of FLODDEN was fought; which by some old writers is called, the battle of BRANXTON. The SCOTS were commanded by their king, JAMES, the fourth; the ENGLISH by the Earl of SURREY; who, on that day, which was fatal, and memorable to SCOTLAND, obtained a complete victory. The scotch king was slain in the battle, with some of his principal nobility. A generous, brave, and excellent monarch, fell a victim to national antipathy, and to ungoverned ambition. Twelve thousand SCOTS were killed; five thousand ENGLISH; or, as some accounts inform us, only fifteen hundred. What I have now related, is told in the following stanza of a rhyming history of the battle of FLODDEN, and of the preparations for it, which was published thirty years ago, from an old manuscript, by my friend, the reverend ROBERT LAMBE, vicar of NORHAM upon TWEED. I have reasons to think that this little history might have been sufficient authority to warrant the report of more regular and elaborate annals.

Twelve thousand SCOTS it seems were slain ;
Of ENGLISH but five thousand fell ;
But fifteen hundred, others plain
As words can make it, to us tell.

On the left side of the field, as you go southward, there *is*, or there *was*, an eminence with a hollow rock on its top, which was called the King's chair. We are told, that during the battle, the SCOTCH King ascended to that rock, to take a view of the disposition of the troops, and of the apparent fortune of the day. In the early time of my life, I often walked over the plain of FLODDEN, with my most affectionate, virtuous, and pious father. I remember that even *then*, the tender sentiments of filial love, with the bolder images of heroick deeds, worked powerfully in my puerile fancy.

A fact which happened some years after the time to which I am now referring, and which I often recollect with pious reverence, and with pungent regret, seems to be very pertinently adapted to this part of my narrative. As my dearest father and I, were, one day riding within view of BRANXTON, I said something to him which I have forgotten, relative to my native place. But I well remember, that he turned to

me, and said, with a seriousness, and emphasis, which are indelibly imprinted in my heart;—"You may make that place remarkable for your birth,—IF YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF."—I suppose that I might, then, be about twelve years of age. My father was a good scholar; his understanding was clear, and strong; and he could penetrate human nature. He already saw that I had natural advantages, above those of common men; but he likewise already saw in me the dangerous balance, in favour of common men; exquisite sensibility, and strong passions.

If I had followed all *his* paternal advice; his conditional prophecy would, perhaps, have been, at this day, verified; and my progressive prudence, good fortune, and undisputed fame, would have secured to me the attention and favour of the *great*; and it would have secured me from the insults, and injuries of the *little*, and malicious world. As I am determined to sacrifice every inferiour consideration to plain, and useful truth; all my readers who are worthy of this determination, will excuse; will approve a freedom that shall never be pusillanimously restrained by false delicacy, nor by immoral fear. I am

sure that *such* readers will generously, and cheerfully pardon me, if on *some* occasions, I indignantly spurn, in my narrative, the insolence of the proud, and the oppression of the selfish ; if, on those occasions, the assertions of the sacred prerogatives of my nature, are announced in more direct, and spirited language, than I should have applied to them, if I had been very highly fortunate ; and consequently, if I had been properly respected. While prejudiced, and puny judges, censure this unqualified, and expressive style, as the retort of ill-nature, and of a criminal resentment ; *such* readers, (I mean readers of the former class) will estimate the disposition of it's authour, from a more just, and masterly knowledge of mankind. In *their* benevolent minds, and with *their* moral experience, it will be to his commendation, not to his discredit. In *their* well-founded theory of man, he who sinks, and becomes abject under adversity, would probably have been made haughty, and imperious, by prosperous fortune : and *he*, who with an elastick soul, rises above the worst, and most unrelenting misfortunes ; and sometimes reminds encroaching arrogance, and malicious impertinence, of the pretensions which God gave him ; would,

agreeably to *these* manners, have adorned prosperity with the most expanded generosity; with all the graces of the gentlest virtue. The very energy of the contempt with which he treats insolence, shews you how abhorrent it is from his nature*.

I shall say something of my ancestors; but the reader will not be detained with a long enumeration of them; nor with a recital of virtues which they did not possess. The objects of the minute genealogist even of the most illustrious families;—all his long lives, and wide ramifications; are the proper materials for a herald's office: they are destitute of that intellectual food which informs the mind, and animates the heart.

* To those parts of my memoirs which may seem to take their colour from my fortune, I am encouraged to anticipate a generous indulgence, by the following passage from an entertaining and interesting tour to the Batavian republick. The authour (if we except the encomiums which he has prostituted to the French, and to BONAPARTE, and which do him great discredit) is a well-informed and amiable writer.—“The man,” says he, “whose compositions, delineating situation, and character, are not affected by present circumstances, and personal sensibility, is a writer whose acquaintance I am little disposed to cultivate.”

R. FELL'S TOUR.

They may, indeed, interest old women, and phlegmatick men; but they are not mental food for orators; for poets, and for heroes. Our family had a small landed patrimony in CUMBERLAND, near WIGTON, as I well remember my ever-honoured father's account; but I have forgotten the name of the* town, or village, to which it was immediately adjacent. My great-grandfather was an officer in the royal army, at the time of the great rebellion; and fell in one of the battles which was fought between an unfortunate king, and his ungenerous subjects. Old as I am, I am yet enthusiastically fond of liberty; and I hate tyrants. But our unreasonable and outrageous advocates for liberty, shall never, I hope, make me forget temperate, and just moral, and political distinctions; they shall never make me forget a period of undetermined, of undefined freedom; I must, with *their* leave, lay some stress on the excessive prerogative which was claimed, and exercised by the predecessors of CHARLES the First; I must lay some stress on the parliament's insolent rejection of terms to which they should have been determined by conscience, and by the constitution, to accede;

* IREBY, I think.

and I shall never be ashamed of the veneration which I pay ; nor of the sigh which I sometimes offer to the memory of an accomplished, virtuous, and pious ; but mistaken, and ill-advised king.

My grandfather was a very sensible, and good man ; he was eminent among all who knew him, for the purest integrity. In conversation, and in all his transactions ; he was tenacious of truth, with a most religious punctuality. My father, the reverend THOMAS STOCKDALE, was equally observant of veracity : and he frequently attributed that excellent part of his most respectable character, to a seasonable act of paternal severity. If the anecdote could be of use to foolishly indulgent parents (the worst enemies of their children) it will be worth relating. When my father was a very young boy, he was, one day, detected by my grandfather in a lie. It had been extorted by fear, on some very formidable emergency. No notice was taken of it till night ; when the boy was naked, and going into bed ; after a previous, and salutary lecture, a terrible chastisement was then inflicted on him :—and, in his old age, he assured me, that from that time, his conscience could not reproach him with

having once violated truth. Such was the happy effect of early paternal discipline, co-operating with one of the best human dispositions, that ever existed !

My father's person was agreeable ; he had clear, and just, not shining abilities. He was a good classical scholar ; and a good divine. In performing divine service (for he was a clergyman of the Church of ENGLAND) animation and efficacy were given to a plain delivery, by the unction of a sincere and fervent devotion. His sermons were perspicuous, and edifying ; they were founded on the genuine precepts of Christ. He carefully, and conscientiously, practised what he taught. His temper had warmth (and there is no generosity ; there is no virtue without it ;) but when it was occasionally excited, it soon subsided into his general tenour of gentleness, and benevolence. He was endowed, by nature, with good sense ; but as his life was retired ; as he was conversant with books, but not with mankind ; and as that consciousness of honesty, which has had but few opportunities of practical, and external moral information, is apt, weakly to imagine that others are as honest as itself ; he was, consequently, exposed to great impositions ;

and he suffered many. He, and my ever-honoured mother (a pious tear steals on my eye while I mention her) were afflicted with very delicate, and infirm health: and I was the child of their declining years. Yet notwithstanding the necessary expences of valetudinarians, and the smallness of my father's two benefices, (he had the vicarage of BRANXTON, and the perpetual curacy of CORNHILL,) notwithstanding the unmerciful defalcations which were struck off his legal rights, by rude, and unprincipled villainy,—they were most humanely attentive, and kind to the poor. The most affectionate of fathers, often extremely stretched his very limited power, to be a father to the indigent, who lamented his death with a simple, but energetick eloquence. *One* hoary, and deserted widow, who had particularly experienced his benevolence, attended his remains to their place of interment, with the most pathetick emotions of grief; and consecrated his grave with her tears. How feeble is the strain of the most eloquent funeral oration; how ineffective is the point of the most elegant, and vigorous epitaph, in comparison with *these* obsequies!

In the eye of reason, our guide to all im-

portant and salutary truth; factitious rank, and grandeur, cannot warrant, and dignify vice; they only make it more conspicuous, and more odious. In mere hereditary honours (though *VIX EA NOSTRA VOCO*) I have no brilliant stem to display. The blood of humane and true christians, flows through *my* frame; and I hope that it will alleviate my faults, and yet animate me to virtue. My sentiments on the subject which is now before me, are vigorously and beautifully expressed by my admired POPE in the following lines:

Thick o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings;
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow, from LUCRECE to LUCRECE;
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go, if your ancient but ignoble blood,
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;
Go, and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

ESSAY ON MAN.

DOROTHY STOCKDALE, my virtuous, and affectionate mother, was of rich and *mean* pa-

rentage. She was born at MURTEN, in NORTH-UMBERLAND; and was nearly related to the COLLINGWOODS of CORNHILL, in the county of DURHAM; and to the CLENNELLS of LILBURN, in the former county. Old THOMAS, and his brother PERCIVAL, CLENNELL, were my god-fathers. I had the discredit to be named after this man; instead of being honoured with my father's name. I well knew the families of whom I am speaking. The heads of them; the men whom I have mentioned, had considerable estates, for those times; they were very rich, and as hard as their gold, but with none of its ductility. They thought no object of any significance, comparatively with wealth; they thought none respectable, but the wealthy. THOMAS CLENNELL of LILBURN, and HENRY COLLINGWOOD of CORNHILL, were liberally educated; but that education had neither softened their hearts, nor expanded their minds.

My father passed the last six years of his life at CORNHILL; the immediate spot of his clerical duty. This is one of the pleasantest villages in the north of ENGLAND; and its adjacent grounds are extremely fertile; to that fertility, it probably owes its name. It is situated at the distance of

about half-a-mile south of the TWEED. It is remarkable, that CORNHILL is in the county of DURHAM, though the extensive length of NORTHUMBERLAND lies between *it*, and the rest of that county. But there are, in other parts of ENGLAND, similar instances of this extraordinary division.

Mr. COLLINGWOOD, by his kind offices, and friendship, might have greatly contributed to give agreeable circumstances to my father's residence at CORNHILL. His neighbourly, personal intercourse would have been pleasant; and it would have prevented much of the bad treatment, with which one of the best dispositions that ever existed, was injured, and harassed, by vulgar and inhuman beings. For as these creatures imagine that none are entitled to esteem, and respect, but the rich; to *them* they pay a timorous and crouching homage; and they gratify their mean pride, by an abject servility; and they mechanically imitate their manners.

I must be excused, if in a book which I devote to my zeal for virtue, I omit no facts, nor circumstances, connected, or collateral, with my main subject, which I think, may promote her cause. I shall spare myself as little, as I spare

others : a proof, at once, of my sincerity, and of my good intentions. I shall, on every fair occasion, introduce, without hesitation, or reserve, and make as prominent as I can, any instance of event ; or example of person, (however mortifying it may be to my own self-love,) which I shall think, may tend to check the progressive corruption of our literary and moral taste ; which I shall think, may inspire the ambition, and promote the power to write, and act nobly. From *these* two acquirements ; from *these* two unrivalled accomplishments, flows the most indeprivable, and sublimest happiness of man. Therefore, while I thus conscientiously animate, and console, the sluggishness, and dreariness of old age, and make some atonement for the many great irregularities and faults of my more active years, by enforcing *their* importance and beauty, I am not admitting into my mind, the least anxiety concerning the leaden bullets of dull, and supercilious, or the light shafts of pert, and comick illiberality. If I know any thing of the nature, and the practice of mankind, *they*, whose conduct may perhaps have been worse even than mine, will be my severest censors. They, who have good hearts ; who are true Christians ; who

are best acquainted with human nature, will always make the largest, and most generous allowances for infirmities; nay, for vices, which partly arise from constitution, difficulties, and situation. It soothes me to entertain a well-grounded hope, that by judges of *this* character, those passages of this book, which most directly, and strongly criminate myself, will be read with a lenient, and forgiving mind; on account of the frankness of my confessions; and of my endeavours to give salutary warnings, and admonitions. This merit, however humble, may be viewed, even by our Creator, with an approving and paternal eye. At the worst; with regard to the little remainder of my sublunary fate, I am inured to the frowns, and hostilities of the world; while they endeavoured to oppress and ruin me, perhaps they have been my friends: they have taught me to seek, and to find, pure, and permanent pleasure, by contracting my circle; by a simple, and retired life; by a virtuous, and indefatigable exercise of my mind. My wants are very few; the spot which I occupy, is very small; my continuance in this world is now but momentary; I am seriously preparing to be wor-

thy of a better ;—my enemies cannot any longer hurt me.

Yet this world, after all my repelling experience, has yet *one* strong hold of me. I ardently wish to obtain from my countrymen a diffused and general justice to my literary reputation. The love of fame, is by the greatest of poets pronounced to be “the last infirmity of noble minds.” His delicacy of sentiment was proportionable to the exalted spirit of his genius. Yet irresistibly conscious of his innate * greatness, under all the puritanical disadvantages of the times, he predicted his poetical immortality. This consciousness is unavoidable in genius of every degree ; indeed it ought not to be suppressed, if we consider the accumulated opposition with which it is often insulted.

The good, and pious mind, will pardon in me, a minute, a superstitious kind of veneration to the memory of my father. I have already observed that HENRY COLLINGWOOD, the squire of CORNHILL, and my mother’s relation, might have enlivened, and expanded his retired, and contracted situation, with considerable satisfaction, and pleasure. But he was of a selfish,

* MILTON.

proud, unfeeling nature ; which with-held that satisfaction from our family ; and from his own breast, the heart-felt, and heavenly delight, of promoting the happiness ; of being the friend of one of the best of men ; his behaviour to us was cold ; and, on some occasions, it showed a pre-meditated neglect, and incivility. On *our* side, there was so far from being any provocation to these manners, that he had the strongest incitements to reverse them. Indeed he was so poor a creature ; he entertained so pitiful a resentment ; that he had inherited, and exercised against my mother, some old petty female quarrel, and animosity of his family. At length, however, the divine authour of the eternal, and insuperable moral laws, extorted from him *one* signal act of justice ; one involuntary, and (as it came from *him*,) a most eloquent tribute ;—a most devout homage, to departed worth. The obduracy of heart, which had long been unrelaxed, was dissolved into tears, on the intelligence he received of my father's death ; and they streamed again over his grave. Oh ! benign authour of our existence ! what a reproach to us, is *thy* original, uncorrupted, formation of all things !—What amiable, what happy creatures

should we be, if by innocence, and moral fortitude, we precluded the melancholy effects of our debasing habits ; of our tormenting passions ! —This instructive apostrophe is suggested to me by the instance which is now before me : It shows that even the extreme predominance of the *bad*, cannot extinguish the *good* that there is in human nature. When death has been the best friend of the just, and humane man, by removing him from a world unworthy of him, of all his other admirers, *he* consecrates his memory with the most eloquent eulogy ;—nothing can equal the pathos and the force of *his* funeral oration.

Even tyrants weep, who never wept before !

The most hardened and profligate constitutions, must, in spite of themselves, esteem, and venerate moral worth, while it *lives* : This is a painful tribute, which the Almighty obliges them to pay ; it is, from *Him*, their temporal conviction, condemnation, and punishment ; the prelude to a more awful sentence !

Virtutem videant, intabescantque videndo.

But when it mounts to the height which ENOCH attained, it bursts upon them, from the skies,

with a reproving, and inspiring glory. They then see it in all it's excellence ; severely condemn themselves for having omitted the possible, the easily practicable respect, and kindness ; and with an incongruity characteristick of our capricious nature, they deeply lament that they cannot *now* show that love and veneration, which, in *effect*, though not in *sincerity*, must ever be merely ideal, and imaginary. An envious, and malignant world is not reconciled to eminent genius, and virtue, till they die.

Before we left BRANXTON, a great love of learning had seized my mind ; when I was about six years old :—Pedants may smile ; but in my intellectual estimation, they who are only acquainted with the elegance of the english language, and with our most elegant, and capital english authours, are very learned ; very gracefully learned ; fitted, and accomplished for every great atchievement of the mind. My father used to transcribe for me into small books made by himself, passages in verse and prose, which he extracted from the course of his own reading ; and which were remarkable for their elegance, or impressive of virtue. Some of these passages were from greek authours ; my father often explained them

to me carefully, and minutely : He soon taught me to read greek ;—I fixed them accurately in my memory ; and thus inflamed with their spirit, though not conversant with their language, I frequently repeated them with emphasis, and fire ; not a little to the entertainment of the persons who visited us. We should not deem what passes in the minds of children, uninteresting ; it gives us a part of the momentous knowledge of human nature : It teaches us to woo the tender mind to virtue, by the charms of fancy. I sometimes recollect, and my imagination dwells on the forms of those books ; and on the sacred hand in which they were written ; I yet remember them with a warm affection, and regret. In a like manner I am yet impressed with the form, the print, and the mental character of the books which I studied in my juvenile, and maturer years : If I could purchase them now, I would give a great price for them. It is no wonder that they are dear to me ; when I look back on my past life ; on what I have suffered from *our* species ; and on what I have enjoyed from *them*. *They* never envied, nor aspersed ; nor insulted me ; *they* never maliciously, and industriously, aggravated my faults. They were my peaceful,

and serene companions ; my best consolers, and advisers ; my kind, and constant friends ; they afforded me a pure, and exquisite delight : they fortified me against the malevolence of the world ; and against my own passions.

How lasting, and ever-fresh, is the remembrance of our early, and favourite objects ! Why are they so strong, and lively, comparatively with many even of the important transactions of our later years ? Because the mind is yet soft, and tender ; because it admits deep characters, and images ; because it is not yet hardened by the incursion of a multiplicity of events ; nor assailed by the violence of contending passions ; and because, those events, and passions, have not yet divided, dispersed, and dissipated it's recollection.

About the time to which I am referring ; about the year 1742, my father transcribed for me, from the gentleman's magazine, a poetical prayer ; it was a very elegant, and forcible composition. That magazine was then conducted, under the auspices of CAVE, by Dr. JOHNSON. It was at that time, and justly in high reputation ; it is now at it's lowest pitch of degeneracy. If I could recollect the prayer to which I allude,

I would give it all, to the reader : some lines I remember ; it begins thus ;—

Omniscient Godhead ! thy all-piercing eye
Views the wide earth, and all the concave sky ;
To thee, the same is darkness, as the light ;
Even hell's thick gloom, is pervious to thy sight.

In an other place,—

Let me, like Hezekiah *live*, to *die* ;
The hour of death for ever in my eye.

The last line ;—

Beloved of all, and loving all mankind.

These verses I have retained since I was in my fifth or sixth year. I often eagerly read the prayer, (it was not a short one) and I often repeated it. My father had a neighbour, and a friend, Mr. GEORGE STOW of MELKINGTON ; a village a mile east of CORNHILL. He was originally in trade, at BERWICK upon TWEED ; where his posterity now live. He was a lively, sensible man ; he was fond of books ; an enthusiast in poetry, philosophy, and devotion. He was candid, and liberal in religion ; for he was half a churchman, half a presbyterian. One

day, when this gentleman was visiting my parents, they made me repeat this prayer to him : if I did not repeat it with judgment, I repeated it with zeal, and with a sufficient degree of corresponding sentiment, to convince my old friend that I was sincerely, and warmly affected with it. When the recital was finished, Mr. Stow exclaimed—"That boy will be a poet."—Notwithstanding all that has passed, oh! thou God of my mind, I still hope that my future fame, will decisively warrant the prediction of Stow.—I had this anecdote from my dearest mother.

In the summer of that memorable year, 1745, my father and mother went from BRANXTON, (the place of my nativity, and of their abode,) to BEADNELL, for the benefit of bathing in the sea: they took me with them; they resided there, under the hospitable roof of their friend, Mr. WOOD, who, many years after, was a major, in the NORTHUMBERLAND-militia.—From BEADNELL they took me to ALNWICK, in the july of that year;—and put me to the grammar or latin school there; of which Mr. ABRAM RUMNEY was the master. ALNWICK is the county-town of NORTHUMBERLAND; within four miles of LESBURY, the village where I am now writ-

ing; and where I have passed (though with a long dividing interval) almost seven years of my life.

When my parents went to BEADNELL, which is about twelve miles from ALNWICK, I do not think that they intended to put me to school so soon. I had learned some latin under my father's tuition; and I believe that it was his design that I should proceed with him for some time, in my education; as I well know that the idea of our parting, must have been very painful to him. But they now found it necessary that I should be awed, and controuled by a little despotick emperor; the passions of an ardent constitution had broken forth; and they were not in their dawn, seasonably checked, repelled, and regulated, by a prudent, systematical, and firm authority; hence, they had become ungovernable to my parents; and to myself. I say, to *myself*; for nature had endowed me with a tender, affectionate, and generous heart; which, amidst all my excesses; amidst all my extravagant deviations from moral rectitude, preserved me from a cold, and determined profligacy; and I trust in God, that it will strengthen, and inspirit the languour of my age with collected,

and inexpugnable virtue. The most mortifying scenes of my life; the recollection of my vices since I was a man, (and *they* have severely wounded me) never gave me such pungent affliction, as the consciousness of any act of disobedience to my much-loved parents. The distress of mind used almost immediately to follow the offence; and to inflict intolerable agony.

Yet I was born a free agent; and reason, and religion, especially in my maturer years, should have counteracted the impetuous effects of parental indulgence. Oh! hallowed, and revered shades! my heart swells; and my hand trembles at it's apparent sacrilege, while it draws over *your* memories, any *resemblance* of blame! Your careful attention to my best, and immortal interest; your judicious, and good instructions; your virtuous, and pious examples; should have supplied, in *my* behaviour, the defects of discipline, too relaxed by the softening effects of immediate, and not sufficiently tempered affection. But it is with boys, as it is with men; in proportion as they imagine that they have a licence to gratify the irregular, and wild impulse of the moment, they too much disregard the

strongest admonitions, and incentives, *steddily to act well.*

But let me do justice to parental government. My father sometimes mixed a proper severity with his tenderness: but my mother was more vigorous than *he*, in her reproofs, and corrections. Indeed, from what *I* have seen of domestick life, I am warranted to infer, that a father, in general, shows a more foolish indulgence to an only son, than a mother.

I am at present on a very important topick, which I cannot yet quit;—*My* history I intend for use, not for show; I mean to make it a *practical* moral system; it shall not be spun from the frail cobwebs of the schools: it shall come warm from the living microcosm of man;—and to the whole assemblage of that little world it is addressed.

Education, as the divine ROUSSEAU observes, should begin at the cradle. And were it prosecuted in *his* calm, philosophical, and determined manner, it's pupil would be trained, and permanently habituated to mental serenity; to useful knowledge, and to virtue. I am very apt to think, from my experience of mankind, that there

are some human beings born dæmons ; whom nothing can reform. I here expect a sneer of contempt from the fortunate, the rich, and the luxurious ; but *they* must not presume to be judges on my present subject : they never see through half of the constitution and conduct of man ; it is only pervaded by those who have taken every degree in the university of distress ; and who have active, and reflecting minds. But I hope that the monsters which I have mentioned are few ; and that young persons, in general, if they are judiciously treated, are tractable, and may be well formed. I think that I have already observed that there is much of what is *good*, and much of what is *bad*, in human nature : if the *bad* is fatally let loose, at an early period ; if it is indulged, if it is bribed, if it is applauded ; the die is most probably, thrown for life ; the man is ruined in the boy. But if this compounded being is managed, and conducted, with a liberal, and masterly art ; if, as occasions demand, he is wooed, and encouraged ; or gently, but firmly restrained ; he will be fortunate, virtuous, and happy. Even the *bad* that is in him, may be so softened, and changed, that it may prove a friendly stimulus to the *good* ; as poisons are

often ministers of health, when they are happily blended in a medical composition. If *I* had fortunately been modelled by this judicious, persevering, and uniform discipline, perhaps, at this moment, my hoary head, instead of being exposed to the frost of uncharitable minds, would have been secured, and worshipped, under the awful protection of a mitre.

Improper indulgence; injudicious kindness, hurt every mind on which they are bestowed. But they do lasting; they do irreparable injuries to young, and particularly, to very susceptible minds. In *them*, the ungoverned passions often decide all their future destiny, in their early years; they often determine the turbulent, and dark current of their lives. But if they had been prudently formed, and directed, they would have given a pleasurable and majestick motion, and a shining transparency to the stream. These misguided passions throw before their victim, a contracted space of enjoyment; an unlimited field of pain.

When I see a foolish, a dreadfully infatuated father, and mother, industrious to prepare their little son for pride; for licentious manners, and oppression; when I hear them applaud his

childish nonsense as embryo wit; when I hear them encourage his noise, and tumult; his insolence, and tyranny; I say within myself;—what two mortal enemies are destroying this boy's happiness, even at his entrance into life!

After my parents had entered me at ALNWICK-school, and in the family with whom I was to board, they left the place. I have as lively a remembrance of our parting, as if it had happened yesterday. They took leave of me, at the house of a friend, on the open, large ground, before the Castle. My grief was frantick, and beyond all bounds: I rushed from the house, as they were mounting their horses, ran to them, and clung to their arms. At that moment, what a heart-rending conflict was there in their breasts, betwixt the pathetick feelings of affection, and the prevailing sense of their doing what was right! The clamorous agony of my mind, brought the neighbours about us; we were torne, as it were, from each other;—and this was the end of a short, and domestick, though not ineloquent, nor unimportant tragedy. On the strongest passions, if they are properly corrected, modified, and conducted, is founded the noblest, and sublimest virtue; the greatest pos-

sible human happiness; if they are weakly indulged; if they are allowed habitually to break from the dominion of reason, and religion; they are the destructive enemies, and tyrants of the man; a series of vice; of great and irretrievable misfortunes, and of extreme misery, are their inseparable companions.

Mr. RUMNEY, with regard to abilities, and learning, was a very good school-master. He had been educated by Mr. YATES of APPLEBEE in WESTMORELAND; a school-master of high reputation; who, I believe, taught there, almost sixty-years; and sent many well-qualified scholars to both our universities; but most of them to OXFORD. Mr. RUMNEY had the young people of ALNWICK under his care, for fifty-five years. For five years I was his scholar; but not without an intermission of time.

Mr. RUMNEY had likewise good moral qualities; not without an intermixture of the selfish, and disagreeable. To his scholars, he was peevish, morose, and severe: this disposition, and conduct, threw a cloud over my boyish days; I was fond of learning; my improvement was rapid; my master saw this ardour, and progress; and I was as much his favourite, as

the son of a poor clergyman could be ; yet the terrour of his image haunted me every day ; it broke, and clogged my studies ; it shaded the pictures of the poet ; the heroes of the historian ; it intruded into my active sports ; it blunted the zest of all my recreations. I am not a predestinarian ; otherwise I should conclude, from the tenour of my life, that it had been doomed to sorrow, and oppression : but let me pause awhile ; let me not, in my regret, omit my gratitude to heaven : the dusky hues of my life have all along been brightened with rays of intellect, and of knowledge ; which never penetrate the vulgar mass ; and which, in affording pleasure, infinitely transcend the low perceptions of *their* groveling existence. I was afterwards the scholar of Mr. RUMNEY's brother ; who has long been the REVEREND JOSEPH RUMNEY, and vicar of BERWICK upon TWEEED : if I remember accurately, he was chosen the master of the free grammer-school in that town, in the year 1751.

Both these gentlemen, in their treatment of their scholars, showed a glaring partiality, in favour of the rich, and powerful, against the poor, and weak. This abominable distinction,

in the conduct of a school-master, I more frequently observed, and I more tenaciously remember, in JOSEPH RUMNEY of BERWICK, than in his elder brother; only perhaps, because when I was under the care of the former, by a natural consequence of my advancing years, I remarked, and reflected more. Many circumstances tend to cramp, and narrow the pedagogical mind. But any reader will deem this account of the very criminal partiality of my two masters, a case which is common, (and which he might therefore have expected,) whose moral reasonings, are on a comprehensive, yet broad foundation; and who has been accustomed to survey with an unprejudiced, and philosophick eye, the nature of mankind. The two RUMNEYS, in sparing, and courting their little patricians, and in oppressing their humble plebeians, only practised in miniature, what is practised to large dimensions, and at full length, in favour of the high, and to the injury of the inferiour classes of the community, in the political world; in the government of states.

If, indeed, the profession of our school-masters was impartially, and honestly exercised, their plans, and methods of teaching, deserve to

be seriously censured. Their discipline, and some of their principal objects of study, are equally absurd. They might justly be ridiculed, if they were not connected with the future good fortune, real dignity of reputation, and real happiness of our youth. I have taken a deliberate, and extensive view of these topics, in a pamphlet which I wrote in the year 1782; and which I hope to republish with many of my other productions. I shall here, however, take notice of one capital blunder in a scholastick education; the neglect of the constantly careful and elegant cultivation of the *english* tongue; in which our countrymen will always express their thoughts with more freedom, energy, and grace, than in *any* other. To enable scholars^s completely to shine, from the press; at the bar, or in the senate; the study of our own language should be the object of their diligent application; of their best literary ambition; it should be the object of their lives. They should ever be conversant with our great authours; they should liberally, and largely emulate, not meanly, and minutely imitate their manner: it should be a part of almost their daily tasks, to speak, and to write in en-

english, from ardent and accurate premeditation. This, I may venture to assert, is not the habit of any of our great publick schools. But it's effects would be of more valuable consequence to englishmen than the knowledge of all the greek, and latin in the world. From this neglect, we see comparatively but a few eloquent, and classical masters of english, in private, and in publick life: those few are men of genius; but genius does every thing that is important, from itself. If we properly estimate the independent and absolute excellence of the english tongue, without considering it's great use to englishmen, and how highly it adorns them, we shall find that it well deserves our most earnest attention. It may perhaps dispute the palm of superiority, even with it's illustrious grecian, and roman rivals. The french tongue, for which our modern literary fops entertain a foolish, and impertinent partiality, is far inferiour to it in force and beauty. We are as superiour to the superficial, and insolent nation, in language, as we are, in genius, courage, humanity, and honour.

It is for want of this habitual, and careful attention to our own language; it is for want of

the judicious preference which the old ROMANS gave to their vernacular studies; that many of our present authours write in a coarse, and vulgar, nay frequently, in an ungrammatical manner. This is not surprising, nor is it indeed worthy of any notice, in the perishable crudities, and trifles, which are every day thrown off, by those who have not the smallest literary pretensions either of talents or knowledge. From the liberal education, and tranquil opportunities of mental refinement which our luminaries of the church enjoy, we might expect a flowing, and polite diction. Especially if we consider the gradual, and high improvement which our english has received from a succession of learned, and great men, who have made it a serious, a favourite object of their study, and cultivation: the effects of *their* genius (for there is no fine thinking, there is no fine writing without it,) I as much love, and revere, as I despise the many instances of a meretricious, and childish affectation, with which ignorance, and impertinence, are enfeebling, and disgracing one of the most vigorous, and noble of languages.

Who would have thought that Mr. PALEY, an able advocate for our divine religion, though

he sometimes defends it with sophistical, and unsatisfactory arguments; and in one place, with a sordid misapprehension of it's true spirit; who would have thought that *he* could have so far neglected the strain of our ATTICK school, as to disgrace his compositions with the following words, and phrases;—*bring forward; take in hand; collect together; who would needs call down fire; from thenceforth; thereunto; obmutescence; &c.* I know that he may produce authority for these improprieties, and barbarisms; but I will venture to assert that every judicious man of letters, who is not prejudiced *for him*, and *against me*, will allow, that no writer could have been misled into these expressions, who had taste, himself, and who, consequently, had adopted the progressive, genuine, and elegant improvement of our language. A period should, in general, be closed with the *strongest*, at least, with a very *significant* word; Mr. PALEY, (and he is not singular in this egregious fault) frequently closes *his* period with the coldest, and the *feeblest*. At the termination of the sentence, the reader sinks, unexpectedly, on a *then*, or a *thereunto*. Where he uses the word *obmutescence*, he strangely misapplies it, with the

pomp, but without the propriety of JOHNSON. *Obmutescence* signifies a physical loss of speech; but he is alluding to a Carthusian restriction; *silence* and *taciturnity*, are very legitimate words; and they are more eligible, on account of their simplicity; surely, with either of them he might have been satisfied.

The study of the law, unless its natural effects are counteracted by an intimate, and constant acquaintance with our best authours; is very hostile to fine writing; hence when gentlemen of that profession write on common subjects, their style is generally vitiated, and deformed with the ungraceful idiom with which they are most conversant; it has infected the diction even of the admired BLACKSTONE; I am not referring to his legal, and technical, but to his moral, and political passages. I suppose that he is the most polished of our law-writers; but surely the urbanity of *his* eloquence is deficient in beauty; it is relaxed, and feebly connected; (and with adverbs and conjunctions that should be obsolete) when we compare it with the expanded, or comprehensive manner; with the artful, yet easy, and graceful symmetry and elegance of the prose of DRYDEN, of ADDISON, and of POPE.

Words are the representatives of their corresponding things ; style is the mirrour that reflects ideas. The prolix, inanimate, and cold language of the law takes it's character from the general tenour of it's matter ; which has no passion ; no sentiment ; no colouring : it has not it's force from nature ; but from the arbitrary decisions of man ; which, God knows, are often inconsistent, are often incompatible with moral truth, and beauty. A long and painful attention to this language, and to this matter, indisposes the mind to a great degree, from its best capacities, and operations ; freezes it against admitting the current of strong, and perpetual reason ; against receiving the warm impressions of the beautiful, and the sublime. While he is detained, and congealed by this polar influence, he loses much time which he might have bestowed, to his immortal honour, on elegant intellectual expansions and cultivation. Compared with this real improvement and aggrandisement of the man ; the woolsack, and the great seal ; titles, and riches, are contemptible toys, in the estimation of competitors for true, and never-fading glory.

The various, and complicated legal cases, the many subtleties, quirks, and perplexities ; op-

pressive to memory, and subversive of judgment, check, and retard the mind, in its more generous exertions; and warp it from the plain, and demonstrative path of reason.

In the proceedings of the house of commons, on Tuesday, November 16th, 1802; on the choice of Mr. ABBOTT for their speaker, I remarked the following flattering, and vain-glorious effusion of Sir WILLIAM SCOTT.—“ In looking round the house, enriched with talents of the most shining, and brilliant nature; I see many in this dignified assembly, who, *although not bred to the law*, have exhibited abilities of the most transcendent description.”

After I have given my opinion of the effects which a devotion to the law is apt to produce in the minds of it's disciples, with my best judgement; with that freedom, indeed, which I shall always assert, and maintain; but without prejudice, and without malice; I must infer, that this emphatical *conjunction* in the passage which I have quoted; this *although*, is a very presumptuous, and arrogant little gentleman.

To the strain of these observations, I frankly admit many amiable, and illustrious exceptions. I have no animosity against individuals, or so-

cieties ; I may freely animadvert on what I think wrong in both, as far as it may injure the progress of salutary truth, and virtue. I have suffered too much by having frequently neglected both, not to know their value. The polite scholar will pardon my literary digressions ; indeed, in *my* view, they are not digressions ; they enter into the plan of my work. Our literature is in a corrupt, and declining state ; I offer *my* mite towards it's relief ; no man owes more to letters than myself ; they have not enriched me ; they have not drawn outward honours around me : nay, they have brought on me, the inconveniencies of active malevolence : but they have been my charming, and faithful companions, in a solitary life ; they have taught me wisdom ; they have promoted, and preserved my health ; they have greatly contracted my external supplies ; they have made me independent of fortune, and mankind ; they have given me better pleasures, than those which the world denied me.

In the year 1742, when I was about six years old, a very blazing comet, with a long train, made its magnificent appearance, for many nights, in our hemisphere. I used to view it, for a considerable time, every evening, with great

pleasure, and admiration. We were then at war with SPAIN. I retain a perfect remembrance of hearing a grave conversation one evening, among the rusticks, on the nature, and fate of that comet, just after it had disappeared, at a farmer's house, in BRANXTON. The oracle of the assembly closed the scientifick discussion, by relating the catastrophe of the comet;—"It fell, (said he) among the SPANIARDS, like *smiddy shunders!*"—i. e. among the SPANIARDS, like smithy cinders.—The very absurd remarks of ignorance on the phenomena of nature, are not altogether unworthy of notice; they make a part of the history of man.

A short time before I went to the school of ALNWICK, the small-pox had spread through our village. I played every day with the convalescent children, without taking the infection. But I caught the disease soon after I was fixed at ALNWICK. On the intelligence of my illness, my dearest parents came immediately to ALNWICK; and stayed there with their friend Mr. DAVID HASTINGS, of social, and ingenious memory, till I recovered. I remember (though it was at an odd crisis, to remember) a remarkable accident which befell me at that time. While I

was confined to my bed, at the height of my disorder, and delirium, some DUTCH troops marched into ALNWICK: (it was in the year 1745) All the family left me, and ran to see the military show. In their absence I had thrown myself out of bed, and when they returned, they found me lying on a damp, earthen floor. I remember the recovering of my senses, by the fall, and by the cold. I have escaped many dangers; ultimately, I hope, for my good, and happiness. Oh! Virtue! inestimable are thy smallest, thy shortest blessings! To live, to think, to write virtuously, even for *one* day, is worth a long, and much-injured existence; it is worth many pains.—Unus dies cum tuis preceptis actus peccanti immortalitati est antepo-
nendus!

From the house where I was first boarded in ALNWICK, I was soon removed; I know not whether in consequence of the transpiring of this accident, or for some other cause. I was then boarded with Mrs. WILSON; (the widow of a very worthy clergyman) who lived in the higher apartments of the grammar schoolhouse. She was a narrow, discontented, peevish creature; and had greatly contributed to shorten the life

of her amiable husband. Many years after, I was well acquainted with her elder daughter in LONDON. A genteel fortune was left to this young lady by her aunt. She married a watch-maker of her own name; an ingenious, but unfortunately extravagant, and dissipated man. They had two sons, and a daughter; in whose education they neglected, and despised every moral impression.—The profligacy of the husband obliged him to sail to the East-Indies, where he died. The wife was, in time, reduced to extreme distress. I zealously promoted a little subscription for her, which was more fortunate than I expected. She was now able, with her own additional endeavours, to have a decent lodging. But I soon found that the infatuated woman gave almost all the money that she got, to her younger most worthless, and abandoned son. At length, she was seized with her last illness; when her cursed son could get no more money from her, he dragged out the bed on which his dying mother lay; left her on the bed-stead, and pawned the spoil. She was removed to a poor-house, and died on the next day, pierced with unutterable sorrow. Some time after this most unnatural, and horrible tra-

gedy, the young parricide, as I may call him, had the impudence to come up to me, in parliament-street, and to ask money of me. In two or three words, I severely expressed my detestation of his crime; and abruptly turned from him, with the strongest feeling of indignation.

I write for *you*, oh! ye rising generation. I know that this book will live; it will escape the havock that has been made of my literary fame! Here is one, among many tremendous examples for you! Cultivate, my dear young men; assiduously cultivate knowledge, virtue; truly rational, that is, truly christian piety; and you may be demi-gods before you die;—but if you drive down the precipice of young WILSON, I tremble for your manners, and for your fate; a NUMIDIAN tiger is an amiable animal, compared with a reasoning monster. Let this admonition sink deep into your minds; and you will bless this aged hand, when it is mouldered into dust;—and the too sensible heart by which it is actuated; when that heart has long been insensible to pain.

I did not continue a twelvemonth with my extremely penurious landlady, Mrs. WILSON; whether in consequence of my own complaint;

or of my mother's observation of her disposition, and treatment of me, I have now forgotten. When I left Mrs. WILSON, I was boarded with Mr. and Mrs. BROWN, who lived in the market-place ; their house is, at present, occupied by Mr. WOODHOUSE, a glazier. Mr. BROWN kept a publick house ; but it was a very orderly house ; he and his wife were of very creditable families ; and they had the care of several sons of very respectable parents : they behaved in every way, very well to me ; and I continued with them as long as I was an ALNWICK scholar.

I must here observe, that many local changes and transitions, on a more extensive scale, have been among the many successive, and great misfortunes of my life. These changes, unless they are connected with deliberate, sensible, and judicious plans ; are extremely hostile to the advancement of our interest, our knowledge, and our virtue. Where the chain of interest is broken, it is always to begin : and this evil will generally arise, from an ill-concerted change of place. The progress of our knowledge, of use, and dignity, will suffer from the same un auspicious, and repelling cause ; time is lost ; the

mind is agitated ; the storehouse of it's memory is shaken ; it's intellectual systems are confused ; the ardour of ambition for their accomplishment, is cooled, by desultory, and unconnected removals ; virtue, likewise, our best possession, suffers in the mental fray ;—when we roam about our own country, or emigrate to another, without the direction, and controul of wisdom, the mind is apt to relax, and throw itself away, on carelessness, and dissipation. New scenes seem to authorize a new, and more licentious conduct. We think ourselves less accountable for our actions, to transitory, than to old acquaintance : and the presence of God seldom presses on us with a sufficient force. In fixed, and composed, and peaceful life, we gradually, and regularly form, and mature our system, and practice of virtue.—We desire, and we enjoy, one of it's most powerful incentives ; and one of it's best rewards ; the warm approbation and esteem of our neighbours, and friends. The house, the garden ; the *Dii penates*, to whom we have been long accustomed, hold an emphatical moral eloquence, to a thinking, and feeling mind. They seem to reproach us for our vices ; they seem to felicitate us on our virtues.

There are however *some* causes of my change-ful life (which has never been settled long) that will plead not weakly in my favour, with generous and distinguishing judges. The many local changes of my situation, were not altogether the effects of unthinking, and volatile imprudence; nor of greater misconduct. I was formed by nature, for luminous, elegant, and interesting objects: from the enjoyment of these objects, narrow circumstances restrain us, in our early youth; and the susceptible, and elegant mind, which, from it's birth-right, best deserves them, is often, unfortunately too impatient, and impetuous, to submit gradually to acquire them. My best sentiments, from a want of seasonable, and proper discipline, had grown into passions that would not accommodate themselves to the time. Fancy is a delusive painter; especially in rich, and working minds. We give a thousand imaginary charms to a change of place; where we hastily anticipate an exemption from our dreary, and squalid evils. Inexperience, first; and a too generous presumption, afterwards, fondly prefigure a set of amiable, and excellent human beings, at our next place of abode: nay, we vainly imagine that a genial

climate, will not only heal our body, but breathe it's finer, and complete supplies into the mind. To shorten my present speculation, I sometimes believe, that if fortune had adapted her gifts to my mental make, and endowments, I should have proceeded in a regular, spacious, and flowery walk, through life; that I should have been prudent, as well as fortunate; that I should have obtained great emolument and honours. But on this supposition, I very faintly presume; for I have been taught by repeated, and melancholy experience, to be extremely diffident of myself.

I continued at the school of ALNWICK three years. In that time, notwithstanding the awe of my master; which often threw a dark shade, both over my studies, and diversions; I had acquired an ardent love of learning; and I had made a sufficient progress, for my years. I was reading JUSTIN, and OVID, and the greek testament. But in the midst of the other objects which occupied my mind, I, every day cast "a longing, lingering look," towards home. I superstitiously, and minutely counted the weeks that were elapsing before the whitsuntide vacations; for at those seasons, I revisited my pa-

rents, and the much loved scenes of my infancy. Had I been a friend to myself; or had christian friendship, indulgence, and charity, predominated in man, what an affectionate, what an enthusiastick attachment should *I* have contracted for my early impressions! The recollection of my contumacy; of my unbecoming heats, while I was under the care of my father, and mother, frequently stung me with inexpressible remorse, and affliction; and I longed, and sickened, to have permanent opportunities to make ample reparation for my offences. At any time of life, in our fluctuations, and divisions of ourselves (if I may use the expression) between vice, and virtue; in proportion as we desert from the one to the other; our loss is great; and in some degree irretrievable. And this observation is the more applicable, as the minds to which it is addressed, are the more susceptible. In such minds, the gratification, the immoral pleasure of the moment, is followed by pains which often invade our succeeding years.

In the spring of 1748, my father removed from BRANXTON to TILLMOUTH; a village, situated at the confluence of the TILL, and the TWEED. His new premises, he took of Mr.

BLAKE, a gentleman of very large fortune, in our county ; who was made a baronet in his advanced age. I was highly pleased with his conversation, even when I was a little boy ; and hereafter, in these memoirs, he must have more of my attention. About this time, a person who lived on the english banks of the TWEED, came to ALNWICK ; and gave me a captivating description of my father's abode. I was highly pleased with his account of the house ; which, indeed, was a palace, compared with our cottage at BRANXTON ; but I was in raptures with the picture (though undoubtedly, a very rude sketch) which he drew, of a spacious flower-garden, and orchard : these objects, either in reality or description, present the beauties of nature ; hence they are particularly delightful to a young, and opening, and especially to a poetical mind. From the images which I received, and which my fancy embellished, I already caught an *Arcadian* flame ! Inhaling fragrance, and rapt in reverie, I wandered through labyrinths of fruits, and flowers ; I was already an ardent worshipper of FLORA, of VERTUMNUS, and POMONA ; in vivid anticipation, they fostered the bud of my embryo sentiments ; they invigorated, and animated

my infant muse. I had, for some time, longed, and sickened, like a Swiss, to return home, and to proceed in my education, under my father's care. I was affectionate, as well as romantick, therefore, with a filial piety, which though frail, was very sincere; and with all my little northern EDEN opening on my view, I wrote an earnest, and elaborate letter to my father, in which I requested that he would take me from school, and restore me to his own tuition. I solemnly promised the most sedulous attention to *his* instructions; and a universal, and reverential obedience. My engagements were as honest as they were ardent. If the general conduct of superiour minds, corresponded with the sincerity, energy, and sublimity of their moral theory; they would enjoy too much happiness, and glory; their exclusive privileges would exceed that fair analogy, and proportion, which is established by the divine, and paternal economy, in it's distribution of good, and evil, to mankind. And here it may be proper to make an apology for the apparently too rigorous and minute attention which I have already given, and which I may hereafter give to several particulars, which, at the first view, may

seem to be uninteresting, and unimportant; and I hope that my plain, and sincere apology, will be generously accepted. This minuteness certainly proceeds not from self-love; from a partiality to my own actions, but from a wish rather to give useful information, than lively entertainment. For this end alone, I at first thought of writing this narrative: I began; I desisted; I shuddered at the prospect; for it brought to my memory, far more objects of regret, and mortification, than of satisfaction, and triumph. Once more, believe me, my indulgent, and zealous friends; believe me, unbiassed, and equitable posterity;—believe me, my enemies;—while I advance in this work, I am far more lowered by a christian humility, than elevated by an egotistical vanity. If, on certain occasions, I should seem to speak too advantageously of myself, it is only from my uniform love of such truth as I think will be instructive: and this I trust, that the whole contexture of my book will show. Education, as the divine ROUSSEAU observes, should begin with the tenderest infancy; we may likewise draw moral edification; we may improve our moral discipline, by carefully remarking the ideas, and actions of our species

(especially of ardent, and glowing constitutions) from their childish years.—What “dawns in the youth, rages in the man:”—Thus, my repeated, and severe repentance for offences against my parents, shows how good we are, how good every thing is (as the same immortal philosopher of GENEVA observes) as we come immediately from our Creator; it shows the inestimable importance of a mild, but impartial, judicious, and authoritative parental education; and what excellent beings it may produce, in co-operation with the God of nature. Thus, too, my puerile creation (by the magical, and licentious range of fancy) of an ITALIAN garden, on the bleak banks of the TILL, and the TWEED, evinces the delusive, and dangerous power, and luxuriance of the imagination, at every period of our lives; and of what decisive, and happy consequence it is, to be ever on our guard, by our own admonitions, and those of our friends, against being bewildered, and lost, by that glittering, and seducing meteor.

The letter that I mentioned, which was written in a very suppliant strain, and in which the orator was as earnest, as he was unaccomplished, had the desired effect. It was determined that

I should persue my learning under the paternal eye, and agreeably to that determination, at the whitsuntide of the year 1748, I packed up my little possessions, and rode to TILLMOUTH, accompanied by a careful guide. I was received by my father, with an unreserved, and rapturous joy: by my dearest mother, with a sincere, and cordial affection: but her manner was more grave, and temperate; she was not blinded by maternal love; she seemed to have some apprehensions, that our futurity would not be enriched with those domestick pleasures, which already floated on the presumptive, and lively *hopes* of my father, and myself; but not on *her* more chastised, and fainter wishes.

Soon after my arrival at TILLMOUTH, in May, 1748, a remarkable vision of the night was presented to my father, (and I doubt not) immediately from heaven. I am anticipating the sneer, both of the learned, and philosophical, and of the superficial, and ignorant sceptic. However, *I* am convinced, with HOMER, that dreams, sometimes descend from JOVE. The far greater number of stories which I have heard of dreams, and apparitions, I instantaneously reject: *some* accounts of each have had such

respectable attestations, and have been dignified with such a predictive, moral, and religious force; that if I had persisted in not believing them, I should have thought myself an obstinate, and incorrigible ass. This credibility, in some cases, while my mind admits, I press it to my heart. It is one evidence more, of an invisible, spiritual, immortal, and eternal world. It soothes the pains; it exalts the pleasures of my soul: it disencumbers me from the rubbish; from all the evils of life;—even while I am lingering on earth, it unites me to my God.

Weak, and foolish people imagine, that to be hard of belief, and to laugh at what they should revere, are proofs of the vigour, and acuteness of their understanding. This is a very compendious way to good sense, and knowledge; for it does not cost a shadow of argument; an atom of thought. It is this illiterate impudence that emboldens the persons of whom I am speaking, to traduce, and vilify, and despise the history, and and character of JESUS CHRIST; who, if we erroneously deem him only a prophet, and teacher of righteousness; was the most grave, humane, generous, and complete master, and example of all virtue, that ever blessed the world with

his doctrine ; with his life ; and with his death. Or perhaps, they give him credit for his ingenuity ; with the grossest, and most abandoned outrage to all common sense, implying, if not declaring his imposture ; and when they dare to view him in this light, the terms of their praise, are as absurdly, and ridiculously misapplied, as they are irreverent, and profane. We may have *some* patience with the infidelity of a BOLINGBROKE, and a HUME, adorned with elegant, and extensive learning ; and armed with acuteness, and versatility of disputation. But it is not easy to be unruffled, and composed, when we hear the most important subjects that can meet the mind of man, confidently torne, and tossed about, by people who have none of those talents, none of that knowledge which the discussion of them requires ; whose intellectual force, if they ever had any, has been crushed by the most ignominious, and debasing objects.

Our servant was the daughter of a deceased clergyman ; she was a good young woman ; and was, in every respect, warmly attached to our interest, therefore she was, in many instances, treated by us as an humble friend. For my father and mother she had the greatest affection

and veneration. One of my father's dearest friends, in his early, and maturer years; was a Mr. TOWNSON; a clergyman of excellent parts; and a fine scholar. My father often, with the sacred tear of friendship in his eye, gave me particular accounts of this gentleman; of his graceful mien, and person; of the generosity of his heart; of the enlargement of his mind; and of their attachment to each other, by the ties of literature and study, as well as of friendship. One morning, early in the summer of 1748, while my mother, and I were walking in the garden, my father called the servant whom I have mentioned, to his bed-side; for he had not yet risen. He desired her attentively to observe, and remember what he was going to communicate to her.—He had dreamed (he told her) in a very striking, and impressive manner, that his long-departed friend, Mr. TOWNSON, came into his apartment, and conversed with him. His aspect, and gesture, (he said) had something inexpressibly august, yet attractive; and his voice, and his eloquence, which were always elegant, and forcible, were modulated, and inspirited with heavenly charms. He assured him of the eternal felicity of the just; incommunicable to mor-

tal ear, because inconceivable to mortal mind ; which felicity he should enjoy, for ever, with his old friend ; and on which he was to enter, within seven years. My father likewise expressed his perfect certainty of his death, at the time which was appointed for it, in his dream. Accordingly, he died on the seventh of April, 1755. The servant, as he had desired, did not communicate the dream to my mother and me, till after the sorrowful event. In his seven last years, he had some alarming indispositions ; but on those occasions, he always encouraged my mother, and almost assured her, that he would recover : but in the illness which removed him to a better world ; yet with a gentle transition ; and on *his* part, with a true christian fortitude, and serenity, he never gave her the least hopes of his recovery.

Such a spiritual phenomenon as this, exclusively of it's presenting to us a state of future beatitude, must produce very pleasing and salutary effects, in the mind of the virtuous, and pious person, to whom it is addressed. It contributes to detach it, with more ease, from the tender ties which unite it to this world ; it mitigates the painful idea of it's present grief, by an accession of certainty to it's future glory ;—it

makes that mind dwell with renovated, and more animated delight, on it's virtue, and religion; it even gives a sanction to the oracles of God; it is it's harbinger to heaven.

When I was very young, my dearest father gave me a theme which was composed by his friend, Mr. TOWNSON, and in his own writing. I unfortunately lost it long ago; but some parts I have yet retained; and I shall here copy them from my memory. His text was *Plus ultra*:—the tendency of the theme is to expose the vanity of superficial, and to recommend, and enforce the application, perseverance, and modesty of real scholars, and philosophers. I always thought that the latin was nervous, and elegant, and that the thoughts were worthy of the language.

Artificem jactat se quisque sciolus, et scientiarum vix dum edoctus elementa mirè philosophum agit; ea enim est hominum infelicitas, ut et alios, et semetipsos incauti pariter decipiant; et dum aliqui prematurè audiant, nulli tandem evaserint. Hinc est quod tot ubique Thrasones * * * * * nescio quid temerè præ se ferentes; quasi nimirum philosophi in unâ nocte, more tuberum nascerentur; * * * * * nisi difficultas adderet calcar; * * * * * tædia itineris suaviter fallente.

***** Aliter multo existimarunt veteres ; inter quos sapientissimus Socrates, post longam annorum seriem, non potuit non fateri, ignorantiam scientiæ adhuc pæponderasse. Deesse gladio triumphos ; deesse mundum lachrymaris, Pellæe juvenis ! En plures mundi, si quæsieris ; sive cum Aristotele tuo Euripi fluxum et refluxum ; sive vagos siderum cursus, pendulasque rerum vices scire libet. Nulli hîc, quò minus progrediari, obstabunt montes ; nullus morabitur oceanus. Nec mitioris Palladis sequi castra inglorium, aut indignum Alexandro videatur ; quanto enim dotes animi corporis præstant viri- tanto nobiliores ages triumphos.

After a long lapse of time ; after many vicissitudes, and misfortunes, I remember these fragments of this theme, since I was a boy. I am sorry that I retain it only in this mutilated state ; on account of its own elegance ; from my veneration for the memory of the person who composed it ; and of the hand which received it, and gave it to *me*.

The reader will easily believe me, when I inform him that my happiness, for the sixteen months, during which we lived at TILLMOUTH, was by no means equal to the picture of it

which had been luxuriantly formed, and highly flushed, by a very young, and inexperienced imagination. Learning, however, and the ingenuous efforts of the mind, have always enabled me to give an active, and lively current to life; have afforded me, amidst my most appalling misfortunes, a heartfelt consolation, and pleasure; from my early years, to the present hour. I was likewise delighted with rural objects. They are ever particularly charming to young, and uncorrupted minds; in the boyish, and juvenile soul of the poet, they make the fire, and the energy of his future fame. But I did not range only in the fields; I broke through the judicious rules of study which my father had prescribed to me; and from my avidity of knowledge, I engaged in a variety, which I could not master. On my regular application of the day, I obtruded my attempts on JUVENAL; and I was not, then insensible, to the force and splendour of the first of satyrists; whom I yet rapturously admire. I likewise seized, and read, with eagerness, and ardour, the first translation in the world; Mr. POPE's translation of the ILIAD. But before this encounter, I had attended to the graces of the Swan of TWICKEN-

HAM; my father had the ESSAY ON MAN, bound with ADDISON'S CATO; I had been charmed with many passages in that beautiful poem; of which the clear spirit might have impressed even the mind of a child, which had something in it congenial with their authour. My father did not approve this rambling, and desultory kind of reading; but he knew that he would have some difficulty in restraining it. One day, he found me reading our english ILIAD; he asked me how I liked it; he was pleased with the distinct, and distinguishing praise which I gave it; and particularly with the stress which I laid on it's perspicuity. POPE was certainly a poet, highly privileged by nature, and by art; his current is as clear as it is forcible, and harmonious; he unites the most refined elegance, with the most voluntary ease; he delivers the sublimest truths of philosophy, with the utmost simplicity; yet with the utmost propriety, and pertinence of language; he makes the Deity almost visible to mortals.

In the Autumn of 1749, we removed to the pleasant village of CORNHILL; of which my father was the perpetual curate. Here, again, he was Mr. BLAKE'S tenant; for of *him* he rented

the house in which we lived. My love of literature increased with my years: but as I was likewise of a very *social* disposition (my studious habit, and my knowledge of mankind, have enabled me to enjoy *solitude*) that disposition was more gratified at CORNHILL, than it had been before. There was a chalybeate spaw, and a cold bath, near the village, which were then in high repute. For the benefit of those waters, several well educated people, especially from NEWCASTLE, and EDINBURGH, annually passed a part of the summer in CORNHILL. Some nonjuring clergymen from EDINBURGH, frequently visited at our house; they were good scholars; they loved literary subjects; and I was an attentive hearer of their instructive, and entertaining conversation. Sometimes I ventured to give my opinion; or repeated a passage which I had retained from some classical author, applicable to the object of the moment. They were highly pleased with the pertinent reason, and ready memory; they accepted them as omens of future, and more important acquirements.

It was about this time, when I entered on the luxuriant, and elysian province of the

muses. As my first verses were very humble, they were consistent with their aim ; they did not aspire to elevated objects ; they described the beauties of a favourite cat. I remember some of those verses ; but they are too poor for quotation. As, when I resolved to write these memoirs, I abjured all falsehood, and hypocrisy ; I shall equally scorn to depress myself by an affected insignificance ; and to assume the tone of an improper, and haughty consequence. I shall therefore observe, that as, by the divine economy, the whole human frame is formed, and modified, with an infinite variety ; talents first break forth, in different men, at very different seasons of life. When I have an eye on the faint dawnings of my own abilities ; I write with a sincere, and reverent deference to the genius of POPE ; of which very bright rays appeared at the age of thirteen, (when I wrote my childish verses on my cat) which, at sixteen, shone with a vivid lustre, but which, at the age of eighteen, gave a new refinement, character, and epocha, to our english poetry.—And at the the same time, with an equally sincere, and reverent deference, my memory reverts to the great, and immortal SWIFT ; who, certainly, was

not distinguished, in the world, till he had reached his thirtieth year; whatever his learning, and compositions might have been before.

If I wanted the precedents, examples, and authority of celebrated men, to warrant my humble regard, and affection for a cat, either in my boyish, or maturer years (that useful, and indeed amiable, but infamously harassed, and persecuted creature) those precedents I might easily produce. MONTAIGNE has recorded his cat; in his usual facetious, but in an affectionate manner. And as the insolence of ACHILLES, and the sternness of the TELAMONIAN AJAX, were subdued by a BRISEÏS, and a TECMESSA; I have frequently seen the ruggedness of Dr. JOHNSON softened to smiles, and caresses; by the inarticulate, yet pathetic expressions of his favourite HODGE; whose epitaph I had the honour to write, and publish in my miscellanies, in the year 1778;—and I hope to publish it again, in my collected works. These lower, but by no means contemptible attachments, are despised, and derided by frivolous, unfeeling, and corrupted minds, who prostitute their attention to the most despicable ob-

jects ; but they are cherished, and defended by the enlightened and humane. “ The works of “ the Lord are great,” (says the Psalmist,) “ sought out of all *them* that have pleasure in “ them.” PSALM CXI. v. 2d.—Inanimate nature *very much* deserves our careful, our religious examination, and observance ;—animated nature, *more*. To the philosophical, to the moral view ; how uninteresting ; how inelegant, are the most elaborate and boasted productions of mechanical *human* art ; in comparison with the form ; affections, and power of the poor animal, who was the subject of my early, and of my later song ! I never, in any good cause, launched any effort of my mind, without endeavouring to give it it’s fair, and unobstructed course : a decided, and generous manner of writing ; which, instead of rendering me obnoxious, and unpopular, ought to have procured for me esteem and respect. In 1784, I published a volume of seventeen sermons ; one of which was a minute, yet, I hope, ardent defence of humanity to the animal creation. That volume I sent to the archbishop of CANTERBURY, at *his* desire ; when, in that year, I wanted his dispensation to hold two livings. I found, in my

subsequent interviews with his grace, that this truly primitive, and christian sermon, had given him great offence: for, as Sir WALTER RALEGH addresses his dying soul, in a very fine, and sublime ode;—I “feared not to touch
“the best; for truth was my warrant.”—A prelate who was at the head of a christian church, ought to have preferred the distinct, and oracular dictates of humanity; he ought to have preferred the clear, and commanding strain of the gospel, to the absurdity of the great. The dispensation, and degree which the Archbishop of CANTERBURY gave me, were given in so gross, and rude a manner, that if I entertained any gratitude for them, I should relinquish every atom of that manly, and proper spirit, by which I have been supported, and elevated, amidst all the ills of my life.—Perhaps I may be more particular on his behaviour to me, in it's chronological place. I shall at present, return for a moment, to more amiable objects; for they do not like man, pervert and deform their nature.

The love of domestick, and tame animals, as I have observed, is natural to feeling, and good minds; especially if they are reconciled to re-

tirement by a severe experience of mankind. In this situation they have leisure to remark the dispositions of those humbler beings; and they generally attend to them carefully, and become accurately acquainted with them. The cat (ye who risk your lives to stare at GARNERIN, and his balloons, may have patience with me) the cat, in consequence of gentle, and kind treatment, is a far more affectionate, and faithful animal, than is commonly imagined. I have two companions, and friends, of this species, who vary, and give life to my hermitage: I will not allow it to be a deep anticlimax to descend to THEM from the MYRMIDONS of ACHILLES*. Their attachment to me, is warm, and uniform; they are close to me in my *evening*, they ascend to my *morning* hours; they seem anxiously to inquire after my health; they return the fondest gratitude for my good offices. In the midst of their endearments, I recollect the shameful, and mean reverse which I have experienced from long-professed friends; shall I say, of a *higher order*? The *past* scenes I regret; the *present* (for they are characteristick of the benignity of

* I am reading the Iliad.

God) afford me a real, yet a melancholy consolation.

While I stayed with my father, I had made a considerable progress in my studies: TERENCE, JUVENAL, HORACE, and VIRGIL, were not strangers to me; and I had read some of the shortest, and most moral of the greek minor poets. I had also begun to compose latin themes, and epigrams. My great sensibility, however, still frequently made my parents, and myself uneasy; and, convinced that our happiness, and the advancement of my education, would be best promoted, if I was at a distance from them; they determined to send me back to my old master. Therefore I returned to ALNWICK, in the autumn of the year 1750. My master received me kindly; and examined me, as I *deeply* remember, in the beginning of the second book of the *Æneid*. The remembrance of this examination, will be ever fresh; for while it lasted, the image of my father, presented itself to my fancy; I thought of *his* affectionate instructions, which I had not always properly revered; and I could hardly articulate for grief. However, I got through this ordeal, which was

by no means, a fiery one, with the warm approbation of my examiner.

At this juncture, some of my school-fellows observed my passion for solitude, and my great dejection; which they endeavoured to remove. They pressed me to go with them into a neighbouring wood, to pull nuts. Their earnest entreaties prevailed; and I accompanied them. When the mind is absorbed in grief, it is incapacitated from enjoying amusements, and diversions: indeed, to mix in them, only mocks, and heightens our grief. Every attempt at gaiety, and mirth; every social attempt to excite them, rankled, or palled on the sickness of my heart. I was, in imagination; in the excursions of my soul, far distant from my companions, and from the wood. I was in imagination, at CORNHILL; reading, or walking, with my father. There are mental wounds; there are pungent mental tortures, through every stage of our existence, of which common minds, have not the least idea, or perception. What inexpressible pains have a picturesque fancy, and impetuous passions, cost me! For amidst all my extravagant follies, amidst all my intemperate sallies, my thinking,

and purer hours intervened ; and in *them*, I was strongly actuated with the principles and sentiments of what was right. My domestick affliction gradually decreased ; the lenient lapse of time, did for me, what could not sooner be effected by myself, nor by my friends.

The distress and melancholy which I have endeavoured to describe, awakened, and kept alive in my mind, those religious impressions which had been deeply fixed there by the pious attention of my excellent parents. I had with me the *New whole duty of man* ; which they recommended to my frequent reading ; a very good book ; which has at the end, several well-composed prayers, for various occasions. Passed events, with severe grief, I used to review in fancy ; and with that book for my guide, in unostentatious solitude, I often poured forth my sorrows, and supplications, to the throne of grace, in the apartment where I slept. When I am in ALNWICK, I often look up to that apartment, with regret ; and with very pensive ideas ; the scenes, and objects that surround me, enforce my regret ; and send a deeper shade into my melancholy. In the most dissipated parts of my life, I always, in sincere sen-

timents, entertained a profound veneration for religion ; and resented any contempt with which it was treated in company, as if it had been an indignity thrown at myself. This unaffected zeal was the genuine result of my nature, and of my judgement ; strengthened and confirmed by a truly christian education, and by truly christian examples. I was as tenacious of this honest zeal, in a red, as in a black coat (for I was, for some time, in the army) I was as tenacious of it when I was too much devoted to BACCHUS, and to LOVE, as when I launched on a mechanically responsive congregation the inquisitorial thunder of ATHANASIUS. As I intend that these memoirs shall contain no timid, and disingenuous apology for my faults ; but on the contrary, and on every occasion, a frank, and explicit acknowledgement of them ; the reader may be assured, that I do not, at present, mean absurdly to take any merit, from a constant, and strong sense of my duty ; while from *that* sense, my practice too often departed. Nothing can give a reflecting, and delicate soul more pain, and humiliation, than MEDEA's complaint, and mine :—

————— video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora sequor. —————

I trust, however, that I shall convince the world, that there have been lights, as well as shades, in the varied picture of my life. Though our fluctuations; though our conflicts, between virtue, and vice, are extremely painful, and inglorious; yet, like many other evils, they are mixed with good; they preserve the man from a totally abandoned, and desperate moral state. Every spark of the true promethean flame, is like one of the miracles of the gospel; from every atom of good that is in us, we reap a tenfold advantage. Even a partial, and negligent obedience to the voice of wisdom; even too often interrupted virtuous dispositions, and habits, have their powerful energies; their inestimable rewards. Even *my* unequal attachment to virtue; however shamefully divided between *her* and ignominious pursuits, has moderated, and repelled the calamities of my life. It has enabled me to make a considerable progress in useful, and honourable knowledge; it has enabled me to write, if not for present, for future glory; it has prevented me from being overwhelmed by poverty, and malevolence. And I hope, that henceforth, aided by the recollection of my errors, and sufferings, it will be the sole go-

vernour of my heart, and conduct; uninvaded, and uncontrouled by the intrusion of any inferior, and base affection; and that it will, thus, make my old age a contrast, in true pleasure, to my youthful, and maturer years. From my own experience, I am as well satisfied as of the truth of a mathematical proposition; that the man, who, with an equal, and constant tenour of action, obeys the precepts of christianity (occasional, and unavoidable failings, do not weaken the general truth of my proposition) is, in this world, and in the substance of his life, invulnerable, and happy.

After my mind had recovered it's brisk, and usual current; I proceeded with alacrity in my studies; and enjoyed our juvenile diversions, and exploits. I shall here give the reader an anecdote, which, according to *my* scheme, is not trivial; it tends to develope constitution; it shews, in early life, a mind that delighted in the spirit of adventure, and of bold enterprise. We had in ALNWICK an annual custom of locking the door of the school against the master; of shutting him out (of *barring* him out, was the term) on ST. ANDREW'S DAY; about three weeks before CHRISTMAS. It was likewise a custom of

the scholars, during the exclusion of the master, to form a set of articles (which the young rebels termed *orders*) proposing a number of play-days, and other indulgencies, for the ensuing year; to which, while their monarch did not assent, he was not to be re-admitted into his kingdom. Mr. RUMNEY, as I recollect, had not been barred out for some years; and I was eager to renew a spirited, and daring atchievement. I communicated my wish to Mr. CHARLES BROWN of BRANTON, the head scholar; who was, generally, the proposer, and leader of the plot: but he was a fop; and fops are commonly cowards. He received my proposal with fear and abhorrence; the ardour of my ideas, however, if not of my eloquence, animated his heart, and prepared it for the heroick deed. Yet one consequence of his rebellion, which he foresaw, still deterred him: from his high station in the school, he was certain that the resentment of the master would dismiss him. His objection I obviated, and removed, in a moment; by assuring him, that if *he* was dismissed, I would immediately follow him. My solemn promise determined his fluctuating mind: in opposite states of life, we still

love companions, their society heightens our pleasures; and moderates our pains.

In every season of our existence we exult in freedom; indeed some degree of licentiousness is preferable to slavery; it has not so debasing, so extinguishing an effect on the noble faculties of the soul. We instantly prepared for the siege; and our master was received, at the head of pottergate street, with a discharge of squibs, crackers, pistols, and other insignia of the "pomp, pride, and glorious circumstance of war." We kept rousing fires in the school; we passed the nights in deeds of violence; in terrifying the neighbours; in robbing them of their ducks, and fowls; in short we were in epitome, the complete heroes of a french revolution. Our SATURNALIA lasted for a week; perhaps the master enjoyed his ease as much as the scholars enjoyed their riot. The parties, at length, agreed to a truce; our orders were subscribed; and the school door was opened, to receive it's lord. We looked out, and kenned him long before he was near us; we observed that he stepped into a sadler's shop; this was a tremendous omen; it struck a paleness into the

troop of insurgents ; but it was a consolation to determined desertion.

He entered the school ; and marched up to his throne with a solemn, and awful air. He exposed on his desk, a dreadful implement of flagellation. Horror shot through the broken ranks. It produced not, however, the sanguinary effects which we expected.—“ CHARLES BROWN, “ as you are my head scholar, I must deem *you*, “ the ringleader in this infamous conspiracy ; “ take your books, and go about your business.” I immediately advanced to my master, and made the following laconick speech.—“ Sir, I promised “ to CHARLES BROWN, that if *he* was dismissed “ on this occasion, *I* would follow him ; and I “ am determined to keep my word.”—“ Get “ you gone,” returned my master, “ you impatient jackanapes.”—I obeyed, with the lightning’s speed ; and CHARLES, and I, sallied forth together. We had advanced but a little space up the back-way, towards REEVLEY’S brewery, when we heard some boys behind us, who, we hastily imagined, were a detachment sent to seize the two principal criminals. We took immediately to our heels ; but by their laughter, and assurances that they were our

friends, we turned, and ran up to them. All imitation is contagious ; they had deserted, and followed us, to avoid the discipline of the sadler's shop. I have forgotten how it ultimately fared with the other culprits ; but I remember that BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, the last of the ROMANS ; were the last received into favour. I lingered the latest (for about a fortnight) at the house where I was boarded : at length a worthy physician of the place, and a friend of my father, Dr. AARON WOOD (the brother of Mr. ISAAC WOOD, the presbyterian minister of CROOK-HAM) desired to see me. He expostulated with me on my imprudence, and on the concern which it would give to my father. He went with me to the school ; I signed a paper which had been signed by the other friends of the sedition ; expressing our penitence ; and promising our future obedience ; and thus my pardon was obtained, and ratified.

I need not idly spare a memory, where the cause of humanity, and virtue are intimately concerned. If I can effectually impress on youth, the most useful, and salutary doctrine of tenderness of heart, and sobriety of conduct, I shall not have written ; I shall not have been

extremely unfortunate, in vain. Mr. CHARLES BROWN, whom I instigated to this assertion of french liberty, was, afterwards, for several years, an eminent physician, at NEWCASTLE, where he died. He shortened his days by violent drinking. As I revere the benign father of the universe; and deem it a daring and profligate impiety, wantonly to abuse any of his creatures, I was not sorry for this man's fate. Numerous examples, however high they are in artificial rank; however imperious is their authority; do not justify cruelty; they only excite the indignation of independent and feeling minds, against the perpetrators of the cruelty. Dr. BROWN was a notorious cock-fighter:—to exult over the wounds, and blood, and expiring breath of those generous creatures, was the principal passion, and pleasure of his life. Such is the wise, and just, and benevolent economy of GOD; that, in general, they who delight in barbarous sports, inflict some signal, and divine temporal punishment on themselves.

While I was for the second, and last time, at ALNWICK school, (I was then in my fourteenth year) the CLARISSA of the divine RICHARDSON had been just published; and it was uni-

versally read with the avidity which it deserved; and with that exquisite pleasure which it must ever give to sensible, and susceptible minds. I had already read PAMELA, which though far inferiour to CLARISSA, is evidently marked with original, and great genius; a praise which can be bestowed on comparatively very few books. I shall never forget how CLARISSA, at that early period of my life, engaged, and enraptured my fancy; how it excited, and inflamed the moral emotions of my heart. RICHARDSON is one of the few authours, whom I have repeatedly read; and always with a new, lively, and most animated delight. His language, like his thoughts (and so, indeed it *must* be; for language, and thoughts, are body, and mind, to each other) are easy, and natural; yet their united energy and pathos, are irresistible; they subdue and melt the soul. His plans are happily invented, and arranged; and we are deeply interested in their execution. His characters are drawn from life, and nature; sometimes with a little allowable, or rather, with a little glorious refinement. Through all the drama, they accurately maintain the parts which they were at first appointed to act. The sentiments,

and language, are, throughout, the proper, and peculiar thoughts, and expressions of the persons to whom they are assigned: and as ROUSSEAU remarks, with his usual acuteness, and elegance of observation, their attitudes, and action, are yet more characteristick, and emphatical, than their words.

Christian virtue is no-where inculcated with a more powerful, and persuasive eloquence, than it is in the writings of this great man. Were I a father, and consequently, anxious to guard a son against the horrors of profligacy; were I anxious to guard a daughter against every perceptible appearance of seduction; I should warmly recommend to their perusal, the novels of RICHARDSON, in preference to any book of mere human theology. Interesting, and elegant entertainment would deepen, and adorn the moral impressions. They would have the simple and pathetick oratory of CHRIST, without the formality, and gloom, and false terrours of the priest.

Yet in these times of trifles, and of a meretricious affectation, the productions of RICHARDSON are neglected, and despised; they are buried under a heap of unnatural, and incoherent

rubbish; which, while it deforms our language, corrupts our taste, and manners. This eagerness for mere novelty; this absurd preference of the basest metal to the purest gold; are among the many prejudicial, and ruinous effects of a dissipated, and superficial age, in which ignorance, and bad habits mislead; and the authours of mental, as well as personal modes, determine, and confirm the error. A corrupt taste is universally diffused; the perverted judgement that admires foolish books, must entertain a similar theatrical admiration: they who are charmed with the despicable novels of the day; while they will not deign to read a page in the works of the immortal RICHARDSON; are equally enraptured with those constrained, and vulgar attitudes; and with that injudicious, and violent declamation, which are now exhibited, and thrown out on the stage; and which they fondly, and ridiculously imagine, must, undoubtedly be equal; must be superiour to the easy, and graceful manner of the first actor that ever adorned the world;—to his elocution, whose resistless energy was modelled, and softened by a captivating, and beautiful flow; to his fire, which burned with a fine ardour; but never with an intemperate, and

improper vehemence ; to the varied lightening of SHAKESPEARE, as it was shot from the eye of GARRICK.

Men of great genius, and of high fame, have sacrificed, with too much complaisance, their sincere judgement ; and, in *some* degree, the cause of literature, to a false, and unwarrantable candour. They were determined that the age of chivalry should *not* be passed ; hence they bestowed unmerited praise on improper, and affected language ; on sentiments, and remarks, that had no foundation on reason ; on pictures which were distortions of life, and nature. They presented a wreath of laurel to those fair adventurers, for whom nature had intended a crown of myrtle.

It was not without indignation, that I saw the natural, pathetick, and instructive writings of RICHARDSON, treated with contempt, and ridicule by one who has written infinitely more than what deserves to be praised by impartial, and good judgement.—Prejudice, and mode, cannot for ever, insult facts, and truth. He has written *one* excellent comedy ; many very poor dramatick pieces ; and many very indifferent essays. I likewise know that he produced a

novel himself; which, I am sure, gave him not the smallest title to censure, and disparage the talents; and to sport with the fame of the authour of CLARISSA. Let me not be thought cynical, and malignant; for my present freedom; for *any* fair freedom! The liberty which I now take deserves the approbation; the esteem of the publick; it flows from my disinterested zeal for great, and injured genius; engaged in the defence of virtue; it flows from my humane zeal for a much-injured; for a cruelly oppressed part of the race of man. He, who vainly endeavoured to obliterate the eternal fame of the authour of CLARISSA, was a diligent, and elaborate advocate for the diabolical, and infernal slave-trade. An insensibility to the most affecting authour in the world, was perfectly connatural with an apathy to the woes of AFRICK; with a heart that could hear, and read them, without one sympathetick emotion.

In the year 1751, Mr. JOSEPH RUMNEY, the brother of my ALNWICK-preceptor, was chosen for the classical schoolmaster of BERWICK upon Tweed. He has been, for thirty-seven years, the vicar of that town. Both the brothers had been educated by Mr. YATES of APPLEBEE in

WESTMORLAND; whom I have already mentioned; consequently they persued the same method of instruction. With this certainty, that I might be nearer to CORNHILL, my father removed me from ALNWICK, and put me under the care of the younger RUMNEY at BERWICK. I was boarded at Mr. JAMES MATHER's, in that place; in the high street, at the upper corner of the easter-lane; Mr. MATHER was a shop-keeper, a grocer, I may call him; he was an inoffensive, good, pious creature; he had a remarkable gravity, formality, and solemnity of manner; he retained smatterings of latin; which, like all smatterers, he used to throw out pedantically, and ridiculously; not a little to the entertainment of my master, and some of his scholars, who boarded with him. His wife was a notable woman, and a good landlady; and as the case always is, when such a woman is united to such a man; she was the complete mistress of the house; and a complete substitute for it's master.

I remember to have heard a curious, and well authenticated anecdote of my landlord's father, which proves him to have been a brighter, and more acute man than his son. I shall beg leave

to communicate it to the reader; it promotes the health, as well, indeed, as the improvement of the mind, to vary the objects of it's attention with innocent, and relaxing amusement.

Hæ mugæ ad seria ducunt!

JENKIN, the father of my landlord, and friend, JAMES MATHER, was the sexton of the church of BERWICK.—A stranger, who was passing through the town, wished, as is common with travellers, to see the church. It was accordingly shown to him by the sexton; to whom he intended to give a shilling for his trouble; but by accident, he had not any smaller silver than a half-crown; he put it into his hand; and desired that he would return to him eighteen-pence. “God forbid, sir!” replied the pious, and primitive JENKIN (putting the half-crown into his pocket) “Don't you remember that our Saviour whipped the money-changers out of the temple?”

It will undoubtedly be observed by those who may favour this narrative with a perusal, if I live to publish it, that I am very minute on little points which regard myself; even on apparently insignificant local situations. There is a class of readers who sit down to a book; prepared to *find* faults, and to expose them. But there are

better, and more generous men ; free from petulance, envy, and literary intolerance ; who are always ready to pardon venial errors ; nay, even absurdities ; if they are redeemed by what is substantially useful, and sensibly entertaining. To *these* minds, I hope that several of my large, and expanded discussions will make some atonement for my contracted, and personal details. But to criticks, and readers of this liberal, and benevolent rank, I shall as frankly confess my reason for introducing many small particulars, as I generally acknowledge those passages of my life, which may be obnoxious to the reprehension of the good, or to the cavil of the censorious.—It is true ; my mind has been buoyed up, from time to time, by the warm, and high praises of those who were most eminent for genius in this country ; who were too learned, and judicious to mistake literary merit, and too honourable to flatter it ; while to depress this mind, every little baleful art has been constantly employed. My uncommon, and vigorous perseverance, at least has deserved these powerful incentives to glory ; these oracles of extended, and future fame.—I have always been unfortunate, as a man ; and unsuccessful, as an authour ; of both kinds

of adversity the prominent, and indubitable causes, will, in this narrative, be most explicitly unfolded. To speak in the style of common, and unreflecting censure; my imprudences, and great misconduct, have deserved all my calamities. Yet, I will venture to add, that my fate could have been better than it is, if a world which has virulently, and implacably resented my want of christian virtue, had been properly influenced, and actuated by the true spirit of christianity. But notwithstanding all the unfavourable, and discouraging events which have befallen me; the private suggestions of my own contemplative hours, by no means dictated by vanity, and arrogance; but rising gently, and as it were, involuntarily, in my own mind, have ever been distinctly responsive to the voices of the great departed; and of some living and highly respectable friends; *they* impressively assured me, that time, the universal, and decisive friend of merit, would give me those intellectual honours, which the obloquy, or the silence of cotemporary foes had hitherto denied me.— From these collected testimonies, I own, that several objects of themselves local, transitory, and trivial, take some significance, as *I* was

connected with them, in my ambitious imagination. I was eager to visit the house of EDNAM; where THOMSON was born: I was eager to examine the house; and to worship in the grotto of POPE; and I have often surveyed, with a religious awe, the spot in RUSSELL street, COVENT garden, where DRYDEN was the poetical, and ATHENIAN oracle; and whither his young, and immortal successor, was conducted to see the person, and to hear the voice of his great master. I bow submissively to my images of such men; and to such men alone, will I ever offer a profound submission: yet neither the unrelenting coldness, nor the repeated insolence of mankind, can prevent me from unavoidably thinking that something like this enthusiastick devotion; that a sincere, and heartfelt, though inferiour intellectual homage, may, hereafter be paid to *me*.

Should this anticipation of my posthumous fame, be deemed imaginary, and fantastick, it surely may be pardoned; it is, at least, innocent; it cannot injure others; and it shall not injure myself: for let me do justice to my milder feelings; to the moderation of my mind. The strong ideas which often involuntarily, and agreeably agitate my breast, and which I have amply

acknowledged; by no means originate from a mean pride, or from a meaner vanity; therefore, they produce in me no disclaim, nor disrespect to others. They are indeed, intimately connected with that ambition which is enamoured of honourable and virtuous fame; but such ambition, while it is continually soaring to heaven, leaves far beneath it, the dregs of our nature; leaves far beneath it, every selfish, and sordid passion. Besides, I trust that I have been morally instructed in the severe school of adversity; it is *her* best province to fortify, and to purify the soul: to cure it of all foolish presumption; of all ungenerous contempt of it's fellow-creatures; while it intimately feels the distresses, and seriously reflects on the brevity of it's mortal state. We may fairly suppose that they who are not conquered by misfortunes, would not have been intoxicated by prosperity; and I have often thought, when I impartially, and deliberately examined myself, that my nature needed not a series of mental pains, to teach it self-knowledge, and humanity; and that prosperity would have softened, and humbled, not inflated, and hardened my mind. But, as I observed in a former place, I indulge this theory of my mi-

crocosm, with proper doubt, and diffidence. Especially when I recollect, the general, and great misconduct of those who have been highly favoured by fortune.

About this time (in the year 1751) I was initiated into the study of the french language. I have since read many of it's best authours; it is very familiar to me. FRANCE may justly boast some great literary men: but the first writers of FRANCE, are far inferiour to the first writers of ENGLAND: they want their justness, and range of thought; their unaffected and manly elegance; their originality, and energy of sentiment and expression; their union of the simple, and the sublime. In most of the french productions, in all the fine arts, you see their national characteristics; a tinsel glare; an elaborate contour; a puerile prettiness, preferred to the masculine, and HERCULEAN strength, and graces; or rather adopted by those who neither felt, nor knew, these grander objects. The language of the french is analogous to their works; comparatively with ours, it is weak, and inefficient; in the same comparison, it's elegance is that of a toy. The general strain of thinking in FRANCE; the genius of their language; their alexandrine verse;

and their meagre rhymes ; have always rendered that nation incapable of great poetry ; whatever fashion, prejudice, and long prescription, may say in their favour. I am giving my real, unbiassed opinion (with a proper deference to better judges), whether it be right or wrong ; I scorn all national antipathy : if any man *is*, *I* have long become a citizen of the world. Convinced of this inaptitude of french versification, at least to true poetry ; the judicious, elegant, and amiable FENELON wrote his TELEMAQUE in the order of prose ; which is perhaps, the most beautiful production of imagination (for I cannot with propriety, term it a poem) in the french language. I read this excellent romance, while I lived at Mr. MATHER's, with ardour, and delight ; I was eager to go through it ; with all that avarice of fancy, with which a miser visits, and views his hoard, I stole my hours of reading it, from frivolous avocations, and amusements. I used to mount up to the garret ; that, there, uninterrupted by the business, and noise of the family, I might enjoy the passion of CALYPSO, and the wisdom of MENTOR, amidst the plates, and dishes of earthen ware, which made a part of the complicated traffick of my

worthy landlord. But I cannot at this day, read the *TELEMAQUE* with that high pleasure ; with that rapture, with which, I thank God, I yet read the *PARADISE LOST*. *FENELON* is moral, instructive, elegant, and beautiful : but he wants the sublime, and astonishing plan : he wants the nervous, and irresistible eloquence ; he wants the original, and creative soul of *MILTON*. Amongst the many other gross absurdities, injuries, and insults, with which *Dr. JOHNSON* has violated the memory of the first of poets, he tells us, that the *PARADISE LOST* can only be interesting, and entertaining, to boys, and girls ; and that it must always be read by persons advanced in life, with coldness, and indifference. This remark teems with palpable error, and incongruity : which are completely refuted by himself ; in a former passage of the highest praise, in his life of our immortal poet ; which I shall here communicate to the reader. He asserts that the plan, and the objects of *MILTON*'s poem were the greatest that could enter into the mind of man ; and that the performance was worthy of those objects, and of that design. Must not then such a poem be necessarily read with more judgement, and

pleasure, by maturity of life, and by age, than by boys and girls? Does not this extorted, yet unequivocal, and decisive tribute, condemn, and annihilate, all his extreme injustice to one of the most virtuous, as well as greatest characters, that ever lived? Does it not, with a critical; does it not, with a mathematical precision, and demonstration, exalt MILTON above all other poets; and consequently, even above his favourite HOMER?

But the virtuous sentiments which the good archbishop of CAMBRAY inspired, were at this time; or rather in the spring of 1752, not a little discomposed by a charming external object. I became extremely enamoured with a very pretty young lady of BERWICK; who then lived at the head of the wool market. This latter epithet, I now apply to her, with the strictest propriety; but at the period to which I allude, I thought that she excelled all the powerful, and triumphant goddesses, in the gay, grecian mythology. I have been frequently, and rapturously in love with virtuous women; but partly from my natural delicacy of sentiment; and partly from those moral, and religious restraints which I always

revered ; my flame was generally purified from a violent propensity to sensual enjoyment. I was a PETRARCH to my LAURA.

On this occasion, no man could say to me with propriety—"Digne puer meliore flammâ !" —It's object was prudent, virtuous, and good ; and she had the modesty, or the art to be, or to *seem*, unconscious of her charms. She is yet living at BERWICK ; and I hope that she is well, and happy. She has been for many years, a widow : she was married to a worthy officer of the army ; and she has been a joyful mother of several children. I was often in her company at the house of one of our friends ; and the soft contagion of her society, made it's dangerous impressions ; my studies were now very languidly, and negligently persued ; I had no relief but in the invocation of my muse ; I celebrated her peerless beauty in some verses, which were far more romantick, than poetical. I have but a very faint, and defective remembrance of them : I supposed that when the gods, and goddesses were assembled in OLYMPUS,

—— the goblet was with nectar crowned ;

and added;—

When VENUS', or when JUNO's health goes round;

Let those kind deities in pity share;

Let them endeavour to remove my care;

Or they must make the cause of it, less fair.

It is amazing; it is not uninteresting; it is favourable to the progressive contemplation of the human mind, to compare the lively trifles of the boy, with the more accurate compositions of the man. I always loved triplets, occasionally, and pertinently used: our father, DRYDEN, made them glorious: and I am sure, our present ignorant, and fastidious verse-makers, shall not put me out of love with them. My passion preyed on my spirits; and very sensibly affected my health. My friends found it necessary to send me home, for the benefit of a change of scenes; and of the country air. I was so ill, that we were obliged to have recourse to medical assistance: my affectionate parents, I know not by what accident, or premeditated information, were acquainted with the cause of my disorder: they were very much grieved at the intelligence; they undoubtedly, prefigured in

their minds, all the ills that are incident to an amorous constitution; to an ardent, and luxuriant imagination. By their kind attention, and care, my health, and vivacity were soon restored; and I was sent back from the despotism of VENUS, to the milder school of MINERVA.

In the autumn of this year, 1752, the famous JOHN WILKES came down to BERWICK; to oppose Mr. DELAVAL (the present Lord DELAVAL) as a candidate to represent that borough. Mr. WILKES was then in the prime of life; I suppose, in about his thirty-fifth year: he shewed all that vivacity, and fire; which, with a peculiarity of instantaneous, and intrepid exertion; stimulated, and drawn forth by peculiarly favourable opportunities, conspicuously distinguished his future years. He was a man of bright parts; an elegant scholar; and as I frequently experienced, when my life moved with a more social and lively current, a charming companion. And whatever his vices were (to which they who look most carefully into themselves, will be most indulgent) his persevering, and eminent services to our constitutional freedom, and repeatedly at the hazard of his life, will, in the page of impartial, eloquent, and

venerable history, exalt him to the immortal rank of patriots, and of heroes. For the publick and authoritative declaration; if not, unfortunately, for the permanent establishment of the freedom of election; for the security of our houses; of our property; of our most important secrets, from the rude, and lawless invasion of the messengers of kings; *he* deserves to be classed with the most illustrious benefactors of their country.

An account has often been given to me, and by credible authority, of a stratagem of Mr. WILKES, before he left LONDON, to weaken the forces of his parliamentary opponents, at BERWICK. At that time, the master of a smack (so the small vessels are called, that sail between BERWICK and LONDON) had a cargo of incorruptible BERWICK-burgesses on board of his ship; who were to be sent down to vote for Mr. DELAVAL. Bribery, and the golden fleece, without a contest, seemed to be the gratuities, not the rewards of these ARGONAUTS, for they were not destined to the port of COLCHUS. To speak without classical allusions, and in plain language; Mr. WILKES prevailed with the skipper, for an alluring sum, to over-shoot the

harbour of BERWICK, and to land his pure and constitutional freight, wherever he pleased in SCOTLAND. The elements, and the revolutions in the heavens, favoured the manœuvre; a dark night, succeeded by a scotch mist, wrapped in impenetrable shades, the long-wished-for port; and if I rightly remember, the astonished patriots, were first undeceived by the sight of LEITH, which terminated their voyage. Yet, in spite of this artifice; and in spite of his assiduities, talents, and gallantry, Mr. WILKES lost his election. Mr. DELAVAL, and Mr. WATSON, were the members returned. The latter gentleman was, for many years, a representative of BERWICK; a great benefactor to the town; and treated by it with all that ingratitude, which is too often the return of the obliged, for signal favours.

Mr. WILKES was very well received at BERWICK, by some of the principal persons of the corporation; and if engaging manners, and a command of language, could have been decisive, he would certainly have thrown out one of his rivals, Mr. DELAVAL. The vivacity of his talents was, at that time, universally remarked, and in offering himself a candidate for the

borough, he made a speech which quite eclipsed the poor efforts of his antagonist.

I believe that few men, have been more happy than Mr. WILKES (notwithstanding that his aspect, at the first sight, was disagreeable) in the good graces of the fair sex: for if distinguished abilities of the mind, have wealth, or power, for their companions; or if they only float auspiciously on the surface of fashionable life, they are very persuasive advocates, in favour of their possessour, with women. In these cases, a very christian indulgence is shown to moral defects. But if a man of the greatest genius, is poor, imprudent, unfortunate, and unpopular; his genius will never be able to propitiate the PAPHIAN goddess to his wishes; nay, it will operate to his disadvantage; for, with the obnoxious concomitants which I have mentioned, it's approach will incommode, and scorch the sickly souls whom God, and nature meant, that it should animate, and delight. I throw off all improper, and ill-timed reserve, and politeness, when I am industrious to be useful as a writer. I am endeavouring to prepare my young readers of ardent constitutions, and superiour minds, to avoid *my* miseries; to steer with caution through

the rocks, and shoals of life : let me warn them, that no generosity of heart, nor elevation of sentiment, will atone, with a timorous, and selfish world, for a total want of prudence ; but that the full possession of this virtue, in the estimation of this world ; at least, from the credit, which is given to it, includes all the other virtues ; and that it completely propitiates to the success of our views (according to the infallible doctrine of JUVENAL) all the gods and goddesses, *above* ; and I may add, with equal infallibility, all the men and women, *below*.

The recollection of Mr. WILKES's victory over the prejudices of a lady at BERWICK (which I shall now relate) occasioned this important apostrophe.

Mr. WILKES had a genteel person ; and it's whole manner was easy, and elegant, in his better years. His bodily activity, and vivacity (but by no means, those of his mind) deserted him in his very declining years. He then walked obliquely as he looked ; for he squinted extremely. Yet, though all his features were very irregular ; when you had conversed with him awhile, their *disagreeable* were absolutely succeeded by *agreeable* effects. So plastick, so

fascinating a dominion has mind over matter. But to proceed with my anecdote.

Mr. WILKES went to an assembly, during the BERWICK-election. In the course of the evening, he payed his compliments to Mrs. DELAVAL, in a most respectful manner; who made a cold return; as she was not very well prepared to receive them. The gentleman, however, gradually, and gently, improved on his first address; entered into a conversation with the lady, which his presence of mind, and command of subjects, rendered very agreeable; and which came powerfully recommended by that profound, but artfully insinuating homage, which is the supreme pleasure, and triumph of those charming beings who “delight in empire.” After he had made his retiring bow, and left her, she declared to the company around her, that if Mr. DELAVAL had not been her husband, she would have ardently wished for the success of Mr. WILKES.—Surely I have evident proofs, that with all the objections that could be made to him, there must have been something very engaging in this man. Nothing was inexpugnable to his generalship in politeness; neither a blooming lady; nor a stern philosopher. Mr. BOSWELL can vouch for me, and

Mr. DILLY, a bookseller in the poultry, at whose house the victory was gained ; that the social artillery which conquered the prejudices of Mrs. DELAVAL, many years after, mollified, nay totally subdued the literary, political, moral, and religious hatred ; in short, all the violent antipathy of Dr. JOHNSON.

I remember an anecdote relative to this election, which Mr. WILKES told me, and which I think deserves to be mentioned. On a sunday, about the year 1773, I dined with him, and his accomplished daughter, in prince's-court, WESTMINSTER ; where his house commanded an agreeable view of St. JAMES's park.—My readers will easily forgive these details of an old man, for they are connected with classical, and poetical imagination. We walked in the crowded park, on a fine summer's evening ; St. JAMES's park was then the resort of the fashionable world : I reminded him of his canvassing at BERWICK, when I was a school-boy there. He replied, that he never could forget the time, nor the object ; for that he had gone to BERWICK, on the strength of a solemn engagement of the Duke of NEWCASTLE, to defray the expences of the canvass, which amounted to 2000 *l* ; but that

he had not, to that day, been reimbursed a single shilling.

That we may always keep our minds in a well balanced moral state, “let us never pass a day (says the excellent *EPICURETUS*) without considering that we have to die.” And as the enforcement of the most useful truths, is the ruling motive of my present studies, let me not omit any opportunity of representing, and recommending them. Let *him* who now enjoys all the vivacity, and high spirits of youth; and hence, is, perhaps too apt to riot in pleasure, learn to check, and moderate his intemperate pursuits, by frequently recollecting, that this fine fervour, must one day totally subside; and sink into the extreme languour, and infirmities of old age. When I used to meet *Mr. WILKES*, in the year 1752, in the streets of *BERWICK*; and many years after, in the streets of *LONDON*; I saw him all life and activity. When I walked with him along *PICCADILLY*, in the year 1790, his face was flaccid; his person was shrunk, and his pace was slow. But in 1796, when I met and accompanied him in newgate street, the limbs, which in his young, and maturer years, had such a buoyant agility, now performed their

office, not with a springy, but with a trailing motion. They could no longer be obedient to the spirit with which he was yet animated : for he had, on that morning, been farther east in the city ; and as I remember, had walked from Grosvenor square ; and was returning thither, on foot. The mortal mementos which I have now recorded, are of daily occurrence ; yet they are of infinite importance, therefore they cannot be too often inculcated ; especially by one who ardently wishes that they may make a deeper, and more lasting impression.

Many interesting facts ; many little sparkling narratives of wit, I have heard from that gentleman ; two of the latter I at present recollect : I hope that it will not be thought obtrusive, or unentertaining, to repeat them here.

The learned world are well acquainted with the slowness, and superstitious accuracy with which BOILEAU wrote his compositions. He had all the minute attention of POPE, without his genius. A french poetaster waited on this careful, and elaborate poet, to show him a thousand verses, which, he boasted, that he had written in one day : this man was exactly in the predicament of the Lord HERVEY of POPE.

Lord FANNY spins a thousand such a day!

BOILEAU read some of the verses; returned them to the authour, and told him, “ he wondered that he had been so long about them.”

Soon after the death of MOLIERE, another poet-aster brought an epitaph which he had written on that illustrious comick poet, to the great prince of CONDE. He read it; returned it; and told him: “ he wished that MOLIERE had brought him *his* epitaph.” The short satire was very comprehensive; it strongly implied how richly the death of a bad versifier would have been redeemed, by the pleasure which the prince would have received in reading an excellent epitaph.

Before I take my leave entirely of the BERWICK election, I must record an effort, and an occurrence, which, in any view do no great credit to a youthful poet. When the contest was decided, it happened that I was at home; at CORNHILL, in the time of a whitsuntide vacation. A burgess of BERWICK, who was in a respectable station; and who had married a lady who was my cousin, was, on every occasion, very eager for my interest, and my fame. He took it into

his head that I might gain both credit, and emolument, by celebrating the parliamentary triumph of Mr. WATSON, and Mr. DELAVAL. Full of this idea, he wrote to me, to invoke the muses without delay. My fancy was as sanguine as his ; I sate down to write : I soon made a string of verses ; and imagined that I had done a very fine thing. After having mounted PEGASUS, I posted to BERWICK, on a meaner conveyance. I called on my friend ; he immediately conducted me to the inn, where the new-elected members were treating their constituents. He introduced me to the company ; Mr. WATSON was too much intoxicated, to pay me any distinct attention ; indeed he had very little idea of literature, when he was sober. Mr. DELAVAL, or IAGO, if you please ; was polite, and *sadly* sober. He desired me to recite my verses ; pro bono publico ; to his assembly of BERWICK-burgesses ; to his AREOPAGUS of ATHENS. I obeyed his desire with great pleasure ; though not without some agitation ; for I was already anticipating my reward ; like the mercenary orators of GREECE ! I very sensibly felt the *bos in lingua* : at the conclusion of my recital, I was saluted with a dissonant, and violent shout of applause, perfectly charac-

teristick of the delicate taste which gave it. I observed Mr. DELAVAL working with his hands at his back, between his coat, and waistcoat; but alas! the mountain was in labour; he presented to me half a guinea. My friend was more disappointed, and vexed, than I was; and it was right that it should be so. For if the prostitution of my juvenile fancy to the two purchasers of the borough, was criminal, he was the instigator to the crime; and consequently his feelings ought to have been severer than mine.

I still remember some of those unfortunate *carmina saturnalia*, which were sold for a very low price; if the reader will deign to accept the fragments he shall have them gratis. I was in my sixteenth year when I wrote them.

TO THOMAS WATSON, and JOHN HUSSEY
DELAVAL, Esquires.

Since now divided votes, and factions cease;
Since now no anxious wish disturbs our peace;
Since all our hopes with sweet success are crowned;
And envious tumults in oblivion drowned;
Should not the muse to mirth, and pleasure fly;
Attend the triumph, and partake the joy?
Ye generous patrons of this town, to you,
The poet thinks his utmost labour due;

Profound respect for you his genius fires ;
Excites his vows ; and rouses his desires.

* * * * *

May BERWICK's late posterity rejoice ;
To find their fathers made this prudent choice ;
May they your numerous benefits proclaim ;
And still say something to augment your fame.

May these aspiring lines in future days,
Procure esteem which nothing can erase ;
Not for *their* worth, but for the worth they praise ! }

I shall say nothing better of these verses, than that if they were worth no more than half a guinea, they were good enough for the subject. POPE had no reason to regret the exertion of *his* genius. In poetical fortune ; not I hope altogether, in poetical ability, through a long life, I have often had cause to say,

———— what crime unknown

Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?

About this time ; or rather, I believe, on recollection, considerably before it, my master, Mr. RUMNEY, favoured the town with some verses ; very superiour to those which I have now copied from my memory. I refer to his BERWICK BEAUTIES ; a poem, which it may be supposed, from it's title ; especially when I

add that it was a good, nay, an elegant composition, attracted curious, and general attention. Mr. RUMNEY had a correct literary taste; and a talent for true poetry, to a certain degree of merit; which, perhaps, very sensibly, and prudently, he neglected to cultivate. I shall give some stanzas of the poem to which I allude; I trust that they will contribute to make an agreeable variety.

*Say, Muse, what fair demands my lays,
Who leads the gay, harmonious maze,
To HOGG's enchanting air;
Or they who on the rampart's height,
Catch the cool breeze, as VENUS bright,
Their sister evening-star?*

I have printed the first line in Italicks, because I believe that I have not rightly remembered it. I am not fond of cavilling at good verses; but I must remark, that as the atmosphere of BERWICK is extremely raw, bleak, and cold; the idea of "catching the cool breeze," in an evening, "on it's rampart's height," would give to a person who was a stranger to the latitude, and peculiar exposure of situation for which those verses were written, a false impression of their natural

effects. To catch a *cool* breeze on the ramparts of GIBRALTAR, or ALICANT; to catch a *warm* one, on the ramparts of BERWICK, will always be refreshing, and salutary.

Bright sallies of paternal wit,
Shall MUSIDORA's name transmit
Beyond the TYNE, and WEAR;
Her sister CYNTHIA's modest eyes
Steal to the heart, with soft surprise;
With gentleness severe.

These two ladies' were daughters of Mr. THORP, who was many years vicar of BERWICK; and sisters of Dr. THORP; the present rector of RYTON, in the county of DURHAM; and arch-deacon of NORTHUMBERLAND. I was curate to his father, at BERWICK, for about five years. The characteristicks of the two sisters, were, in these verses, justly distinguished. MUSIDORA, the elder, was afterwards married to Captain FURY; and the younger, Miss JENNY THORP, to Captain GEORGE ONSLOW, a nephew of the SPEAKER.

Who can behold, and not admire,
The beauteous profile, and attire
Of FLORIMELLA's face;

Where jetty ringlets half disclose
The lily, and the blushing rose,
With unexampled grace?

This encomium was well deserved at the time when it was bestowed: but alas! I saw her many years after (she was my relation) when not the faintest trace of her youthful charms, not one perceptible emanation of the lily, and the rose, remained. She was Miss BETTY GREY of BRADFORD in NORTHUMBERLAND; and married her cousin german, Mr. JOHN GREY, an attorney at BERWICK; with whom, in my youth, I passed many literary and jovial hours.

I have always particularly loved the following stanza; it was with so much justness, and happiness of imagery, applied to it's fair object:—

A thousand darts in ambush lie;
In embryo, yet, in CIRCE's eye;
Just ready to appear;
When time shall ripen every grace;
Tremble, ye beaus; shun CIRCE's face;
Ye belles, a rival fear!

This is the tribute which was payed by Mr. RUMNEY, to Miss HESTER LAUDER; the daughter of Mr. LAUDER; an excellent surgeon of

BERWICK ; and the mother of Lady NEPEAN. She was then, I should think, in her sixteenth year. She was afterwards married to Mr. SKINNER ; who, at the time of their marriage, if I rightly remember, was an ensign. He was the son of the general of the engineers. Mr. SKINNER was one of the best-natured, and most hospitable of men ; he was very polite to me, when I was a lieutenant in the welsh fusileers, and in the year 1756, at GIBRALTAR. As his fair wife honoured me with her acquaintance and friendship, in those *better* days ; I can never forget the completion of her poet's prophecy ; I can never forget the universal admiration which did homage to her charms, in the governor's garden, at the convent ; while an azure sky saluted those charms with its spotless serenity ; and glowing flowers, with their aromattick fragrance. Accept, thou departed, and elegant soul, who, in this world, wast enshrined in beauty ; accept from an old friend, this remembrance, and this tear !

With this lady I had an interview, at DURHAM, early in the spring of 1792. Her face, and person, too, gave me a solemn, and humiliating lecture of morality : the charms, and the graces, which had riveted many an enraptured

eye, were no more. Among the many concomitants of old age, of grave, and awful admonition; I do not think that there is a deeper shade, than the reflexion, that we have survived the existence; or even the pleasing aspects of those friends, whose society, enlivened, and exhilarated our youthful years. Let me, then, give no superfluous; no ignoble, and servile attention, to my perishable body; even while I am *in* it, I may almost divest myself of it, by the excursions and elevations of my better part: my ardent, and aspiring young men; our material, and grosser frame, will inevitably moulder to dust, and to oblivion; let us, then, seize, even on a sublunary immortality; let us earn, and secure it's glory, by the monuments of the mind!

It must seem incredible to corrupted, and groveling spirits, deceived, and perverted, by the unrestrained importunities, and transient, and miserable gratifications of sensual appetite, to what a range, and sublimity, by undaunted resolution, and unshaken perseverance, a man may extend, and exalt his nobler faculties; and make them the great, nay almost the sole constituents of his well-being. He may, in a manner,

divest himself of body, before he dies ; at least he may render it's wants few, and slightly impressive on his mind ; he may render it the cheerful, and obedient servant of his superiour nature. By making it the employment, and ambition of his life, to exert his reason ; to actuate, and enrich his fancy ; to study, and delight in the records of literature ; and to contemplate, and adore, the beautiful, magnificent, and infinite works of his Creator ; the immortal part of the man, may be gradually refined, to almost unembodied purity ; he may feel himself, as it were, by anticipation, unencumbered with matter ; he may feel himself, all, intellectual activity ; all, discursive, and expatiating soul. Nor let the blind, and abject slaves of sense, tell me, that this man is most absurdly, and ridiculously romantick ; that he is, perpetually embracing a chimera ; that he is devoted to imaginary, and painful objects ; that he is only protracting an unnatural, and tormenting existence. The substance of *this* charge may, with justice, be applied, *not* to those against whom it is brought ; but to it's own authours. *They* are constantly deluded, and reduced to a most deplorable servitude, by their habitual vices : *they*

are constantly persuing a shadow for a reality; or, I should rather say, that to enjoy any momentary animal impulse; or any lighter, and gaudy, but unsatisfactory trifle, they incur long intervals of melancholy languour, and of pungent pain. This, in the moral economy of God, is the *equitable* retribution of their perverse, and impious conduct: for they invert the order, and arrangement of the Deity; by making the servant, *matter*, the usurping lord over *mind*; the heaven-appointed sovereign of the human frame. Thus, it is *they* who are the bold, and obstinate rebels against nature; and they suffer the necessary, the eternal consequences, of their daily violation of the divine law;—durable, and severe distress, for transitory flashes of meteorick vapour, which rather stun, than delight. But they who *truly* live according to nature; they, who, agreeably to *her* decrees, are the subjects of reason; the disciples, and admirers of knowledge, and of virtue; enjoy, in *this* world, those rewards which are worthy of their generous pursuits, and of their noble ardour. They enjoy the pleasures, and the triumphs, of intellectual attainments; the exercise, and the victories of religion, over sense, and passion. The recollection

of *these* glorious objects repeats their fruition; and keeps up an unbroken series of moral, and divine felicity. *This* golden chain, depending between GOD, and *them*, receives a celestial lustre from *his* approbation; which is not only distinctly promised, but intimately felt, by all his faithful servants.

I was now Mr. RUMNEY's head-scholar; I had tasted wine, and I liked it's flavour, and it's exhilarating effects. I began to plot an eruption from scholastick drudgery;—I was determined to have a convivial, and jovial meeting with some of my friends; I was determined to stimulate, and exalt the olive of MINERVA, with the grape of BACCHUS. I soon got a few cheerful confederates:—poor Mr. FORSTER of BRUNTON, who died very lately, was one of the number; arch-deacon THORP, was my class-fellow; he was the second scholar in the school; he was always rather grave, and prudent; but my warm exhortations, at length prevailed with him to be of the party. Conspirators of every denomination, generally commit some glaring folly in the formation, and execution of their plan: error in contrivance, defeats the purpose of the crime. At the upper end of the school, and opening into

the garden, there was an apartment, which, at that time, contained a publick library. To this apartment, our master often used to retire; and through *it*, he used to pass from his house, into the school. We had bought some bottles of wine; and by what infatuation I know not, we had lodged them in this room; where we had resolved to empty them. I suppose that we had chosen what we thought some particularly fortunate juncture; when we could have no apprehension of being surprised by Mr. RUMNEY. It happened, however, unexpectedly, and to our “severe amazement,” that he bolted in upon us, when we were wrapped in elysium; when we had mounted to the felicity of ARIADNE. “Through the discomfited files, he darted his “indignant, and experienced eye:”—a precipitate, and disorderly flight, ensued. For some time, the awful appearances of a violent resentment, were enforced by alarming menaces: at length, however, our assurances of humble penitence, and our promises of future good behaviour, were graciously accepted; and the tragedy ended with a just, and particular censure of the licentiousness of the elder scholars, who should set good examples to the rest; and with

seasonable warnings against the dreadful, and ruinous consequences of ebriety.

About this time, the rebuilding of CORNHILL-chapel, was finished. It was principally by Mr. COLLINGWOOD's encouragement, that this chapel was rebuilt. The sermon, at it's opening, was preached by the reverend Dr. THOMAS SHARP, the worthy archdeacon of NORTHUMBERLAND; and the son of the conscientious, and indeed justly famous archbishop of YORK, who manfully asserted the protestant religion, in the pulpit of St. GILES's in the fields, in LONDON; at the hazard of his property, and life, under the reign of a weak, bigoted, and unfeeling tyrant.

The disposition of this Mr. COLLINGWOOD, will be seen from a circumstance which occurred at that time; and which principally takes it's importance from it's display of that disposition. My father was an eminently good man; and he had never given Mr. COLLINGWOOD the least offence; yet on the Sunday of the opening of the chapel, he did not invite him to accompany Dr. SHARP to dine with him. This omission was particularly rude, and mortifying, when we consider my father's function, situation, and amiable

character ; and when I likewise add, that Dr. SHARP was his old, and protecting friend. This insolent squire, was the crocodile who wept over my dearest father's death.

In the year 1753, I felt another, but a more transient flame of the gay passion. I was in love with a young lady of TWEEDMOUTH ; she had a good person, and face ; but she was rather agreeable, than pretty ; she had that talent of fluent, lively, and sparkling conversation, which distinguished her family. This attachment gave me little constraint, and pain ; it was analogous to it's object, easy, and volatile.—It played in the fancy ; but it wounded not the heart ; the mirthful, and giddy * CATHARINE could not excite that energy, and pensiveness of sentiment, which were inspired by the modest, and tender ELIZA. I wish that my succeeding follies with the sex, had not been greater than these : they would then have easily been pardoned by the sensible, and benevolent judges of human conduct ; perhaps it would have been difficult, even for the gloomy hypocrites, decently to censure them ; they who are as eager to pretend to a

* Miss KITTY FOWLER ; afterwards Mrs. FENWICK.

zeal for virtue, as they are destitute of it's practice, and of self-examination.

In the beginning of the year 1754, I left Mr. MATHER's, and was boarded with my master. My parents, undoubtedly thought, that it would be most favourable, both to my learning, and morals, to be under *his* eye. This is a very common, and a very erroneous notion. In all the stages of life, we naturally require relaxation, and gaiety, to temper the seriousness, and severity of study; we naturally require uncontrouled freedom, and mirth, that we may suffer with patience, any necessary restraint. To be able to enjoy existence, from year to year, and to exert our best faculties, in an unvaried retirement, and solemnity of scenes, and objects;—without suffering *any* depression of the man*; is the privilege of a few resolute, and persevering spirits, who have, within themselves, a rich, and inexhaustible fund of exercise, and entertainment. But young minds are particularly hurt with a load of application, and awe. The spreading is re-

* In this picture is represented a consummate philosophy with which I have not been blessed. I have suffered many merited depressions: but I thank God, I have always conquered them.

pelled, of *that* flower, that should wanton to the sun, and air; that should be suffered to expand, and sport, in the play of nature, at least, with *some* negligent luxuriance. The education of youth, is injured by none more than by the professors, and devout patrons of education. “Even Sunday” now, “shines no sabbath day,” to many poor boys, and girls, of this country: their souls are perpetually doomed to an earthly purgatory; as the bodies of the ill-fated negroes, in the West-Indies, are enslaved in the dominions of the devil. As much innocent amusement, as could possibly be allowed on that day, after divine service, would give a new spring to the mind, for the studies, and employments of the ensuing week. But they have no enlivening prospect of the sun-shine of the fancy, on this returning holiday; and hence, the idea of constantly reiterated confinement, and application, must naturally sink their other days, with a languour, and melancholy. Thus, our modern saints, among their other enlarged phylacteries, depress, by their Sunday-schools, that exuberant, and glowing vivacity; the fair blossom of puerile health, which they ought to indulge, and promote; their discipline infuses a dislike of those

important objects, of which it should inspire the love ; it gives it's unfortunate pupils, an early, and often a lasting, and fatal antipathy, against knowledge, virtue, and religion.

I did not like my situation at Mr. RUMNEY's. It clouded my mind : I felt a painful restraint on the innocent liberty of my social, and vacant hours. Mrs. RUMNEY was by no means so hospitable, and kind a dame, as Mrs. MATHER : Mr. THOMAS CONSTABLE's opinion of her, my school-fellow, and fellow-boarder (who lately died, a surgeon at WOODFORD, in ESSEX) perfectly agreed with mine. We often commented, together, privately, on her economy ; and uttered short, but strong ejaculations against her*.—She is, indeed (I say she *is* ; for bad women are long-lived) a narrow-spirited, vulgar creature ; and very little deserving of the husband, whom she entangled, and obtained. But by her long cohabitation, and communication with him, she has a good deal debased his disposition ; and brought it down to her own. The manners of those with whom we associate, merely as companions, and friends, are contagious ; by the

* They are both dead.

sympathy of domestick, and close connexions, the infection becomes deep, and permanent. Mr. RUMNEY was naturally a mild, candid, and liberal man; ever ready to make the largest allowances for his friend; especially if he had any good, and distinguished qualities: therefore, I attribute the ungenerous change of his behaviour to me, in late years, not to my own faults; nor to *his* genuine, and primitive sentiments; but to the unmerited, and poisonous influence of this weak, but dictatorial woman.

In the spring of 1754, I went home to my father; and returned to school no more. I was now in my eighteenth year. Sir FRANCIS BLAKE DELAVAL, the brother of the yet* living, and vigorous Lord DELAVAL, was at that time, at BERWICK, on election-business. In conversing with Mr. RUMNEY, he told that gentleman, that he had heard of my talent for poetry; and that he would, therefore, offer me a task, which he thought would be agreeable to me. Duke HAMILTON, who had, then, lately married Miss GUNNING, was unfortunately, a very dissipated man; but he had good parts; and a fine taste for

* He is dead.

polite learning. He was a great admirer of a very beautiful ode, which Sir FRANCIS DELAVAL said, was often bound up with CATULLUS; but which I never saw in print. My literary opportunities, and researches have always, as I have managed them, and indeed from a variety of causes (which I shall regret while I live) been abrupt, and limited. Of this ode the duke wished to see a good translation. Sir FRANCIS had a copy of it, which he gave to my master, who, with the first opportunity, transmitted it to *me*, and desired me to exert myself in translating it. I read the letter, and the ode, with an interested attention; and immediately prepared for the great effort. I shall never forget the memorable day. The weather was very cold; a fire was lighted for me, in an upper apartment, that no profane voices, or contact, might interfere with the hallowed inspiration. I took about three hours to translate the ode;—I can boast of nothing extraordinary in the translation, for my years; what I remember of it, and of the original, I shall write here*: the latin is certainly beautiful; and I

* I have now found this ode; it is at the end of my Catullus: it is ascribed to CORNELIUS GALLUS, the friend of VIRGIL: but the haughty SCALIGER insists that it is the

even at this day think that the english, is not altogether unworthy of attention.

poor attempt; *Inepti cujuspiam*. There is some small, and insignificant difference, between what it is in my book, and as I have written it here.—

LYDIA bella puella, candida,
Quæ bene superas lac, et lilium,
Albamque simul et rosam rubidam;
Et expositum ebur indicum:
Pande, puella, pande capillulos
Flavos, lucentes aurum nitidum,
Pande, puella, collum candidum,
Productum bene candidis humeris;
Pande, puella, stellatos oculos;
Flexaque nigra supercilia.
Pande, puella, genas roseas,
Perfusas rubro purpuræ tyriæ.
Porrige labra, labra corallina;
Da columbatim mitia basia;
Sugis amentis partem animi.
Cor mihi penetrant hæc tua basia;
Cur mihi sugis vivum sanguinam?
Conde, puella, conde papillulas
Compresso lacte quæ modo pullulant;
Conde, puella; conde, gemipomas,
Quæ me sauciant! —————

Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris,
Sinus expansa profert cinnama; —
Undique surgunt ex te deliciae; —
Sæva, non cernis quam ego languo;
Sæva, destituis me semimortuum.

Mr. RUMNEY sent this translation to Sir FRANCIS DELAVAL; who was then in LONDON.

Oh! LYDIA! nature strives to show
In thee how far her art can go:
To thee the lily's whiteness yields;
And all that crowns the verdant fields;
On thy bright cheeks a redness glows,
Which far excells the blushing rose;
Though statues formed of ivory shine,
Their lustre only mimicks thine.

Display, display, my charming fair,
Those beauteous locks of golden hair;
Disclose thy taper neck to view;
Thy taper neck of snowy hue;
Display, my fair, thy sparkling eyes,
Where death in pleasing ambush lies;—
Thine eye-brows, arched with wondrous grace;
Thy cheeks, and all thy lovely face;
Thine eye-brows blackest jet out-vie;
Thy cheeks, the richest tyrian dye.

Let kisses, too, my fair-one, join,
To make each heavenly blessing mine;
Alas! I fall an easy prey;
Those lips have stole my soul away;
Thy nectared kisses love inspire;
Thy kisses fan the fatal fire;
What streams of transport round me roll!
Ah! cease to rob me of my soul!

Oh! hide, relentless charmer, hide
Thy breast replete with beauty's pride;

He returned a very polite answer ; in which he said far more to my praise than I deserved ; and probably more than he *thought* that I deserved. He honoured my verses with the eulogy of ardour, and elegance ; but he justly remarked that I had not preserved the simplicity of the original. On reviewing the ode, and the translation, I really believe that I have given each entirely. I never saw these seventy verses since the time of which I am writing ; and I have now retained them in my memory, forty-five years.

I shall now, as I proposed, give the reader some account of Mr. BLAKE (he died a baronet,

From human sight that chest remove,

So full, so fraught, so big with love !

The joy's too great for man !—

As trees shoot up into the sky ;

And please each fond spectator's eye ;

Expand their branches to the air,

Proud of the full-grown fruit they bear ;

So thy luxuriant bosom swells ;

Where all that's fair and tempting dwells.

Unnumbered charms around thee play,

Unnumbered charms my heart betray !

Ah ! cruel fair, you mock my pain ;

And treat your lover with disdain ;

Your lover, cruel fair, you leave,

Half-dead ; and living but to grieve !

Sir FRANCIS BLAKE) of whom my father rented the houses in which he lived at TILLMOUTH, and at CORNHILL. This gentleman had a very elegant face, and person; and a very elegant, and accomplished mind. He was a complete classical scholar, with a truly attick taste; and a great mathematician; two seemingly incompatible excellencies; for they are very seldom united in the same person. He had a regard; a species of friendship, for my dearest father; whom I was always eager to accompany, when he went to TWISEL, to visit Mr. BLAKE. Even when we lived at TILLMOUTH; when I was but thirteen years old, I had great pleasure in attending to their literary conversation. His elder son was a youth of astonishing parts, and acquirements, for his age: he was educated at WESTMINSTER-school; and at HERTFORD-college in OXFORD. He died before he was of age. I remember that when my father, and I were, one day, returning from our visit at TWISEL; he told me that Mr. BLAKE had showed him an epigram which was composed by his WESTMINSTER-scholar; and that nothing could be more proper, and elegant, than the strain; nor more pertinent, acute, and happy, than the point.

A humorous anecdote, which evinced the great BUCHANAN's opinion of the talents of his royal pupil, King JAMES the first, was told by Mr. BLAKE to my father; and it is yet fresh in my memory.—A person of great learning, but a liberal scholar, was very desirous of having an interview with a prince, who was not a little vain-glorious of his erudition. He expressed his wish to BUCHANAN; who communicated it to the king; and by his own additional influence, easily procured for him the favour which he had requested. He introduced him to his royal master, and pupil, and left them together. After a long conversation, the gentleman returned to BUCHANAN's apartment. “I think (said he) that “you have made a perfect pedant of your “prince.”—“E'en the Lord be praised (replied “the celebrated tutor) “that au cud mack anny “thing o' him!”

As I am now residing at LESBURY, I should be extremely neglectful of the very interesting entertainment of my readers, if I omitted to give a particular account of PATRICK MAKEL WIAN; who, in the first year of the reign of JAMES the first, was inducted to the church of LESBURY.—He was of the very extraordinary age of a hun-

dred and ten years, when he wrote a letter, in which he gives a short abstract of his life:—that letter is in WANLEY's "Wonders of the little world; or a general history of man;" page 67. This book is in one volume quarto; published in the year 1791, printed for C. TAYLOR, opposite to BROOK street, HOLBORNE; T. THOMPSON; SOUTHAMPTON street, STRAND; and E. JEFFREY, PALL MALL.—I shall transcribe from this book, the account of that old vicar of LESBURY;—which is the most distinct, and satisfactory information relating to him that we can now obtain.—He was aged 110, when he wrote the letter which I shall transcribe; how long he lived after, we know not;—probably many years;—as at that time he had got new teeth; new hair; and the restoration of juvenile sight.—The reader will observe, that in the following quotations, his name is differently spelt;—as proper names often were, in remote times:—a circumstance, which has, of late years, given our pedantick antiquarians one opportunity more, of exposing their dullness, and gothick taste, in adopting, when they speak, or write, of our god-like dramattick bard, the harsh, and barbarous

SHAKSPERE; instead of the original, and elegant name of SHAKESPEAR.

The memory of PATRICK MAKEL WIAN is as venerable for his virtue, and piety, as for his very great age. Therefore I have often wished that I could have had a marble tablet erected in the church of LESBURY, containing the principal objects of his life : with a poetical tribute of some verses to his christian merit, if I could have composed them happily.

An account of PATRICK MAKEL WIAN ; minister of LESBURY ; extracted from “ WANDLEY’S wonders of the little world ; or a general history of man.” Chap. xxvi. Of such persons as have renewed their ages, and grown young again.

I. Concerning MAKEL WIAN, Dr. FULLER hath set down a letter sent him from alderman ATKINS, his son thus :—

“ There is an acquaintance of mine, and a friend of yours, who certified me of your desire of being satisfied of the truth of that relation I made concerning the old minister in the north. It fortun’d in my journey to SCOTLAND, I lay at ALNWICK in NORTHUMBER-

“ LAND, one sunday by the way; and under-
“ standing from the host of the house where I
“ lodged, that this minister lived within three
“ miles of that place, I took my horse after din-
“ ner, and rode thither, to hear him preach,
“ for my own satisfaction.—I found him in the
“ desk, where he read unto us, some parts of
“ the common prayer, some of holy DAVID’S
“ psalms, and two chapters, one out of the old,
“ and the other out of the new testament, with-
“ out the use of spectacles. The Bible out of
“ which he read the chapters, was a very small
“ printed Bible. He went afterwards into the
“ pulpit, where he prayed, and preached, to
“ us, about an hour and a half. His text was,
“ ‘ Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all things
“ ‘ shall be added unto you.’ In my poor judge-
“ ment, he made an excellent good sermon, and
“ went clearly through, without the help of any
“ notes. After sermon, I went with him to his
“ house, where I proposed these several follow-
“ ing questions to him :—whether it was true,
“ the book reported of him, concerning the hair ?
“ Whether or no he had a new set of teeth
“ come ? Whether or no his eye-sight ever failed
“ him ? He answered me distinctly to all these,

“ and told me he understood the news-book
“ reported his hair to have become a dark brown
“ again ; but that it is false ; he took his cap off
“ and showed me it. It is come again like a
“ child’s ; but rather flaxen than either brown,
“ or grey. For his teeth, he had three come
“ within these two years, not yet to their perfec-
“ tion ; while he bred them, he was very ill.—
“ Forty years since, he could not read the
“ biggest print without spectacles, and now,
“ he blesseth God, there is no print so small,
“ no written hand so small ; but he can read it
“ without them. For his strength, he thinks him-
“ self as strong now as he hath been these twen-
“ ty years. Not long ago he walked to ALN-
“ WICK to dinner, and back again, six north-
“ country miles. He is now one hundred and
“ ten years of age ; and ever since last may, a
“ hearty body, very cheerful, and stoops very
“ much. He had five children after he was
“ eighty years of age ; four of them lusty lasses
“ now living with him ; the other died lately ;—
“ his wife yet hardly fifty years of age. He
“ writes himself MACHEL VIVAN. He is a
“ scottish man, born near ABERDEEN. I for-
“ get the town’s name where he is pastor. He

“hath been there fifty years. Your assured
“loving friend,

“THOMAS ATKINS.

“WINDSOR, Sept. 28, 1657.”

FULLER'S WORTHIES; p. 308. 309.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

To this may be fitly annexed a letter which
PLEMPIUS, saith he saw under the hand of
this wonderful old man himself, dated from LES-
BURY, October the 9th, 1657, to one WIL-
LIAM LIALKUS, a citizen of ANTWERP, which
is as followeth.

“Whereas you desired a true and faithful
“messenger should be sent from NEWCASTLE
“to the parish of LESBURY, to enquire concern-
“ing JOHN MAKLIN; I gave you to under-
“stand that no such man was known ever to
“be, or hath lived there for these fifty years past,
“during which time, I, PATRICK MAKEL
“WIAN, have been minister of that parish;
“wherein I have all that time been present,
“taught, and do yet continue to teach there.
“But that I may give you some satisfaction,
“you shall understand that I was born in GAL-
“LOWAY, in SCOTLAND, in the year 1546;

“ bred up in the university of EDINDURGH,
“ where I commenced master of art; whence
“ travelling into ENGLAND, I kept school, and
“ sometimes preached; till, in the first of King
“ JAMES, I was inducted into the church of
“ LESBURY, where I now live. As to what
“ concerns the change of my body, it is now
“ the third year since I had two new teeth, one
“ in my upper, the other in my nether jaw, as is
“ apparent to the touch. My sight, much de-
“ cayed many years ago, is now, about the hun-
“ dred and tenth year of my age, become clear-
“ er; hair adorns my heretofore bald skull.
“ I was never of a fat, but a slender, mean ha-
“ bit of body. My diet has ever been moderate;
“ nor was I ever accustomed to feasting, and
“ tippling: hunger is the best sauce: nor did I
“ ever use to feed to satiety. All this is most cer-
“ tain, and true, which I have seriously, though
“ over hastily, confirmed to you, under the
“ hand of

“ PATRICK MAKEL WIAN,
“ Minister of LESBURY.
“ FRANCISC. PLEMP. Fundan.—Med. Munic.”

I have been very industrious, but in vain,

to find the spot where this venerable clergyman was buried. An old farmer of our village, conjectured, but with great uncertainty, that he was interred near the altar ; betwixt the chancel-door, and the passage to the vestry. He likewise told me, that about forty years ago, Mr. THOMPSON, the curate of LESBURY, copied some inscription, from a flat stone, in the space which I have mentioned. He was inclined to think that this inscription was over the remains of our old vicar. I have carefully examined the ground ; but I could not in any part of it, see the faintest trace of any inscription. As the clergyman of the place, he should certainly have been buried in the chancel ; but perhaps in those days, they were not so accurately respectful on such occasions. His granddaughter was buried in the northern extremity of the church-yard, opposite to my parlour window ; and it is not improbable that this was the place of *his* interment. I had her tomb-stone taken up, as I supposed that some inscription might have sunk, through time ; but no letters were found. On the top of it is the name of WILLIAM GAIR, who died on the 27th of May, 1749. This man married the granddaughter of PATRICK

MAKEL WIAN; she kept a school in the house which is now the poor-house of the parish of LESBURY. The best recollected characteristic of her memory is, that she was a terrour of a school mistress; a female BUSBY, in severity; but not, I apprehend, in learning. WILLIAM GAIR, her husband, was a carpenter; and in *one* instance, he exercised his profession in a very remarkable way. He made a coffin for himself, and another for his wife; which were lodged in his house many years before either of them died.

The interment of the following person is inserted in an old register-book, which is in our vestry chest.

AGNIS MACHEL WYAN of LESBURY, buried the 17th of May, 1701.

I have no doubt that this woman was the daughter of PATRICK MAKEL WIAN, the memorable vicar of LESBURY:

Twenty years ago, I resided three years in LESBURY. During all that time, I never heard the name of this rare, and wonderful man mentioned. Nor in the last six years, which I have resided in this village, should I ever have heard of it, had not WANLEY's book of wonders been

put into my hand by a person at ALNWICK, who told me that our old vicar was recorded in it. The perusal of what is contained in WANLEY relating to that extraordinary man, excited my curiosity ; and I made many inquiries concerning him ; but to very little effect. Those who had heard of him could give me no information, but what was vague, and trifling ; and many were not acquainted even with his name. I very lately asked my next-door neighbour ; the inheritor of a small patrimony, whose ancestors have lived here from time immemorial, if any account had ever been given to *him* of PATRICK MAKEL WIAN, an old vicar of LESBURY, who was remarkable for his great longevity ; he replied that he had never heard his name mentioned. *This* answer was made to me by several persons from whom I had expected some satisfactory intelligence.

Since I wrote this account of our old vicar, the following anecdote of him was communicated to me, which does great credit to his memory. He passed a part of his very long life in the time of CHARLES the second. The plague which afflicted LONDON, in the reign of that sovereign, reached to LESBURY ; and occasioned a considerable mor-

tality in our village. Those of it's inhabitants who were infected with the dreadful disease, were removed to tents, which were erected for their reception in the neighbouring moor—there our pious, and venerable pastor attended them, with great assiduity;—he consoled them with his prayers offered for them to the throne of grace; and he assisted in procuring for them such medicines as their malady required.

I am now treating of the year 1754. We were then living at CORNHILL; and my father and I frequently visited Mr. STOW of MELKINTON; a small village, on an eminence, about a mile south-east of CORNHILL. This was the gentleman, who, as I have related, on hearing me repeat a poetical prayer, when I was a little boy, at BRANXTON, predicted that I should be a poet. He had formerly been in trade at BERWICK; and after having made a little independent fortune, had retired to this retreat. I liked much to visit Mr. Stow; he had as beautiful a garden, as the bleak north-easterly winds of NORTHUMBERLAND would allow; and I was attracted to his company by still more powerful motives; by his great natural vivacity; and by his love of knowledge. He delighted in moral

and theological studies; and he was sometimes guilty of writing verses; in which there was more of imagination, and a wild kind of fire, than of judgement, and taste. He had a warmth, and enthusiasm, which animated, and coloured all that he read, and wrote, and spoke; the soul, and the burnisher of our thoughts; which arrests, and captivates the most experienced, and accomplished minds; *ἡ δὲ πικρὸς πρὸς φρονεόντων*;—but which must ever be peculiarly charming to a young man. His loquacity was that of NESTOR; but it was a more pleasing, and interesting loquacity; for it dwelt not on minute, and dull genealogies; on old, and barbarous feasts; on bloody wars, and on silly stories; but on pleasing, interesting, and instructive subjects; on the present momentous duties; and on the future high expectations of man. But alas! his practice, as is too commonly the case, fell short of his theory:—for he was very much addicted to his secular interest. We are necessarily enamoured of the purity, and beauty of virtue; while we are voluntary; or at least, too easily submitting slaves to the deformity, and tyranny of vice; our imagination; nay, our inclinations, and wishes,

ascend to heaven; while our confirmed affections and habits, are riveted to earth.

The strong recollection of a remarkable conversation which, about this time, I heard, at the house of Mr. Stow, has brought the image of that gentleman, with it's particular features, and manner, to my memory.—One day, when my father and I visited him at MELKINTON, his son, FENWICK STOW, who was then in the maturity of life, was of the party. After dinner, theological subjects, as was usual in that house, were debated. At length, the duration of future punishments, became the question. My father, and FENWICK STOW, I believe, brandished the flaming banner of what is termed othodoxy; and nothing less would satisfy them, than the gross, and vulgar abuse of our Saviour's oriental metaphors, and hyperbole; nothing less, than eternal fire, and brimstone. But the sensible, and benevolent old Mr. Stow was of *my* present rational, and therefore truly religious creed; *he* argued, that the future punishments of wicked men, would be of a moral and corrective nature; adapted to the refinement, and purification of their souls; preparative to the reconciliation, and favour of

the Almighty; and to their eternal bliss. To point, and drive home his generous, and all-comprehending climax; he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, and with the petrification of astonishment, to his hearers, that, “the devil himself” “would be happy at last.”—We all know that electricity may strike through a whole company; I well remember that I felt the shock; but rather with a strong sensation of pleasure, than with the violence that seemed to bring his son, and my father to the ground. The just, and amiable doctrine was, at that time, quite new, to me, and surprising; yet even *then*, on reflection, it flowed, in an amicable course, with my moral fancy; and it had the approbation, and the sanction of my opening reason. I need not inform the reader, that it has long been my established, and immutable faith; a faith in which I hope that I shall sufficiently retain my senses to die. I leave it’s horrid, reverse, to dull bigots, and visionary fanatics. How little do we examine our religious tenets! How prescriptively do we inherit them! How stupidly do we take them on implicit, and mechanical trust! Mr. Stow’s honest, and ardent vindication of the justice, and mercy of the Deity, was repulsive to *two*, and surprising

to one of his friends. These effects entirely originated from the prejudices of an irrational, and absurd education. If we had been trained in the school of reason, and equity; if our minds had been strengthened with the accurate, and masterly arguments of a LOCKE; if they had been enlarged with a philanthropick warmth; and with worthy ideas of the Supreme Being; by the rational, benevolent, and sublime divinity of a CLARKE; should we ever, without a moral, and pious indignation; should we ever, without a shock to our common sense, have heard an obstinate, and uncharitable bigot, assert, and maintain, the inexpressibly barbarous doctrine of eternal punishments?

Far be it from me, to implicate the memory of my dearest father in the accusation of obstinacy and want of christian charity. He was a modest man, and diffident of himself, even to a fault; and I should be sorry, indeed, if the lively, and dramattick manner, which I wished to give to this anecdote, should seem to detract from *his* unassuming piety; from the sacred dignity of his mind. He had adopted the doctrine of eternal punishments; but he never defended it in peremptory, and rigorous language. Many

good, and great men, have on this, and other objects of scripture, superstitiously adhered to the *letter* which killeth, when they should have imbibed, and enforced the *spirit* which maketh alive.

In the autumn of this year, a young woman (her name was JENNY MOSSMAN) came to CORNHILL, for the benefit of the waters. If I rightly remember, she was a farmer's daughter. She was a fine girl, and dressed very smartly. I became extremely enamoured of her: *her* image often foiled, and transcended, the majesty of VIRGIL; broke, and confused the progress of my epigrammatical compositions, and burned up the sacred roots of my sprouting Hebrew. I generally contrived to sit opposite to this girl at church; where (God forgive me!) I was often guilty of a sacrilegious adoration. I was wickedly neglecting my duty to God; and paying an alienated, and profane homage to *her* charms, while, perhaps, at the very same hour; and perhaps, with a baser impiety, the prebendaries of a cathedral, in the midst of their pompous worship, were languishingly anticipating the *fumette* of a partridge, or a pheasant; and while their minor canons, were meditating some

well-timed, and ingenious adulation, with which they were to fumigate those prebendaries, and thus to advance their promotion. Priest that I *am*, I shall never give myself absolution for my offence ; though I really think that *theirs* was meaner, and more profligate. This juvenile, and imprudent affection, gave my dearest mother great uneasiness ; as my father afterwards told me in a letter, when I was at the university. It prognosticated to *her* good judgement, that great constitutional susceptibility, and ardour ; which, to their possessour, were the sources of many future woes.

Before I take my leave of CORNHILL for ever, as my place of residence ; let me take a short view of the progress which I had, hitherto made in learning. The vicissitudes, and sufferings ; the various agitations of my life, *may* have, at times, interrupted, but they never long intercepted the ardour of my devotion to the muses. I could now read french with perfect ease : the latin tongue was very familiar to me ; and though I have long, and carefully studied the *sermones utriusque linguæ*, I have always loved *it* better than the greek. I had read some of the best writers of ROME, in prose ; but her great poets

were my delight ; VIRGIL, and HORACE, were interwoven with my very soul ; and the glowing texture is yet unbroken. I could without difficulty write latin, in verse and prose ; if not with sufficient elegance. I was master of the greek testament ; I had read with great pleasure, the CYROPEdia ; a part of HERODIAN ; the ILIAD ; some plays of ARISTOPHANES, and EURIPIDES ; and all that remains of SOPHOCLES. As I was intended for holy orders, I had made some little progress in the study of the Hebrew language ; but here I was retarded in my improvement, by having taken into my elemental plan, the useless, and arbitrary vowel-points ; and the rabbinical lumber of the BUXTORFIAN school. When we have rejected as we ought, this cumbrous, and corrupt load, the knowledge of the Hebrew, may very easily be attained. It is, however, a poor language ; extremely deficient in precision ; and it's beauties are certainly beyond the discovery of *impartial* sagacity. Yet it has been admired by the weakness of superstition ; and by the deliberate, and systematical madness of a set of men ; who, once, with a self-sufficiency that was equal to their absurdity, threw out such a chaos of theology, and philosophy, as never

could have arisen but in their own disordered* brains.

In the October of the year 1754, I went to the university of ST. ANDREWS. Several gentlemen of learning who visited my father; and who, in consequence of our literary interviews, estimated my talents, and acquirements with a kind partiality, earnestly, and warmly pressed him to send me to one of our english universities†; those justly celebrated seats of science, and of polite letters; where I should have had such extensive, and splendid opportunities of improvement; such powerful incentives to a generous emulation; and such noble avenues to great and decisive patronage. I must do the justice to the memories of some of my scotch friends; and to mitigate the charge of a national partiality which is often too indiscriminately brought against our NORTH BRITONS, to observe that *they* were of the number who zealously urged this object. My own heart beat time to this musical strain. My

* The HUTCHINSONIANS.

† My chief motive for entering into this wish, was from my hopes of obtaining important, and effectual patronage, as a clergyman, at one of the English universities; of which there was not a possibility at a university in SCOTLAND. In

father wished, as much as any of us, to accomplish the object; there was no self-denial, that he, and my dearest mother would not have undergone, to promote *my* welfare. But the fair scheme could only be agitated in words; to realize it, was impracticable. My father's livings, if he had enjoyed their full produce, were very small; but by the villainy of human nature, acting against that goodness of heart which was extremely subject to imposition; such great defalcations were made from them, that little more than a poor subsistence was left for our family. I had several relations (the selfish and unfeeling COLLINGWOODS, and CLENNELLS) who were men of large fortune, and batchelors; they well knew my intellectual ardour, and my advancement in learning; they well knew the virtue, and piety; the amiable, and excellent character of my parents; and their straitened circumstances; *they* might easily have given me a liberal, and complete education. But it was not more difficult to move the TARPEIAN rock, than *their*

the passage to which this note refers, no disrespect is meant to scotch education; which, I am convinced, by observation, and experience, is highly improved since the days of my juvenile studies.

inexorable souls ;—from whose fatal height every despicable, and odious creature that is totally wrapped up in self, deserves, in moral justice, the precipitating punishment, more than it was merited by the state-criminals of old ROME. But before I go farther, permit me to make a few remarks, which may tend to inspire the most unfortunate breast (and *mine* is certainly of that character) with content and resignation. He is a very unthinking man ; and very little acquainted with himself, and with our general nature, who will hastily pronounce how *he* would have acted, if his lot had thrown him into a situation, and into a variety of circumstances, extremely different from those in which he hath passed his life. Perhaps, if I had been sent in affluence to OXFORD, or to CAMBRIDGE ; *that* affluence might only have augmented my love of sensual pleasure, and dissipation ; it might have produced in *me* those fatal effects which it often produces in *others* ; it might have made me spurn the cultivation of my mind ; it might have ruined my health, and accelerated my death. Or if secular, and ecclesiastical ambition had given me a safer, and more prudent turn ; I should, then, most probably, have adopted sentiments, and habits ;

which, while, in time, they might have made me respectable, and great in the eyes of *others*; would infallibly, for ever, have made me little, and contemptible in my own. My best ambition might have been totally extinguished, and interred in indolence, and epicureism; my heart might no more have been honoured with—

The impatient throb, for virtue, and for fame!

I might never have exalted my soul to an intrepid, and persevering conflict with adverse, and formidable events; and with worse enemies; my own degrading passions; a conflict, in which, if there is pain, there is luxury; and in which the victory makes us divine. Probably, too, and agreeably to the ravages which good fortune commonly makes on our most invaluable feelings; I should have lost a treasure, which I shall ever press to my heart; I should have lost our finest morality;—sympathy with the distressed, and diligence to relieve them. But let me bear with patience, and with fortitude, my humbler station in life; rather than suffer all *this* mean, and monstrous degeneracy; while I can preserve my health, abridge my wants, enlarge my independence, give my mite to poverty, and make

daily acquisitions in knowledge, and in virtue. Then let the following lines of my very moral, and much admired JUVENAL, administer consolation to me for all the evils of my life.

Si consilium vis,
Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris ;
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dî :
Carior est illis homo quam sibi.

SAT. X. v. 346.

The presentation to an exhibition (in SCOTLAND it is termed a burser) in the united colleges of ST. LEONARD, and ST. SALVATOR, in the university of ST. ANDREWS, was in the gift of MR. WILKIE of FOULDON, in the MERSE; near BERWICK upon TWEED. The WILKIE-burser defrays the expences of the upper college-table. My father obtained one of those burseries for me ; by the interest of captain BOLTON ; an old, and very pious, and devout officer, of dutch extraction ; who, in his youth, had fought under the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. Many persons must now be living in BERWICK, in whose memory *he* still lives. His veneration for religion, was, to military men, eminently exemplary.

He was a gentleman of a friendly disposition; and he was charitably attentive to the poor. My father, who deserved every act of kindness, and I, who, with great demerit have had *some* desert; have owed so little to mankind; that the virtuous, and generous reader will pardon; or perhaps he will approve, this particular, and rather minute memorial to our martial, and veteran benefactor.

A farmer, honest, and unfortunate (JOHN TATE; I *must* commemorate his name) offered to accompany me to ST. ANDREWS. He was a good man; he had a most friendly heart; he was a good churchman; but his life was very much oppressed by extremely bad circumstances; and by an undutiful daughter; who married against his will; and very imprudently; and whose disobedience contributed to shorten the days of her father, and mother.

When my friend and I left CORNHILL, and crossed the TWEED; my dearest father followed me with his person, and with his eye, as far as it could reach. When he returned home, he said to my mother, and to our maid; with a sigh, and a tear;—"I have been taking the last look of my son."—He pronounced the truth;

for we never saw each other more. *This* anecdote of paternal tenderness, which was perfectly congruous with all his affection for me, was told me by the servant whom I formerly, and particularly mentioned; and who related to me his dream at TILLMOUTH; which determined the very day of his death; and exactly as that event arrived. A journey of two days, brought us to ST. ANDREWS. I was now a hundred miles from CORNHILL; consequently, my ardent love of the most affectionate parents whom I had left there; and my new, and prodigious distance from them, comparatively with my former separations from my friends; gave me a more awful, and tremendous idea of space, than that which passed in the mind of the adventurous, and great COLUMBUS, after he had crossed the ATLANTICK ocean. I shall never forget the morning on which my friend JOHN TATE, and I parted, at Mrs. WILLIAMSON's, at the sign of ST. ANDREW, and his cross: it was a dark, and rainy morning: I clung to him, and could not endure the idea of his leaving me. We were, however, inevitably separated, and I was left alone. I was at an inn; among perfect strangers; the southern banks of the TWEED, and all that was dear to me, invaded

my fancy ; the rude and inhospitable elements, gave a horreur, and a pathos, to the tragick scene. I threw myself on the bed, and wept bitterly. The effects of these combined objects, can be imagined with all their force, only by tender, and poetical minds.

Providentially, however, this violent grief subsided ; and it was gradually succeeded by a composed, and easy state of mind ; and by my usual occupations. Physical, and moral final causes, bespeak a God, who is the father of the universe. Minds, who are destined to diffuse their informing energy ; who are destined boldly to announce important truths ; possess within themselves, from their natural structure (if I may use the expression) vigorous, and fertile resources, which confer happiness ; which repel misery ; and which to common, and vulgar souls, are denied by nature. An inferiour mind, under half of what I have suffered, would have sunk, spiritless, and dead, long before it had reached the present term of *my* existence. In my war with fortune, *lively*, and *pleasurable* ideas, have always, ere much time elapsed, succeeded those which were *dark* and *painful* : and even in the midst of her worst persecutions, I have often been able to

oppose the *former* to the *latter*, in spirited, and victorious array.

My mother had a relation; Mr. BLAIR; a nonjuring clergyman, who lived at DOUNE, near STIRLING. At her desire, my father had written to him; earnestly requesting him to be so kind as to meet me at St. ANDREWS, and to see me settled in the university. She had a great opinion of his amiable disposition; and she was not disappointed. He was, indeed, a mild, good, and pious creature; and I was sorry to be informed that he did not long survive his affectionate offices to me. He met me exactly at the time appointed; a few days after I had arrived at that old, defaced, but venerable city. My introduction by Mr. BLAIR to the regents (so the academical professors are called in SCOTLAND) was, apparently, on account of some circumstances, rather inauspicious. He was a nonjuror; and prejudices of religion, and allegiance, were yet very strong both in ENGLAND, and SCOTLAND. Nothing can be a greater infatuation, than that extravagant, and enthusiastick loyalty to kings, who only value their subjects as instruments of their own power, and splendour. The gentlemen of the university,

were consequently, all members of the kirk of SCOTLAND; and their animosity, and resentment against the friends of the unfortunate house of STUART, was at *this* time, far from being allayed, since the rebellion in the year 1745. With regard to the political, and religious tenets, of our professors, *some* were jealous, and severe; others, were candid and liberal; for disposition, or constitution, influences, forms, and governs the man, more than education. However, when my cousin BLAIR presented me to the regents, we met with a very civil, and polite reception from them all.

I had a letter of recommendation from a non-juring minister at EDINBURGH, to Mr. DAVID LYNDESAY, his reverend brother at St. ANDREWS. On my arrival there; and after delivering my letter, I was received, and entertained, with great hospitality, by him, and his wife; a very agreeable, sensible, and spirited woman; and who would have sacrificed her life (as she often very ardently, and, I dare say, very sincerely declared) to accomplish the restoration. Her husband was equally tenacious of his religion, and of his king; but with a more mild, and calm determination. He was one of the best

men that I ever knew. His talents were by no means elevated; but his heart was the temple of simplicity, and integrity. Those chapels for *our* form of worship, in which nonjuring clergymen officiated, were destroyed after the year 1745; and the service was then performed in the house of the clergyman. No singing was allowed; and no king was prayed for. As I well knew the spirit of presbyterianism, I thought that *this* was great toleration. I was, for some time, one of Mr. LYNDESAY'S congregation; his elocution was not graceful; in reading prayers, he was devout, and fervent; and his sermons were plain, orthodox, and edifying. He was supported by the contributions of his hearers; who were the best families, and consequently the politest people in the town. I had a great satisfaction in my intimacy with this virtuous, pious, and most amiable man. Readers of ingenuous and benevolent dispositions, whom I most wish to please, will forgive a mind in which old, and particular objects have made deep impressions, for any occasional tributes which it may pay to the memories of those from whom I received very agreeable favours; or who, were eminently situated in the places in which they

lived. Nay, such readers will be so far from feeling any tediousness, or superfluity in these tributes ; that they will generously approve them, and esteem me for them ; even though several of the persons to whom they are offered, have not been of considerable importance in the greater history of mankind.

I look back to St. ANDREWS, with a variety of emotions ; in part of them, affections and regrets predominate. If these memoirs should ever be read by the gentlemen of that ancient city, they will probably take a pleasure, and interest, in seeing the names, and a short sketch of the characters, and endowments of the masters of their university, forty-seven years ago.

The principal of the united colleges of St. LEONARD, and St. SALVATOR, was the reverend Dr. TILLIDALPH : I was often told, that among the innumerable freaks of fortune, this gentleman was, in his youth, a private dragoon. His first destination in life rather illustrated than shaded his future merit. He was a very tall and graceful man ; of polite manners ; and of a virtuous, and pious life. His voice, and elocution, were soft, and agreeable ; and in the pulpit, he was a very engaging orator. Mr. HENRY

RYMER, was our professour of logick: a good-tempered creature: and far too easy, to rule tumultuous youth.—Young devil that I was, his lenity never spoiled *me*;—I always payed him that respect, and reverence, to which his station, his old age, and his virtues, were entitled. And I often felt, and expressed an indignation, at the impertinence, and licentiousness, with which his class was disgraced, from his want of authority. He was a complete master, and a pertinacious teacher of the logick of the old school; he was a faithful disciple of BURGERSDICIUS, and CROUZAS; he habitually, and ingeniously, played off that intellectual mechanism, which contracted, and enslaved, instead of enlarging, and exalting human reason. He delivered his lectures, with ease and fluency, in elegant latin. Mr. DAVID, and Mr. JOHN YOUNG, were brothers: the former, was our professour of natural; the latter, of moral philosophy. They kept house, with their sister; who, like themselves, was endowed with an excellent understanding. The two brothers were as different from each other in person, and manner, as they were similar in the natural, and acquired endowments of the mind. Mr. DAVID

YOUNG, was tall ; rather abrupt, and rough in language ; but there was a benign, and humane heart, under this rugged surface. Mr. JOHN YOUNG, was low in stature ; of a delicate constitution, and extremely gentle, and placid in his manner.

Mr. DAVID GREGORIE, was the professor of mathematicks : he had been for some time in ENGLAND ; I believe, with the duke of GORDON's family ; and he spoke a language that was neither scotch nor english. He was not a profound mathematician ; but his manner of giving his lectures, was very clear, and instructive. He was a proud, and magisterial gentleman ; and after the rebellion, an amiable young man, who had embarked in the unfortunate cause, was executed, in consequence of *his* information. For a considerable time after he had been guilty of this barbarous officiousness, he was afflicted with illness, and melancholy. In short, he was of an intolerant spirit, both in matters of government, and religion. He died a few years after I left St. ANDREWS ; he did not live to be an old man.

Mr. MORTON, the professor of latin, or *humanity*, as it is called in SCOTLAND, was

very well qualified for the office. He was an amiable, and worthy man. But I was not intimately acquainted with him, as I was never one of his class. Mr. WILSON, the professor of greek, was a virtuous, and pious gentleman: he had been bred to the kirk; and I believe that he had, for some time, persued his sacred vocation:—he had totally dropped it, however, for some time before I knew him. He was a gentleman rather of a dry, unpleasant manner; and of a cold, and interrupted elocution. He was a very good greek scholar, for a person of a scotch education; I make this remark without prejudice; and without an illiberal intention to disparage either the talents, or the learning of SCOTLAND. Perhaps that beautiful, copious, and almost infinitely diversified language, has, since *my* academical time of life, obtained a more early and systematical attention in that country: but the professors of greek, in the scotch universities, *then* began their publick lectures with the greek grammar: at least, *this* was the mode at St. ANDREWS. And undoubtedly *from* this mode, a superficial knowledge, and commonly, through life, ensued, of a language, a masterly knowledge of which, demands a long, and earnest

application. Mr. RUMNEY, my BERWICK-master, entertained the general opinion of scotch literature; and hence, in a letter to my father;—he expressed his certainty (with what accuracy of judgement it becomes not *me* to pronounce) that I was the best greek scholar that ever was sent to St. ANDREWS. Whatever, in the later years, may have been the fate of learning, and of taste, in SCOTLAND; I am sure that in ENGLAND, they have greatly degenerated; and if as greek scholars, we have always excelled our fellow-subjects of NORTH-BRITAIN; they need not be mortified at this excellence; since they have produced several elegant, and complete masters (with the great BUCHANAN at their head) of the superiour latin. If our scholastick gentlemen, who arrogate to themselves high literary honours, and merely from erudition, demand of me by what authority I am now giving the palm to the latin over the greek language; I reply, that I have it in my power to support this preference by the authority of CICERO*; who, certainly, was, at

* Ego——satis mirari non queo, unde hoc sit tam insolens domesticarum rerum fastidium; non est omnino hic docendi locus; sed ita sentio, et sæpe disserui, latinam lin-

least as conversant with greek as any of our modern grecians; who was, in short, a great **ATHENIAN**, as well as an accomplished **ROMAN**.

I well remember that I borrowed from Mr. **WILSON**, **POTTER**'s antiquities of **GREECE**; which I read with care; with a minute attention; and with great pleasure. It was the work of one of our most learned prelates; and it was the work of his youth. It is therefore, an illustrious proof of what a great, and early progress we may make in literature, by a vigorous, and indefatigable use of our time. The grecian antiquities, are in this book, perspicuously related, and explained; and they are happily illustrated by pertinent, and interesting quotations; that show a surprising extent of reading in a young authour.

I experienced much kind attention from the *literati* of **St. ANDREWS**; and in general, from the inhabitants of the town; nor did they, notwithstanding my repeated follies, totally deprive me of their civilities, and esteem, while I continued there. The vivacity, and fire of my ima-

guam non modo non inopem, ut vulgo putarent, sed locupletiore etiam esse quam græcam.

CICERO: *Academicæ quæstiones*;—I think.

gination, which were agreeably displayed in society; my literary acquirements; and my specimens of poetical composition, procured me a polite reception from the best families in the place: it appeared from my great indiscretions, that I had not a proper sense of this hospitality, and kindness; of which I did not deserve the generous, and long duration. I frequently threw out the ungentlemanlike prejudices, and illiberality of the borderer; and in conversation, and in my verses, made invidious, and obnoxious comparisons between the pretensions of the two countries to those advantages, and excellencies which most elegantly, and gloriously distinguish nations. It was long, however, before these imprudences, and illmanners brought a shade upon me.—I take this opportunity, sincerely, and severely to condemn myself for those inequitable, and most illiberal national prejudices, which I entertained in former years; and which I can now conscientiously declare, that by longer, and more accurate observation, and experience, I have totally surmounted.—And let me hope, that the hospitable, and brave caledonians (as *these* qualities are perfectly congenial with the utmost expansion of christian benevolence) will

completely forgive the very great obliquity of the offence, for the publick frankness of the confession.—I have suffered, and deservedly, very acute pains, and severe mortifications; but in my many removals through life; in it's few fortunate periods; in it's few halcyon days; no man has seen more clearly, and felt with a more lively pleasure than myself, the involuntary, or the frank, and easy homage, which is payed; the generous, and the patient indulgences which are shown, to a natural manner which is not unengaging; and to talents which raise us above the common level of mankind. If genius could divest itself of it's disadvantageous peculiarities; if it could divest itself of it's ardent, and precipitate passions;—*that* is impossible;—if it could regulate, and govern them; *that* is possible; but it is extremely difficult, and therefore seldom atchieved;—it would obtain a sublimity of station, amidst the creatures of God;—it would obtain an ether of happiness; which would exalt our sublunary existence beyond the due proportion to it's mortal, and transitory state. Let genius, however, seriously attend to the following admonitions; they may teach it to call home it's wandering inadvertences; seasonably to check it's

extravagant sallies ; and to avoid dangers, disappointments, and remorse.

Intellectual distinction ; the splendour of our better, and immortal part, naturally seizes esteem, respect, and admiration. But your pre-eminence makes you a great debtor to mankind ; you must redeem it with soft and fair art ; with consummate prudence, if you *can* ; you must procure their pardon for the victory ; for the triumph, which nature has adjudged in your favour ; you must delicately balance their envy, with their love. But if you assert your high privileges too openly, and in the spirit of intellectual empire ; the fiend envy, who before lay in a kind of quiet, and dormant state, will now be the *coluber mala gramina pastus* ; by *her* baleful influence, they who were, with some difficulty, inclined to be your friends, will prove your determined foes. If you venture to bring disagreeable, but important truths before the eye of power ; if you satirize venal corruption, and oppression, in men of high stations ; nothing can save you from a general proscription, but your affluent fortune ; the decisive advocate for almost every vice ; and for every unpopular virtue. But if you are such a QUIXOTE, in a glorious flame, that you will

not suffer your poverty to freeze, or to restrain it ; you are for ever lost *,—you must “ *perish in the generous cause ;* ”—your indiscretion will pronounce a severe, and irrevocable sentence against you ; your independent, and public spirit will be a social felony ; and your genius, that should have enlarged your circumstances, and raised you to honours, will give the *coup de grace* to all your success in life.

I always loved coffee, and tea : and I loved them the better that they were presented to me by women. I was honoured with much attention by the ladies of St. ANDREWS ; by the genteelest of them ; and *they* were flaming jacobites.—“ One would give up every farthing of her property,

* I am now speaking in the prejudiced, and mean language of the world. *That* world, indeed may pronounce the person whom I am describing, a *lost man* : but how trivial must *he* think the worst losses to his grosser interest, comparatively with his intellectual, and glorious gains ! what are the most auspicious smiles of fortune, when they are brought into competition with the pure, and sublime pleasures which result from the acquisition, and application of elegant, and important knowledge ; from the virtuous exertions of reason, and imagination ; and from the inspired, and therefore inextinguishable anticipation of their impressive, and durable effects ; and of their immortal fame !

“and beg in the streets.”—Another “would submit to have her head struck off on a block; provided that her charming prince was established on the throne.” The loyal zeal of them all, flowed in strains similar to these which I have mentioned. And I really believe that they would cheerfully have fulfilled their conditions, if the much desired event had succeeded. For the fair sex, whose imagination is more impetuous, and extravagant, as their reason is less vigorous than *ours*, often excell us, in nobly disinterested, and romantically heroick; and exceed us, in desperately profligate; and abandoned deeds. The irresistible power, and fascination of female influence, operating on the activity, and versatility of my fancy, gradually shook my constitutional loyalty; and at length seduced my allegiance from the house of BRUNSWICK to that of STUART. It was not the mere society, and pleasures of the tea-table; that made a rebel, or a convert of me; it was not the excellent currant-jelly, and marmalade, which, at that time, made a part of it's entertainment; but it was the contagious, and intoxicating ardour of their passion; it was the romance of their eloquence; it was the national enthusiasm

that flushed, and animated their charms; to which *I* fell a civil, and political victim.—I now persued, in imagination, the foolish meteor of the adoration of kings; and I was completely worthy of the white cockade. This meteor was often predominant in my convivial hours; in which, with souls that had been equally sublimed in the retort of monarchy, I devotedly drank the restoration, in whisky punch, of strength proportionable to the spirit, and glory of the cause. In this respect, I have since, been wiser. Whenever I *now* contemplate kings, I bring them down to the moral and intellectual test of common men. Hence, as, when I think of them, I sincerely estimate them as most of them really *are*;—and as I neither expect, nor fear any thing from them; as I am totally independent of them, I need not apprehend that my mind will ever again be degraded, and dissipated, on *their* account, into any mean degeneracy; into any idle waste, of enthusiasm, or of praise.

About this time, a paper war broke out between the students of the new college, and myself. In this college, the divinity of the kirk of SCOTLAND was studied. What was the origin

of this illustrious war, I have quite forgotten. I believe it was begun on the side of the young theologists ; who had probably, and very naturally, been offended at some slighting terms in which I had spoken of *them*, and of their *learning*. Their attacks and rejoinders, were very poor, and impotent sallies ; and they have not only been long erased from *my* mind ; but they have long descended to universal oblivion. Of one of my own tournaments, I have retained a part ; which I shall here take the liberty to copy from my memory. It will only deserve the attention of the polite reader ; from *some* desire, which I hope that he may entertain, to see the gradually progressive improvement of my mind ; and from a degree of poetical spirit, of which I likewise hope that it is not destitute ; and which promises better attainments.

* * * * *

But chiefly thou, by whose tremendous aid,
This great, this terrible reply was made ;
No more to poetry, nor sense pretend ;
For sure, heaven formed thee for some other end ;
Perhaps the flail, in rotten boons to wield ;
To guide the spade, and till the fertile field ;
Or, if some higher task thy fancy please,

(For I can cut, and carve for thee, with ease;)

Turn minister of God, and preach, in FIFE,

Or TILLOTSON, or nonsense, all thy life.

The parenthesis of “cutting, and carving for “him, with ease,” is miserably prosaick, and vulgarly proverbial;—this weakness, however, will not be viewed by fair criticks, with a severe eye; especially, as through the whole course of this narrative, I shall be the sternest judge of my own faults, moral, and literary: as it was my intention to display my poetical infancy, and youth as well as it's maturity, and age; and as the unfortunate parenthesis which I have now quoted, is not worse than many passages of our present writers, who have presumed to create a new species of poetry; and who, with a number of suffrages which greatly discredit our national taste, pass for true poets.

Soon after I went to St. ANDREWS, I took ill of a nervous fever, which confined me, for about three weeks. I mention this fact, which is apparently of trivial interest to the publick, for two reasons, which are not so insignificant: it is connected with an admonition which may be useful to young men; and with my gratitude for humane and generous offices. I believe that

my disorder was occasioned by some intemperance in drinking, after having long lived soberly and regularly, with my dearest parents. Were we but generally temperate, how charmingly would the mental as well as corporeal economy of nature proceed!—"a pinion" (to speak in poetical language) "would lift every limb;" and a double energy, and a loftier sublimity, would exalt the flights of the muse! I am now in the sixty-seventh year of my age; and if I am not a self deceiver, I often feel more genuine vivacity, personal, and intellectual, than I experienced thirty years ago; when my mind was active, and vigorously employed; when I enjoyed elegant society; and the charming, but delusive pleasures of love, and wine. Let me enforce, and close, this moral apostrophe, with a short quotation (I must quote from memory) from the beautiful essay on deformity, in *the fugitive pieces*; which essay I read many years ago.—

" O Temperance! Thou goddess most worthy
" to be adored! Thou patroness of health; thou
" protectour of beauty; thou guardian of the
" person; thou preserver of the understanding;
" thou parent of every intellectual improvement,
" and of every moral virtue!"

The debt of gratitude which I meant to pay, was due to Dr. SIMSON ; an eminent physician of St. ANDREWS ; a gentleman of distinguished merit ; both in the practice of physick ; and as a medical author. The family of the SIMSONS were considerably elevated in the honours of the mind. The brother of my worthy physician was the professor of mathematicks in the university of EDINBURGH ; he published an edition of EUCLID's *elements* ; and of the *conick sections* : he was, in short, a great geometrician. Dr. SIMSON attended me with as much care, and punctuality (and, without any fee, for he would accept none) as if I had been the first nobleman of SCOTLAND. Indeed many different societies have given me very fair play, at the beginning, and for a considerable time, of my intercourse with them. I only wish that, on the whole, they had been better christians ; and that they had shown themselves to *me*, as great adepts in the disposition of forgiving faults, as in that of acknowledging merit. The most respectable inhabitants of St. ANDREWS, were like my humane physician, strongly inclined to treat me generously, as a stranger ; as a good scholar ; and as one who was ambitious

to excell in literary attainments. Agreeably to this liberality of spirit, Mr. WILSON, the greek professour, postponed his beginning to give lectures to his private class (which I was to attend) till my recovery was completed.

Another very soothing circumstance happened to me in my illness. It procured me an intimate acquaintance (for we knew each other but slightly before) with some very respectable, and honourable persons; with my lord DOUNE; the son of the Earl of MORAY; with Mr. MAXWELL, son of Sir WILLIAM MAXWELL of SPRINGHELL; with young Mr. WARCHUP of NIDDRIE; and with other young gentlemen of distinguished families; whom, perhaps, I shall have occasion, hereafter, more particularly to mention. My lord DOUNE had received part of his education at ETON; and he had much of the englishman, in his language, and taste. He had bright talents; he was a good scholar; and an ardent lover of learning. A similarity of persuits, especially in the fine arts, auspiciously prepares, and powerfully unites friendship; in minds that are superiour to jealousy, and a gloomy competition. We studied; we walked; we passed convivial and happy hours together; and afterwards,

when I was far distant from St. ANDREWS, our friendship took the outward form of an epistolary correspondence; and I am sure, with great sincerity, and affection of heart. An end was put to this correspondence, by his lordship's changes of situation; and by *my* more unsettled, and desultory life. Long after the time of which I am now writing, and long after I had taken orders, I dedicated to lord DOUNE my translation of TASSO'S AMINTA; which was published, in the year 1770; for Mr. THOMAS DAVIES of great russel street, covent garden. How the earl of MORAY, if ever he thinks of me, is affected towards me at present, I know not. I am afraid that none of my old and intimate acquaintance, adequately reciprocate the warmth of *my* friendly emotions. It is certain, that whenever I recollect many pleasing hours in the company of lord DOUNE, I feel a melancholy which is desirable; because it is soothed into a tender delight, by the luxury of sentiment.

This young nobleman; the gentlemen whom I have now mentioned, and others, were the members of a club, which was held on every thursday, at the house of Mr. JAMES CASTAIRS.

I will here name all the members of the club; as accurately as I can recollect them. 1, Lord DOUNE. 2, Mr. MAXWELL. 3, Mr. WARCHUP. 4, Mr. BOWER of METHIE; an honest, and amiable man; he was nephew to the BOWER who wrote the lives of the popes: he had received his earlier education, at the college *de quatre nations*, in PARIS. He often read french with me; and to *him* I owe much of my knowledge of that language.—5, Mr. LOCKHART of CARNWATH. 6, His cousin-german, Mr. THOMAS LOCKHART; son of the celebrated scotch advocate: this gentleman was afterwards, called to the bar in ENGLAND; where he prosecuted his profession, with good abilities, and with good moral reputation: he died but a young man. I think that, 7, young Mr. MURRAY of ABERCAIRNIE, in the north of SCOTLAND, was of this club. If there were any more of the dear companions of my youth, in that society, I have, unfortunately, forgotten those facts. I say, unfortunately; for to lose the remembrance of those impressions, which were made, in early life, on our best affections, brings a shade of melancholy over the mind.

The gentlemen of this society selected *me*

from common beings; and voted me a member of their club. This election was not only honourable to *me*, but to the persons by whom I was elected; it shews that they were sensible of the merit of those natural, and acquired advantages, which are superiour to the gifts of fortune. This club was principally instituted for the discussion of literary subjects.

The spirit, and manner, which characterized our conversation, were worthy of our views; our liberal arguments, and opinions, were never debased by an intemperate warmth, nor by a selfish obstinacy. Masterly learning, and true taste, have degenerated in this country; otherwise I should wish, that there were many such institutions in our united kingdom: they would excite a generous emulation in acquiring knowledge; they would enlarge, and invigorate, the powers of memory; they would actuate, and brighten the images of elegant literature; they would expand, and refine our moral sentiments; they would improve our virtue.

We met in the afternoon; and took coffee, and tea; our suppers, and our drinking were moderate; and we commonly parted at eleven. We seldom committed excess, though, at that

time, we had very good claret for half a crown a bottle. The fervour of youth would undoubtedly *sometimes*, launch beyond the bounds of prudence; and I shall here beg leave to relate a nocturnal exploit, because I think that it will not be altogether unentertaining. Miss NELLY SHARP, a great granddaughter of the unfortunate archbishop of St. ANDREWS, was one of our toasts. The magical thyrsus of BACCHUS, had decorated, and suffused her image; and in the rapture of knight-errantry; in the *oestrus* of the moment, we determined to scale the imaginary castle, of the imaginary goddess:—accordingly, we sallied out into the street, in an extremely cold night; we had not gone far, till my lord DOUNE fell; I well remember his exclamation;—“ ’Tis a hard frost, my lads.”—We advanced, however, to her father’s, Mr. SHARP’s house; where, with our hands, and shoulders, we elevated his lordship to a window of the first floor; which he opened; and made it an avenue to a room, where a company of ladies, and gentlemen, were playing at cards. Listed under the banner of CUPID, we acted agreeably to the political warfare of the artful god; we inverted the order of arrangement, as

it is established, on similar occasions, by the sons of MARS; we chose not for our *forlorn hope*, in the adventurous attack, the man who was in the most desperate; but the person who was in the most fortunate circumstances of us all; a prudential measure, which probably contributed not a little to the success of our enterprize. As we knew by some language that we heard, which was not at all in the style of resentment, that the citadel had capitulated on easy terms; we ascended it regularly by the stair-case. Mr. SHARP was a very polite man; and as the ladies, if we believe Mr. WALLER, love the “forward and the bold,” we passed a very agreeable hour with the company whom we had invaded. We drank two bottles of excellent claret with the hospitable master of the house; we then took our leave; returned to our inn; and flushed with the idea of our great atchievement, and of female charms; we pushed *that* night, in mirth, and jollity, to the verge of day; disdaining, with COMUS, to think that it “had any thing to do with sleep.”

About this time, I experienced a remarkable instance of presbyterian rigour, and spiritual tyranny. Indeed it appears from many indis-

putable facts ; and events in history, that the * kirk of SCOTLAND, whenever it had excessive power, very much resembled the church of ROME in those detestable properties which it affected most to abhor, and from which it pretended that it was most remote ; a stupid bigotry ; and an intolerant, and barbarous malignity. To priests, indeed, of all persuasions, a very limited power should always be confided ; *great* power is abhorrent from *their* province, properly understood ; it is a glaring solecism in their profession. It should be withheld from them, for *another* cogent and most important reason ; because they are, in general, strongly inclined to make themselves complete contrasts to the precepts, and example of their blessed, and gentle master ; to *him* who publickly declared that “ his kingdom was not of “ this world ;” to his universal mildness ; to his universal humility ; to his divine and invincible toleration. The causes of this fever of eccle-

* I do not here mean the least reference to the disposition, and conduct of the church of SCOTLAND in the present times : it must now be with *their* religious sentiments as it is with those of the rest of Europe. By the gradual illumination of preceding ages, their minds must be softened, meliorated, and improved by a salutary, and expanded philosophy.

siastical ambition, and of the success which it has too often acquired, may be easily, evidently, and without any sophistry, ascertained. That love of dominion which is inherent in the arrogant, and encroaching nature of man, has been stimulated in the conduct of churchmen; and it's views have been promoted, by incentives, and engines, which were denied to all the other members of the community. With an artful, yet daring, and audacious impiety, they have made the supreme being a confederate with *their* selfish, and imperious passions: by asserting the authority of heaven, and by scaring, and frightening mankind with the terrors of hell, they have overwhelmed them with their anathemas, and fulminations, comparatively with which, moral, nay even civil obligations, have proved weak, and inefficient; and thus they have often insatiably robbed, and most inhumanly oppressed a credulous, superstitious, and deluded world*.

* I here refer to the old history of the romish church, when it was in the plenitude of it's power.—The roman catholicks, at present, are an enlightened, benevolent, polite people; and they are highly entitled to that spiritual, and civil freedom, which lord GREY, with the consequent loss of his power, which was a great loss to this nation, was zealous, and indefatigable to procure for them.

But to return to my caledonian pope and cardinals. The heads of our college began to take offence at my attending to divine service in the house of Mr. LYNDESAY, the worthy nonjuring clergyman, whose character I have already described. I must not, however, here confound the conduct of different men: the two brothers, the YOUNGS; and I believe, some others of the masters, disapproved the gloomy persecution which was working against me; but they were over-ruled by their fanatical brethren; and particularly by Mr. WILSON, the greek professor, who had lurking in his soul, all the virulence of JOHN CALVIN; and by Mr. DAVID GREGORIE, the professor of mathematicks; who, if he had been a pope three centuries ago; and if I had been his cotemporary, and subject; but unfortunately *not* of his religious opinions, would infallibly have burned me at a stake. The masters met in council on this austere subject; and their schismatick was called before them. They opened and explained the charges; and they added, that it was particularly, and highly improper, that a young gentleman, who had the benefit of a foundation in the university, should

instead of frequenting the national worship, make one of a different, and opposite church; and of a disaffected congregation; and they insisted on my punctual attendance, for the future, at the high kirk, on every sabbath-day. I never felt more indignation, than at this unchristian, and inquisitorial attack; it was so diametrically opposite to the sentiments, and habits of *my* soul: I answered it in a calm, but firm, and explicit tone; and with that independence of spirit which should always have befriended, but which has always hurt me. There are emotions of the mind which are so powerful, and at the same time, so happily modified; that on certain trying emergencies, they seem of themselves, to supply us with arguments, and eloquence. To this day, I remember the substance of my defence. I shall write it here, as accurately as my memory will permit.

“ I feel the present accusation, and the restraint which is intended, so injurious, and oppressive, that I am under the necessity of waving, for awhile, that profound deference which I always wish to pay to my masters; and of ar-

“ going freely on that liberty of conscience,
“ which is the natural, and sacred right of every
“ man in every quarter of the globe.

“ I little imagined that I should have met
“ with any religious persecution, amongst a peo-
“ ple who are often exclaiming against the per-
“ secutions of the church of ROME.

“ The exhibition, or bursery, to which I was
“ presented, is by no means a fair plea for this
“ reprehension; and it seems to me incompati-
“ ble with liberality of mind. The old, not the
“ modern romans, were most indulgent to those
“ whom they had most in their power. You
“ have suffered my lord ELGIN, and others, who
“ stood on happier ground in life, than mine, to
“ chuse their mode, and place of worship. Can
“ you solve your different, and partial conduct,
“ by any rules of generosity? But I do not think
“ that the benefit of a bursery, gives any right to
“ the regents of this university, to dictate to
“ me in matters of religion. In the publick
“ service at Mr. LYNDESAY's, there is not a
“ word uttered that can be offensive to the house
“ of HANOVER. If, gentlemen, you had *my*
“ equity, and delicacy of sentiment; the consi-
“ deration alone, that I am the son of a clergy-

“ man of the church of ENGLAND, would pre-
“ vent you from meditating the least impediment
“ to my worship of GOD, agreeably to *our* esta-
“ blishment.

“ I am always ready to evince the sincerity of
“ the freedom of my language, by my actions.
“ If the event of this meeting depended on *me*,
“ I would immediately quit this place, rather
“ than submit to an arbitrary and oppressive
“ sentence; and dignify my poverty with the
“ assertion of my freedom. But I have a father,
“ whom I love, and revere as much, as I
“ hate spiritual tyranny; I shall acquaint *him*
“ with the forced, and apparent proselytism
“ which you require; and I shall abide by *his*
“ determination. In the mean time I desire to
“ have the same religious freedom, which I have
“ hitherto enjoyed; to my own satisfaction; and
“ permit me to add, to *your* credit!”

The momentary triumph of LUTHER over
CALVIN, was conspicuous, and splendid. They
could hardly articulate their acceptance of my
condition; they were as glad to dismiss *me*, as
FELIX was to get rid of St. PAUL;—nature,
reason, and truth, struck them with an involuntary
awe; and produced in their faces, a visible con-

fusion. I believe that my vanity was more pleased with this victory, than my conscience was wounded with it's cause.

I immediately wrote to my father in the same spirited strain in which I had harangued my elders ; but I found, by his answer, that he chose to be more acquiescent, and submissive, than *I* was : he remonstrated against the folly, and indecorum of resisting the authority of my superiours, without a more cogent cause than that which I had represented : he earnestly desired me punctually to attend the kirk, without hesitation ; and he reminded me, that virtue, and a sincere piety, were far more essential to my happiness ; and of far more importance in the sight of God, and of all good, unprejudiced, and sensible men, than the observance of any particular form of worship. I obeyed his injunction, though much against my will : therefore, my punctuality was not what it ought to have been. I sometimes slipped off from the young train who were following the master of the week, to divine service ; locked myself in my apartment ; and dedicated the forenoon to my favourite literary objects ; and sometimes, when I went to church, I put an agreeable authour into my

pocket, to counteract the opium of a long, and drowsy sermon.

Many years after this coercion of these calvinistick disciplinarians, I particularly related their illiberal treatment of me; and my whole conduct, in consequence of it, and that of my father, to the great Dr. JOHNSON. He was a zealous and high-spirited churchman; and he had a violent antipathy, which a philosopher ought not to have entertained, against the scotch, and their religion. He was indignant at their oppression of me; he was delighted with the manly, and resisting spirit which I shewed on that occasion; but he had no patience with the compliance of my dearest father.—“Whenever, “sir,” said he, “it is the duty of a young, and old “man to act, at the same time, with a spirit of “independence, and generosity; we may always “have reason to *hope*, that the *young* man will “ardently perform;—and to *fear*, that the *old* “man, will desert, his duty.”

Nothing renders us more unpopular; nothing is more hostile to our fortune; than those qualities, and actions; for which, if the world was powerfully influenced by generous principles, and sentiments, we should be most respected,

and admired. My free, and spirited conduct, in the defence of religious liberty, was retained in the minds of some of our professors; with a vindictive, and sacerdotal remembrance; an irregular, but not unpardonable event, proved that they looked out for the first opportunity to crush me. I was fonder of social, and convivial hours than I *ought* to have been; and in *one* inauspicious night, my friends, and I protracted them, till the dawn of day. They were not those friends who were affluent, and in elevated stations; otherwise, I am persuaded, that “the
“uplifted thunderbolt” would have been “laid
“aside.” From the inn, we sallied to the college kitchen; where we found TOMMY BAND, the under-cook, defenceless, and alone. He was cleaning the utensils of the kitchen; or rather, wiping off *old* dirt, and substituting *new*. I had long owed this man a grudge, for the slow poisons which he had (though without malice prepense) administered to me. I immediately proposed, that we should bury him alive beneath a heap of coals. The proposal was accepted with exultation; and BACCHUS bowed his approbation of the sentence. We were determined to avenge our passed disgusts, and surfeits, with

coals; on which our dinners had often been by *him* most dreadfully *carbonaded*. The poor creature was almost an idiot; but if his remonstrances, and supplications, had been enforced with the eloquence of CICERO, they would have been vain. In short, the black deed was committed; and the entrance of THOMAS MEFFIN, the upper-cook, saved him from something like suffocation.

This man, after having minutely inquired into the particulars of the adventure, waited on two or three of the most austere of the regents; and made his complaint to them; like another PLUTO, he fiercely resented the rude invasion of his infernal regions. He laid the stress of accusation on *me*, as the leader of the violent and murderous attempt;—indeed, he had no reason to like me; I was a young englishman; and he knew that I had sometimes expressed *not* the highest esteem for his culinary art. A meeting of the masters was immediately convened, to animadvert on this licentious behaviour; and they soon came to the resolution of expelling, of *extruding* me, as the sentence is expressed in SCOTLAND. I was informed of their determination, before their assembly

was dissolved; and I immediately waited on my lord DOUNE; and requested his interest to save me from the ban of our northern inquisition. I disdained their power, and all its consequences, perhaps more than I ought to have disdained them; but I felt in every nerve of my heart, for the contingent grief, and affliction of my dearest parents. My noble friend, without losing a moment, waited on this consistory of presbyterian cardinals: I already predicted the favourable effect of *his* interposition: a person of the highest spirit; if it is a true spirit; if it is a generous, and independent pride; will, as a lover of the beauty of civil, and publick order and decorum, pay a sincere, manly, and proper respect, to the superiour ranks of society; but all impartial, and observing people, well know, that in ENGLAND; but still more in SCOTLAND; the nobility are too often gratified with a flexibility; a suppleness; a degree of servility of homage, which are unworthy of a man; and particularly of the citizen of a community, most of whose individuals would be startled, and shocked, if you told them that they were not free.

In justice to myself, I do not mean to say that my lord DOUNE's influence with the professors of St. ANDREWS, was greater than it

should have been in *my* case; for I do not think that rare and accidental excess in wine; and throwing a heap of coals on THOMAS MEF-FIN's dirty usher (they were both as notorious poisoners in *one* way, as DARTINEUF, and API-CIUS were in another)—give me leave to say that I do not think that *these* trespasses were damning sins. My social and literary friend, in pleading for me, distinguished himself with an ardent zeal; and with an expanded generosity; he contrasted with my faults many honours; to which posterity, perhaps, will agree with *him*, that I had *some* pretensions.

I hardly need to inform the reader, that in consequence of his lordship's address to our academical tribunal; it's extreme rigour was not inflicted on me; and I was not banished to ENGLAND. I was summoned, however, to attend the sitting; and I was reprimanded in a strain of moral, and theological reproofs, which was more congenial with the eloquence of KNOX and BUNYAN, than of TILLOTSON, and SHERLOCK. A submissive acknowledgement of my fault; and an express promise of future good behaviour, were demanded of me: I bowed in silence; and without making either acknowledge-

ment, or promise, retired. I was as mute now as I had been diffusive on a former occasion. I was thus contumacious, from a variety of sentiments that struck me, at the moment: I thought that my fault was inadequate to my intended condemnation; I likewise thought that the condemnation was not so much dictated by a regard for the morals of youth, as by a spirit of revenge for my late exertion of a *better* spirit; and I was thoroughly convinced that my dismissal from the university was not prevented by an atom of christian lenity; but by the force of external interest. I observed that my lord DOUNE, who was present, smiled at my manner of retreat: it had the same effect on two or three of the liberal professors: and rigour itself could not now retract from its extorted indulgence. Lord DOUNE, who continued with them for a little time after I left them; told me, that my retiring silence threw them into a more apparent confusion, than they had formerly suffered by my explicit defence of religious freedom: he approved of the manner in which I took my leave of the assembly, when he considered the causes of it: and he jocularly added, that he never thought that the honest sullenness of

JOHN BULL more seasonably encountered the persecuting spirit of JOHN CALVIN.

As I was walking, one day, on the links of St. ANDREWS (so they term some moorish ground near the town,) I passed a lady, whose face, person, and manner struck me prodigiously. She was a remarkably fine woman: I described her to Mr. and Mrs. LYNDESAY; who were certain that she must have been Mrs. HENDERSON. This was actually the lady whom I met. She was in the prime of life; of great vivacity; and of eminent charms. She was a daughter of Mr. GRAHAM of GREGSON, near St. ANDREWS; and her brother was, afterwards, my brother officer, captain GRAHAM, of the royal welsh fusileers; a brave and worthy gentleman. Mrs. HENDERSON's husband was a military gentleman; captain HENDERSON; and he was an old man. Scandal is very apt, and often undeservedly, to traduce women who are in the situation of Mrs. HENDERSON: on such occasions, they are not spared by their own sex; for beauty in *one* woman, is, sometimes, a great crime in the eyes of *another*. I was very desirous of being acquainted with this lady; and I was soon introduced to her: her occasional society,

very much enlightened and animated my residence at St. ANDREWS : the accomplishments of her mind were not considerable ; but she had a great deal of good humour ; her personal charms were heightened with cheerfulness, and a fine flow of spirits ; and she sung charmingly. I lost none of her generous attention, by the following verses which I wrote on her. They abound with rapturous, and romantick extravagance, but it is an extravagance, from which future poetical abilities, and maturer judgement might perhaps be inferred.

Verses to Mrs. HENDERSON.

No more let GREECE her beauteous HELEN boast ;
No more let famous GUNNING be a toast :
For all their graces, when compared with thine,
Lose every killing charm, and cease to shine.
Nature, to thee alone, supremely kind,
With all her art thy person has refined ;
A thousand little cupids round thee fly ;
Blush on thy cheek, and sparkle in thine eye.

Must, then, such great deserts be left unsung,
When far inferiour themes the lyre have strung ?
HORACE of old, for LALAGE would raise
His mighty genius, and recite her praise :
HOMER, in sounding numbers paints the flame,

By grecians kindled for the spartan dame ;
But for *thy* sake, an amorous spouse would tire
The fiercest troops, and set the world on fire !

St. ANDREWS.—1755. .

I had a chum in my apartment in the college ;
Mr. ANDREW WADDELL ; a young man who
was intended for the ministry. He was ex-
tremely well adapted to that function as far as
discretion gave him significance ; indeed it is
that wary coldness (for it is a great misnomer
in morality, to animate, and dignify it with the
name of a virtue) which in a phlegmatick, and
superficial world, however gradual may be it's
creeping progress, at last most essentially, and
decisively promotes, and establishes a man's
interest, both in church and state. I do not
mean to confound this little urchin of the mind,
with prudence, that indispensable, and manly
quality ; which is a real virtue ; of an active,
and extensive nature ; and of a mature, and
generous growth. This virtue alone, in the vi-
gorous, and spirited style of JUVENAL, has
the salutary influence of all the protecting deities ;
and in humbler language, we may assert, that
if it does not constitute, it combines, and en-

forces all true wisdom ; it upholds, and dignifies the whole moral system. It is as superiour to mere discretion, as a great merchant is to a little retailer behind a counter : the plans of the *one*, go deep into time ; he embraces the globe ; he maintains a liberal, and friendly intercourse with every climate ; he disdains a minute attention to particles of profit ; he scorns petty impositions. The microscopick mind of the *other* is absorbed in the present moment, though the infinite number of his pregnant, and connected moments, produce wonderful effects ; his limited care, his contracted passion, is, to make the most of a small, and immediate gain : he scruples not to cheat you ; but he has the little art of cheating you, with a well-contrived caution ; with security to himself : he seldom makes a blot in the game of life. His respectful, and submissive complaisance, happily varnishes the deception ; and makes it extremely agreeable to your self-love. To complete my sketch, or my simile ; I shall farther observe, that in proportion as he is an adept in this despicable traffick with mankind, he sinks from being their friend ; an accuracy in discretion, is a destitution of every virtue.

Mr. WADDELL, at the age of nineteen, had the gravity, and the method of fourscore. The dullness of his parts corresponded with the regularity, and gravity of his motions. I believe, that he had some little knowledge of mathematics; but of polite learning, he had not one idea. As he was destined to the pulpit, he used to have theological books before him, which were very congenial with his intellectual torpor; I say, he used to have them *before* him; for as I sat opposite to him, he always, to *me*, had the appearance of one in a trance; and seemed to be rather dosing, than reading; our intervals of conversation, were very insipid: our souls were so distant, that we could not hit one another. This academical marriage, was favoured with a more speedy, and easy dissolution, than is granted to many *real*, and unhappy matrimonial connexions. The vivacity, and gaiety of my manners; my love of society; the visits of my highly respectable friends; and to drive home these repelling powers, my poetical enthusiasm, quite wore out the patience of my companion; he took lodgings in the town; and I need not assure the reader, that we were very glad to be rid of each other.

The spring of 1755, was, to *me*, marked with a most melancholy event; the consequences of which perhaps influenced, or characterized all my future life. My dearest father died on the 7th of April of that year. His health had been, for many years, languid, and delicate; nor could it have been tolerably preserved, without that great care of it, to which he was regularly attentive, more for the sake of my mother's well-being, and mine, than from any anxious wish to protract his inferiour existence. His life had been always temperate, and virtuous; and his constitution was naturally good; but it was broken at his middle age, by an ill-formed ague, which was likewise improperly treated. He died exactly seven years after his dream at TILLMOUTH; in which he was visited, in a most impressive manner, by an old friend (as I have already related) who, then, distinctly predicted to him the length of time which he had to live.

From my veneration of the memory of one of the best of parents, and of men; and from my regard for religion, I cannot omit here to relate a phenomenon which appeared in the death-bed of my father; on a night or two be-

fore he died. They who lead a sober life ; and exercise impartial, and close thinking, would be unworthy of their good habits, if they were not well prepared to meet the contempt, and the sneer of the superficial ; the thoughtless ; and the profligate. If we reject any particular fact, on account of it's altogether unexampled novelty ; I reply, that such facts are frequently rising in the moral, and physical world ; and even from *that* remoter, and finer world, which occasionally reminds us of it's reality. If we reject any object, because we cannot comprehend how it existed ; we may spurn our belief of the whole creation. If we deny the possibility of any communication between visible, and invisible beings, we may as reasonably deny the existence of a God ; we may as well adopt the impious, and ridiculous nonsense of atheism.

My father, and mother were visited, in his last illness, by Mrs. CHRISTIAN SPODY ; the house-keeper of old Mr. WOOD of PRESSON, in our neighbourhood ; a gentleman, who had for many years, been my father's friend. Her friendship for my mother ; and her veneration of my father were warm, and extraordinary. As she was certain, that he was dying ; she

was determined to stay by him ; and to see, the end. This gentlewoman was a person of great integrity ; she was endowed with good sense ; and with a remarkable presence, and firmness of mind. Late one evening she was sitting alone, in the room where my father lay. My mother, fatigued with her affectionate vigils, had retired to rest. The fire was low, and without any flame. The window-shutters were close ; and there was no moon. This darkness was partly the effect of design ; that there might be as little cause as possible, of interrupting his sleep.—Mrs. SPODY arose gently ; and went to the foot of the bed ; rather to *hear*, than to *see*, if he was composed. I must observe that he lay in a press-bed ; the folding doors of which were open, but close to each side of the bed, from top to bottom. One of these doors stood out from that part of the wall which was close to the fire-place : consequently, it intercepted every kind of communication between the fire-place, and the interior parts of the bed ; but, as I have already said, a mere glow was the only dim light which the fire afforded. If there was a candle in the room, it was kept remote ; it was so placed, that it's light had no access to the bed ; lest it should disturb his rest. She heard,

by his breathing, that he was in a soft, and placid sleep: but she was struck with an astonishing sight; with a pure and luminous glory, at the head of his bed; it shone steddily; and she surveyed it intensely, for several minutes; undoubtedly, with surprise; but as she often declared to me, without any fear. On the contrary, she assured me, that she felt in her mind, a delightful perception; a soft but inexpressible rapture of enjoyment, something like the fruition of heaven before her time. After having surveyed this unaccountable lustre for awhile, she calmly examined every part of the room, to see if such unusual light could, from any quarter be admitted. She was convinced of the impossibility of the supposition; returned, and viewed it again. After she had beheld it uninterruptedly, the second time, for about five minutes, in a moment it disappeared; and was succeeded by the darkness with which the head of the bed had been before shaded. I often minutely examined Mrs. SPODY, on this most interesting subject, and she was always consistent, and uniform in her answers. Sweet were thy slumbers, oh! thou virtuous shade, at that sacred juncture; I am certain that they gave thee an antepast of eternal bliss!—Truly sensible, and good men,

will respect, and enjoy, my faithful narrative; and let fools "who make a mock at sin," consistently with that blindness and stupefaction, that it brings over the human mind, make a mock at this divine agency, and consolation.

I must mention another fact which attended my dearest father's death; and which may probably excite the ridicule of the inconsiderate, and licentious; but I hope that it may deserve the belief; and be the cause of the serious, and salutary reflexions, of thinking, and good men.

But a very short time before his last illness, he was dining in our parlour at CORNHILL. The servant-maid was standing by him; the same person, to whom he communicated the dream which he had at TILLMOUTH, seven years before; and in which his old friend Mr. TOWNSON predicted to him, that, in that time, he should be with *him* in an eternal and happy state. She was standing very near to the parlour-window, which was on her right hand. The form of my father, distinctly, and fully presenting itself; and exactly in the dress in which he sate at dinner, passed that window; in the way which led to the garden. It looked

at the maid, gravely, and steddily, as it slowly passed the window. She was naturally much alarmed at this awful sight; and grew pale, and trembled;—my father observed these very visible marks of fear, and asked her the cause of her discomposure. She pretended a sudden indisposition, and he made no farther enquiries. From her meditating, and melancholy view of past, and present omens; which, to *her* feelings, amounted to demonstrations, she was now assured, that my father would soon die. This very solemn, and affecting scene, dwelt powerfully on her mind: she frequently repeated it to me; with all it's circumstances; and with a positive, and unshaken certainty of it's reality.

It was unusually long since I had received a letter from CORNHILL; yet I had entertained no apprehensions of my father's illness. About the time of his decease, however, I had reason to fear it's reality. On the night of the sixth of April, I dreamed that I saw him meagre, and pale; sitting in his easy chair, with a blanket thrown round him; and on the succeeding night; on the seventh, I dreamed, that he died. These objects, I saw, in a strong, and striking vision; and they impressed me with an indubitable cer-

tainty of his death. A short time after, a young gentleman of my acquaintance, came into my room, one morning, while I was at breakfast, with an appearance of unusual concern in his aspect. Those events which occasion our most pungent grief, are often first, and most eagerly communicated to us by our friends. He told me with great regret, that he had just seen a letter from BERWICK, at the post-office, sealed with black; that the superscription addressed it to the reverend Mr. LYNDESAY, of whom I have said so much; and that it was written in the hand of a gentleman, by whom letters had often been directed to *me*. I had, by that very post, received a letter from my BERWICK-friend (but not sealed with mourning wax) informing me, that he had lately visited my father, at CORNHILL; that he had been very ill, but was now better; and earnestly requesting me to continue my diligent application to my studies; which, with the blessing of GOD, would procure me a comfortable subsistence. My friends well knew my ardent affection for my father, and my exquisite feelings; therefore, this fair stratagem was practised, to keep my mind composed; and that it might not be diverted from it's useful pursuits, till the ap-

proaching vacation. The melancholy event was now demonstrated to me. I ran in a frenzy of grief to Mr. LYNDESAY's; and told him, that I was already acquainted with the letter which he had received, and with the loss which had befallen me:—himself, and his worthy wife, gently confirmed what I had anticipated; they both sympathized with my affliction in the most tender, and friendly manner; and they concisely suggested to me, the self-government that was enjoined, and the noble consolations that were offered, on trying occasions like mine, by reason; but particularly by religion.—I allowed the cogency, and authority of their admonitions; but the emotions of my mind were, at that time, so strong; and they agitated me so extremely, that they could not have been counteracted, and soothed, by the advice of an angel. There are evils which press so violently, or so tenderly upon the heart, that, as the immortal authour of CLARISSA observes, they are only to be cured “by the lenient hand of time.” My grief, and melancholy, were so great, that existence was almost intolerable to me, in solitude; therefore, I quitted my own apartment, every evening, for some weeks, and slept with Mr. CHARLES SIB-

BIT, the brother of Mrs. LYNDESAY; a plain, friendly, warm-hearted man. The reader must have remarked that I frequently, and particularly, mention places, and men, that seem to be of little, or no publick importance. I am conscious that I do not thus mention them, from a sense of any importance which I think that they may take from *me*. But for this minuteness, I will make an honest apology. My constitution is a peculiar one; and my fate, and my habits, have been equally peculiar. From the improvident, and unbounded ingenuousness of my mind, more than from it's very exceptionable propensities, and actions; early in life, I incurred the frowns of a selfish, and proud world; which will never forgive the open assertion of certain truths; however interesting they may be to the community; and however greatly a serious, and practical attention to them, might improve the individual, and promote his happiness. I knew that world; I knew myself; and in proportion as *it* frowned, *I* retreated. Hence, I have passed many years of my life, very much in solitude. Whether I have lost, or gained, by this mode of existence; whether I have acquired less knowledge, or had less enjoyment, than if I had mixed

familiarly with the active, the studious, and the gay ;—as I can be grave without being splenetic ; it is, to *me* problematical. Yet I desire that the lovers of the world, may pardon me, if I think that when I make *this* problematical, I pay it a compliment. However *that* may be, it is certain, that in consequence of my separations from the gross, and material, I have conversed much with the immaterial, and finer world. As men, and I, stood aloof from each other, I impassioned sentiments ; I clung to images that were dear to me ; I brought in review before me, the living, and the dead ; the celebrated, and the humble. It is natural to suppose that those persons, places, and other objects, were particularly dear to me, to which my early youth was habituated ; which actuated, and enlivened, my amusements ; invigorated, and animated my studies ; and excited, and inflamed my passions. *So far*, indeed, those companions of my solitude, which were only visible to the *mind's eye*, took a consequence from *me* ; but it was the consequence which love, and gratitude ; not which vanity, and arrogance gave them ; and *that* consequence was raised to a kind of dignity that uttered a moral eloquence ;

by the medium of a contemplative gravity ; of a philosophick, and not unpleasing melancholy, through which they were viewed. For the places, and persons, with whom I was formerly, and daily conversant, I have *yet* a regard, and tenderness ; hence, I enter into the feelings, and affections of themselves, and their descendants. The sons may love to read my friendly remembrance of their fathers ; the fathers may feel some pleasure in recollecting an old friend, and in recalling to imagination the studies, and joys of their youth. The generous reader, *now*, without imputing to me the impertinence, and ostentation, of a coxcomb, will excuse my commemoration of the minutiae of St. ANDREWS ; nay, I hope that he will feel the moral lectures which I deduce from it ; and thus it may prove to him ; to me ; and to many, a university of the world.

I naturally, and gradually recovered from my excessive grief for the death of my father : but I was affected with a deep, and melancholy concern, during all the remainder of the time that (in the language of SCOTLAND) the college *sate*. I endeavoured to amuse my mind, and to restore it's vigour, by the society of my friends,

and by attention to my studies. I was very intimate with an ingenious young gentleman, of the name of CLEPHAN; he was the son of a scotch minister, and a RAMSAY-burser. He had a quick, and comprehensive mathematical genius; and with *his* assistance in the noble science which he loved, I endeavoured to preclude my filial, and painful ideas. I have often regretted extremely, that I did not make a considerable proficiency in mathematical knowledge: an ardent desire, and a persevering, and indefatigable application, are only requisite to make a good mathematician. But I was, then, too desultory, and volatile, to earn the wished-for acquisition; and *since*; from my attachment to other studies; from cares; disappointments; and dissipation; from conflicts with myself; with fortune; and with man; mathematical efforts have been totally left out of my pursuits.

About the close of may, 1755, the college *rose*; and we prepared to return to our respective homes. I set out from St. ANDREWS, in the agreeable company of Lord DOUNE; Mr. MAXWELL, and his worthy, and amiable governor, or tutor, Dr. GAIRY; Mr. WARCHUP; Mr. BOWER; and I believe, of two or three

gentlemen more. The day was remarkably fine; and the anticipated pain of parting, was mitigated by the vivacity of juvenile spirits; and by the sweets of friendship. Dr. GAIRY, Mr. MAXWELL, and myself, were, by those friends, accompanied to KIRKCALDY; a town in FIFE, on the northern banks of the firth of FORTH; for, as well as I can remember, they were to return to St. ANDREWS; where they had some matters to arrange; before their departure from it, for the ensuing summer, and autumn. The three remaining friends crossed the FORTH, and passed two very pleasant days, at PAXTON's; at the sign of the white hart; in the grass-market, in EDINBURGH. We then took a most affectionate leave of one another, and set off; Mr. MAXWELL, and Dr. GAIRY, for SPRINGKELL, in ANNANDALE; and *I*, for BERWICK upon TWEED.

I arrived at BERWICK, in the beginning of the summer of 1755. I repaired, with a heart divided between grief and joy, to my mother's apartment in the sailors' barracks; the residence of the poor, and unfortunate; situated by the palace-green; and opposite to the palace, or house of the governour. At the first, she received

me with an affecting cry of distress ; our embrace was ardent, and tender ; a short scene of sighs, and tears, and silence, followed ;—a fine conflict of our best nature ; pregnant with the most pathetick, and beautiful moral sentiments, and imagery ; which refused *that* verbal expression that would have deadened their life, and action. When these agitations of affection subsided ; our minds admitted language ; descended to the level of calm condolence ; and we payed our mutual tribute to the amiable, and pious life ; and to the lamented death of my dear father. In this our first conversation, we could not avoid regretting our hard circumstances, and our discouraging prospects ; but we mitigated them by a trust in Providence, and by a christian resignation.

At this, as at every other trying juncture of my life, I felt a consolation, and a contrast to my sufferings, in my literary persuits. I recommenced my studies in our humble tenement, with my usual diligence, and ardour ; my attention to them was, indeed, sometimes interrupted by convivial meetings with my young companions ; and with that indolent, and morally corrupting relaxation, to which bad hours, and too

free libations to BACCHUS, depress the mind; especially if nature has, in the fine idea, *happily* framed the constitution, and intended it for nobler exercise. These irregularities, which were too often repeated, gave my tender mother great concern, and made her prognosticate future evils. *Her* grief, gave me more pain, than my dissipation gave me pleasure; but my high-coloured imagination, the devil that was within me (and if we will impartially look inwards, we need not look outwards for *any* devil) again tempted me; and my nocturnal revels, though not frequently, were repeated. Of these careless hours, I saw not one example under the *Dii penates* of my early years;—water, the unerring and effectual physician of health, was the only beverage of my father's house: *there* we were all the religiously strict disciples of JONADAB the son of RECHAB: nor was I trained to these eruptions in the honourable club at St. ANDREWS, of which I was a member; *that* society almost constantly observed good *hours*, and every other kind of social moderation. The gay habit, indeed, though to do myself justice, I indulged it not often, I contracted at St. ANDREWS: to vary the scene; to enliven a long winter's even-

ing; to give effect to a strong impulse to conviviality; I sometimes desired those of my young friends who were not richer than myself, to join me at a tavern. They generally met my request with great pleasure; and while they made me the liberal *arbiter bibendi*; they honoured my literary opinions with no small authority.

My enjoyment of temperance, and books, was not much improved by my excursions, during this summer, into NORTHUMBERLAND. Several of my acquaintance, in this county, gave me a hospitable reception in their houses; but their conversation was certainly far from being congenial with *my* habits of thinking, and conversing:—I do not mean to speak with contempt of the minds, and objects of those men: our natural faculties must be such as GOD gave them; and our social intercourse, must correspond with our education, and employments. In my visits in this county, but especially in BAMBOROUGHSHIRE; I was frequently seduced to the warm worship of the “jolly god;” who often “came thither in triumph;” or rather, who loved to reside there; he seemed to take as much delight in our northern cliffs, as in his temple at NAXOS; or in his THASIAN groves. From my want of plan, and steddiness in my motions; from my

residing but for a short time at most of the places where I have lived : from my improvident contempt of those inferiour, but very useful arts which conciliate mankind ; and from the narrowness of my circumstances ; and indeed from my constant disdain of all exterior show ; I have seldom had the happiness to mix with habitude, and ease, for any considerable duration, with company from whom I received information, entertainment ; and a most lively, and impressive pleasure. That it has been a part of my whimsical, and almost unexampled destiny, not to associate largely, and extensively, with persons of true politeness, and of intellectual elevation ; that I have been doomed only *raptim vivere*, on this most exquisite regale of the mind ; I shall always rank among the greatest losses, and mortifications of my life.

My mother and I, were now in a situation approaching to indigence. The idea of this melancholy state, threw a deep shade over my future views ; it often repressed the vivacity of my youth ; and of a constitution which nature had formed to create gay, and glowing pictures. —I found it difficult for me to determine what course I should, most properly take ; but after my maturest reflections, I was determined, if it

was practicable, to return to St. ANDREWS, as I had an exhibition there. Fortunately my mother soon obtained twenty pounds a year, for her life, from the humane institutions of the sons of the clergy. Some of my friends, who knew my intentions, and who were in fortunate circumstances, contributed their little presents, for my support, and to enable me to prosecute my studies at the university. My iron god-father, Mr. CLENNELL of LILLBURN; and my adamantine cousin, Mr. COLLINGWOOD of CORNHILL, were my most parsimonious benefactors, in proportion to their abilities. The latter gentleman prefaced the presenting of his donation with, I believe, a sincere compliment to the memory of my father, and with half a compliment to myself. He was the most unfeeling, and prosaick wretch in the world; yet here he broke off, with a poetical aposiopesis; which I clearly observed, and indignantly felt, that he meant as a contemptuous, and oblique stroke of resentment against my surviving parent. Her family-relation to him; her old age; her poverty; her affliction for the death of a husband whom she justly, and most affectionately loved; all *these* pathetick, and eloquent circumstances could not, in the least degree, mollify *his* obdurate, and implacable heart.

Amidst the many monsters of inhumanity which our species produces, I believe that *this* man was the most ignorant of every idea of compassion.

Soon after I had experienced these instances of the large benevolence of a man's friends, I felt myself deeply interested in *another* object, As we were, about this time, on the eve of a war with FRANCE, a passion for the army had seized the imagination of several of the young inhabitants of BERWICK upon TWEED. Contagions of the mind, especially among youth, spread rapidly. The scarlet fever at length caught *me*, and it soon made a dreadful havock in my classical constitution: the vain, and timid CICERO; and the coward HORACE, with his *parmulâ non bene relictâ*, though I dearly loved them both, were quickly overset; XENOPHON, indeed, retreating, with his ten thousand; and CÆSAR, fighting for his life at MUNDA*; kept their stations in my breast.

I now gave up all thoughts of being a clergy-

* Quando Cesar hablava desta jornada, solia dezir, que muchas vezes havia peleado por la honra y gloria; ma, que, aquel dia, avia peleado por la vida.

MARIANA.—I quote from memory.

man. Several of the burgesses of BERWICK, for parliamentary favours which they had conferred, had interest with the representatives of the borough; and that interest proved effectual in procuring commissions for some of their own sons, and for those of their friends. A gentleman of considerable influence, there, had married *my* cousin germain: to *him* I warmly represented my mortifying situation; told him that I would submit to any thing, to be independent; and consequently that I could have no scruple to enter into the highly respectable, and honourable profession of arms. I earnestly requested him to use his interest with Mr. WATSON, his old friend, and a member for BERWICK, to procure me an ensigncy. He was at first rather surprized at my new project, but he gave me his honour that he would make an application for me. My cause was immediately very powerfully supported. I had his wife zealously on my side: for women, at the idea of a red-coat, are up in arms: they love clergymen well; but soldiers better. It was now near the season for my returning to St. ANDREWS. As some time might elapse before there would be a military vacancy, Mr. PRATT (for that was my friend's name) insisted that I should return to the university; an

he requested me to persue my studies as earnestly, as if I was yet training for the church; he assured me that he would lose no time to serve me; and that he would acquaint me with the final result of his application, as soon as he knew it himself. I am endeavouring to recollect all the motives which impelled me to the army: the hardness of my situation; and my necessity of receiving little favours from little souls, were certainly two very powerful inducements: these inducements were strongly seconded by the volatility, and mutability of my nature;—turned about by the martial harangues of my youthful companions; and heated, and dazzled with the anticipation of military glory. And I believe, that my new resolution received the stroke of confirmation, from my great propensity to gaiety, and pleasure; which are *warranted viatica*, in the life of a soldier, but *contraband*, in that of a priest.

It is certain, that the military profession was not at all adapted to *me*. It neither agreed with the constitution of my body, nor with that of my mind. I never had any reason to apprehend that I wanted personal courage: but my stamina were not strong enough to endure the abrupt changes of climate, nor the fatigues of active

campaigns. There are likewise many concomitants of the life of a soldier which are extremely hostile to the operations of a delicacy of sentiment, and taste ; to the plans, and achievements of genius. The precariousness of military stations ; unexpected marches, and counter-marches ; sudden removals from place to place, and in different, and opposite directions, must, in general, necessarily check, or divert the flow ; and break the arrangement, and symmetry of intellectual composition. The drudgery, and rigour, too, of military discipline (to *me*, it was horrible, and humiliating) which gradually makes a *man* ; the possessour of mind, a mere machine ; must chill the fine emanations ; must repel the ingenuous efforts of the soul. The scenes of carnage to which these brave men are accustomed (I am pushing on in my search after truth, without meaning to offend) must inevitably, in some degree, blunt those exquisite feelings of humanity, and sympathy, which are the purest essence ; and the most attractive colouring of eloquence, and poetry. I must not omit to observe (I am not frowning on privileges which are granted by the world) that a too great indulgence in sensual pleasure (the softener of the soldier's

toil) though we well know by experience, that it does not abate his military ardour; yet it will naturally tend to weaken the thunder of the orator, and to relax the lyre of the poet. The force; the truth of observations drawn from nature, and from general facts, is by no means invalidated by the examples of a few extraordinary men, in the ancient, and modern world:—many ages may revolve, before we again see a XENOPHON; a FREDERICK; or a CÆSAR.

Towards the end of October, in 1755, I returned to my ALMA MATER, in the shire of FIFE. As I found that my poor finances would be inadequate even to *my* very moderate expences, with the approbation of the regents, I undertook to teach a french class. Chiefly by my own diligent application, I had made the french very familiar to me; I had read, with a careful attention, some of the most celebrated authours in that language, in verse, and prose; and though it could not be supposed that I was master of the pronounciation, or that I could speak it fluently, it is certain that as a classical scholar, I was well acquainted with it. I have now quite forgotten what were my terms; how many scholars I had; and how much I

gained on the whole, by this endeavour to improve my circumstances. I can only well remember, that I was very industrious to compleat what I had engaged to perform; and that I gave great satisfaction to the young men who attended me. For I explained the authours whom we read, in a liberal, spirited, and sprightly manner: I endeavoured to make pertinent, critical, and moral remarks, as we went along. I occasionally enlivened the formality of teaching with some entertaining anecdote that spontaneously arose out of our lesson; and thus I avoided the uninteresting, and formal mechanism of vulgar pedagogues. The masters (even the strict, and thorny followers of CALVIN) expressed their gratitude to me, as educators of youth, for the instructions which I had given them; instructions, from which I was, in a short time, to be called away, as I shall soon inform the reader.

Though I no longer intended to enter into the clerical profession, I cultivated my learning as zealously as ever. In my second season at St. ANDREWS, I made a very agreeable acquaintance with the honourable Mr. BRUCE, brother of my lord ELGIN; he had his early education in ENGLAND (I think, at ETON)

and he pronounced our language in the most perfect english manner. He had a very good understanding, and his manner was unassuming, and amiable. We passed many cheerful, friendly, and confidential hours together ; he felt very sensibly for my fortune, and my fame ; and often entered warmly, and sometimes agreeably ludicrously, into the enthusiastick, and extravagant sallies of my imagination. I hope that he is *yet* living, and happy ; if he *is*, and if he should read the memoirs of an old, and unfortunate friend ; I doubt not that he will kindly accept this little tribute to his heart and virtues. About this time, I became acquainted with a gentleman of a very different character ; and I am sorry to add, an englishman, his name was BROMLEY. He had been at the university of OXFORD ; where his morals were so dissipated, especially in drinking, that his friends sent him to *our* college ; in hope that he would have the best chance for a reformation, in a frugal, and retired part of the world (a SPARTA when compared with the english ATHENS) where there were few temptations to luxury, and extravagance. For some time he behaved well ; but bad habits, in general prove incurable ; the habit of

drinking, and of low drinking, returned upon him: he rambled to the neighbouring towns, and villages; collected low company; pawned his clothes; and was, at length sent back to ENGLAND; as a person who was decisively past all moral redemption. This man was intended for the church; I have never heard of him since the time of which I am writing. I dare say that he died long ago. Remember, young men, if you read the history of an old man, who writes for *your* happiness, that the profligate, do not, in general, live the half of their days; they deprive themselves of fair fame; of the godlike pleasures of the mind; and of life itself; long before the time which nature had destined for it's close.

About this time, the old college of St. SALVATOR was to be rebuilt: the execution of this plan, obliged me to quit my academical apartment, and lodge in the town. I engaged the lodgings which had been occupied by my old chum WADDELL, of soporifick memory; the THOMAS AQUINAS of the university. It deserves to be mentioned in these enormously dear times, that in the town of St. ANDREWS, and in the winter of 1756; for a good bed-

chamber; coals; and the attendance of a servant, *I payed one shilling a week.*

I recollect, at this day, with a lively remembrance, how much I was affected this winter, on reading, in the publick papers, two deplorable events; the earthquake at LISBON; and the death of the illustrious, and immortal MONTESQUIEU. The latter calamity was commemorated in the LONDON evening post, by the earl of CHESTERFIELD. His lordship, when he payed this tribute to a great and amiable memory, must have been warmly, and vigorously actuated (and very much to the credit of his mind) with an admiration of exalted genius; and with the flame of friendship; for he was intimate with MONTESQUIEU, while he visited ENGLAND. This, I observe; because it is written with a spirit, and energy, which far excell the usual animation, and strength of the noble authour. I shall here transcribe the elegant, and nervous encomium from the tablet of my memory; it was engraven there, forty-seven years ago; and the characters are, now to *me*, very legible, and deep.

“ On the 10th of this month (february, as I
“ remember) died at PARIS, universally, and

“ sincerely regretted, CHARLES SECONDAT,
“ baron of MONTESQUIEU, and president à
“ *mortier*, of the parliament of BOURDEAUX.
“ His virtues did honour to human nature ;
“ his writings, justice. A friend to mankind,
“ he asserted their undoubted, and inalienable
“ rights, with freedom, even in his own coun-
“ try ; whose prejudices, in matters of religion,
“ and government, he had long lamented, and
“ endeavoured, not without *some* success, to
“ remove. He well knew, and justly admired,
“ the happy constitution of *this* country ; where
“ fixed, and known laws equally restrain mo-
“ narchy from tyranny, and liberty from licen-
“ tiousness. His works will illustrate his name,
“ and survive him as long as right reason, moral
“ obligation, and the true spirit of laws, shall
“ be understood, respected, and maintained.”

Time did not flag, to my feelings ; I passed it agreeably in reading ; in the society of my friends ; and particularly at the interesting, and instructive meetings of our club. But I did not forget, from time to time, to remind my friend at BERWICK of his promise with regard to my military object ; of which promise, I found that he had, by no means, been neglectful. I now

felt, or fancied that I felt, a natural, and irresistible disposition for the army; and I already anticipated laurels, which never grew. I attentively read the campaigns of PETER the great: which were dryly, but faithfully written, by major-general GORDON; a scotch gentleman, who was, for many years an officer in the service of the czar. But the book, which, at this time, particularly charmed, and delighted my fancy, was, VOLTAIRE's history of CHARLES the twelfth of SWEDEN. It contains the life of perhaps the most extraordinary man, in the military department, that ever lived; and it is written by a lively, elegant, and brilliant authour, who was worthy to describe his unexampled constitution of body, and mind; and their corresponding exploits. POPE, heated with the glorious recommendation, and enforcement of virtue, holds ALEXANDER, and CHARLES, in an estimation, which is neither judicious, nor poetical. They were both, wonderfully great men; the one great, with a highly cultivated mind; the other, great from the native vigour, and expansion of his mind; from his accurate observation, and thorough knowledge of human nature; from his complete acquaintance with the characters, and interests, of the

different states of Europe ; and from his enthusiastick, and unbounded passion for military glory. I am not so weak, nor so prejudiced in favour of a transcendent ardour in the human breast, as to pretend to justify all their actions ; but I must beg leave to insist, that if we are to be denominated mad, from the peculiar and violent effervescence of fine, and strong passions ; all truly great men have been mad, since the creation of the world. All the rapidity of ALEXANDER, was a plan, and a concatenation ; and CHARLES had *his* plan, and *his* system, too ; they miscarried, only because he was, from his wounds, unable, personally to act ; to direct, and rally his troops, on the fatal day of PULTOWA : but alas ! it is the fortune of a man ; not his genius, and exertions, which determines his merit (in the eye of a prejudiced, and stupid world) in literature, as in arms. Indeed the conduct of CHARLES has been condemned as improvident, and desperate, by writers, who have been at the other end of the diameter of prejudice, and stupidity.

Even by MONTESQUIEU his conduct, and real character, seem to have been mistaken ;—the greatest of political writers often lose sight of

nature, and of facts, while they persue an ingenious, and plausible theory. By that great man, he is almost degraded to the "northern brute" of lord CHESTERFIELD, whose little soul could not admit, and comprehend, a genius of immense magnitude. I have had repeated conversations with the celebrated Dr. JOHNSON, on the subject of CHARLES the XIIth; and it was *his* opinion (in which I perfectly agreed with him) that if he had gained the battle of PULTOWA, he might have risen to the apex of his ambition; he might have treated with the czar at the gates of Moscow. A common mind, shrinks from the possibility of what a great soul may atchieve. In private life; on unshaken determination, and a kind of inspired enthusiasm, the latter man, while he is intent on some great end, will accomplish that end; in spite of the greatest disadvantages, and obstructions. In collected, and higher life, hardly any enterprize is unattainable to a hero, who has given many unexampled proofs of his intrepidity; especially if he is a king (for the rays of majesty will considerably animate, and impell his followers) while he is at the head of those brave, and faithful troops, who have long participated his dan-

gers, and his glory. We must not presume to estimate the amount of what such a warrior, with these forces, may effect by common calculations; the practicability of *his* plans, of *his* unbounded views, refutes all the rules of prudence; it annihilates the authority of accumulated examples. If the rapidity of this thunderbolt of war, had not been checked by his wounds; and if he had been victorious, on this “great important day,”—it is by no means romantick to suppose, that he might have marched to Moscow, and given the law to PETER: success would have flushed his army with a new, and irresistible spirit; it would have made them insensible to all their difficulties, and wants; they would have seconded the expedition, and impetuosity of their master, with the ardour, and speed of lightning; for it was the ambition that absorbed them; it was the aim, and the triumph of their existence, to conquer, or to die in his defence. “*Il ne se regloit point*” (says MONTESQUIEU) “*sur la disposition actuelle des choses; mais sur un certain modèle qu’il avoit pris.*”—The human mind, in proportion as it is great, often departs from “the actual disposition of things;”—it must, in many cases,

dispense with it; it must miss the accomplishment of great achievements; it must shrink into an ordinary being, if it regards it. Yes, he *did* form his conduct on a certain model, or plan; and I have been just describing it;—that it was not followed by success, is more justly to be imputed to accident, than to a want of judgement in *him* who framed it. It was extremely simple, and concise; but it was composed of objects of great force, and execution; it comprehended the vast powers of original genius; the astonishing effects, and among *them*, the similar contagion of a valour that knew no fear; the impetuous, and rapid victory over every thing that stands in the way of a flaming passion for military glory.—“*Encore, le suivoit il très mal*” (adds the illustrious frenchman) “*le modèle sur lequel il se regloit.*” I must beg leave to transmute this political refinement into the plainer, and coarser substance of common truth.—Adversity should not be confounded with absurdity: he invariably persued his plan; he acted agreeably to the effervescence of a most extraordinary mind (which often produces more important, and decisive advantages, than even the progress of consummate prudence) with vigour, and consistency; but his unequalled

efforts, fell short of their aim ; only because he had the irretrievable misfortune (from the wounds, which deprived him of personal activity) to lose the battle of PULTOWA.

While I admire the very prominent originality, and splendour of the character of CHARLES the twelfth, I do not mean to justify the extravagance, and deplorable effects of his ambition, and revengeful hatred (though not without great provocation) of his imperial rival. If I meant to vindicate these excessive passions, and their melancholy effects, I should desert the cause of that humanity which I love. I see, at this moment, through the medium of a lively imagination, and with a moral and religious horror, the kingdom of SWEDEN reduced to indigence, and misery, by a monarch, who preferred the phantom, glory, to his superiour duty ; to real, and substantial glory ; to his personal prevention, or relief, of it's distresses. With this disposition of heart, and mind, I see the most selfish, and cruel claims demanded, from the most determined, and heroic valour ; and from the most unshaken, and affectionate loyalty. I see a gallant army, who deserved the best gifts of CERES, and BACCHUS ; as well as the laurels of

MINERVA, following, through dreary, and desolate tracts ; the steps of a robust, and more indefatigable leader ; with an expeditious obedience ; with an alacrity, extorted from fainting nature : I see them marching, in nakedness, and hunger, over inhospitable, and frozen deserts ; and perishing, without a murmur, by cold, by famine, or by the sword. But by the mysterious decrees of heaven ; contrary moral qualities ; contrasted objects of the fancy ; are thrown into action ; to keep the microcosm of the individual ; and the larger world, in impressive motion ; in various agitation. In contemplating those scenes ; the human mind is divided between pain, and pleasure ; between admiration, and disgust ; as *they* are divided, in their nature. We view the swedish monarch, alternately, with enthusiasm, and with hate ; we view his faithful soldiers, with enthusiasm, with compassion, and with love. Perhaps an acquaintance, and familiarity with these diversified, and opposite objects, are necessary to the vigorous, and expanded cultivation of the mind of man. Perhaps, they are the salutary food of a generous, and active morality : like the fermentation which purifies, and exalts wine ; they amicably

mix with the essence of the soul; inform it's feelings; soften, refine, and elevate it's sentiments; and accomplish it for all it's social, moral, and religious duties.

The life of ALEXANDER, and of the czar, were deformed with a far greater number of acts of deliberate, and personal cruelty, than that of CHARLES the twelfth. Indeed the reign of PETER, in his internal governments, as well as his campaigns; may be properly termed, a reign of blood. It is well known that this monster (for his sanguinary disposition, rendered him unworthy of the undistinguishing, and lavish encomiums which he received) used to order state-prisoners into his apartment, after dinner, while he was carouzing with his friends, and had their heads struck off, for his convivial entertainment*.

After the rebellion of the STRELITZES (the

* What a monster of barbarity is human nature apt to be, when it is invested with arbitrary power, in *any* rank of life! We learn from the great ERASMUS, that in *his* time, COLET, dean of St. PAUL's, and head-master of that school, was, in *his* dominions, exactly a little czar of Muscovy. I shall quote the whole passage (though it is rather long) which relates the detestable fact, to excite the painful, but salutary sympathy of the good; and the remorse, and

body of russian guards) he executed many of those unhappy men himself, and in many dishonour, which may possibly prove the preludes to the reformation of every pedagogical tyrant.

Novi theologum quendam, et quidem domesticè maximi nominis, cujus animo nulla crudelitas satisfaciebat in discipulos, quum magistros haberet strenuè plagosos. Id existimabat unicè, et ad dejiciendam ingenuorum ferociam, et ad edomandam ætatis lasciviam pertinere. Nunquam agitabat convivium apud gregem suum, nisi, quemadmodum comedie exeunt in lætam catastrophem, ita, post cibum sumptum, unus aut alter protrahetur, virgis lacerandus; et interim sæviebat, et in immeritos; nimirum ut assuescerent plagis. Ipse quondam adstiti proximus, quum à prandio, ex more puerum, evocaret, annos natum, ut opinor, decem. Recens autem à matre venerat in eum gregem. Præfatus est illi matrem esse cum primis piam fœminam. Ab eâ sibi puerum studiosè commendatum; mox, ut haberet occasionem cædendi, cœpit objicere nescio quid ferociæ, quum nihil minus præ se ferret puer, et innuit illi cui collegii præfecturam commiserat, huic, ex re, satelles erat cognomen, ut cæderet. Ille protinus dejectum puerum ita cæcidit, quasi sacrilegium commisisset. Theologus semel atque iterum interpellavit, "satis est; satis est." At carnifex ille, fervore surdus, peregit suam carnificinam, pene usque ad pueri syncopen. Mox theologus, versus ad nos; "nihil commeruit, inquit; sed erat humiliandus." Nam hoc verbo est usus. Quis unquam ad eum modum erudivit mancipium? Imo, quis asinum?

See JORTIN'S life of ERASMUS; anno 1519.

graceful, and tormenting ways, for his amusement. While he polished, and adorned his country with arts; while he improved his subjects in navigation, in commerce, and in war; *he* was totally destitute of the most ornamental, amiable, and beneficent civilization of our nature; *humanity*. And as this sentiment, and its exertions, have made the best part of *my* character (I have suffered much by them, but there is a sweetness in their very sufferings) the memory of PETER, is, to *me* an object of extremely reserved praise: I have always more detested, than admired him. Indeed, in *my* moral theory; in my estimation of a truly shining character, he was the greatest of barbarians.

CHARLES was guilty of a deed which will eternally shade the glory of one of the most splendid heroes that are presented to us in history. The murder of PATKUL (for the fate of that most unfortunate gentleman deserved no better name) showed, in *that* instance, a most unfeeling, vindictive, and cruel heart. All the concomitant circumstances of his death; the injustice, and violence of the sentence; his excellent character; his learning; his approaching marriage to a beautiful woman; made his

destiny extremely deplorable ; and it's author so far execrable. Dr. JOHNSON remarked to me, when we were conversing on this tragical subject ; that CHARLES had nine years of good, and nine of bad fortune ; that his adverse events began soon after the execution of PATKUL ; and continued to his death. Dr. JOHNSON may be pronounced to have been superstitious for this remark ; by those who fancy that it shows a superiour penetration ; or rather the perfection of philosophy ; by those who are industrious, and who are interested, as they imagine, to deny the existence of a GOD : or, at least, his superintending providence ; and it's direct interposition, on some extraordinary occasions : but I own that I was very sensibly struck with the force of the observation ; for I am one of those old fashioned men, who believe in the immediate, and active economy of the deity, on signal emergencies, that call for a particular declaration of his power : and I have always thought that atheism was equally pregnant with a monstrous absurdity, and impiety.

Let PETER be indiscriminately, and without censure, the favourite sovereign of those, who bestow their unreflecting, unqualified, and

grosser esteem, and praise, on the patrons of commerce, and luxury; on the encouragers of those arts which flatter and promote the avarice, and sensuality of mankind. But to beings of a finer constitution; and of sublimer habits; to those, whose existence is more devoted to thought than to matter; to those who are charmed with the infinite diversity of the human character; and who are enraptured with the bold forms, and glowing colours of imagination; to *them* the great king of SWEDEN will always be a most prominent, and commanding object;—by such beings his history will always be read with warm interest; with high entertainment; with an astonishment of delight.

I have yet more anecdotes to give of Dr. JOHNSON, in our conversations on the conduct, and character of that illustrious king. I have disclaimed all formal method in writing these memoirs; but if they are not marked with a stiff regularity, I hope it will be found that they are free from confusion. I have endeavoured to give them a variety, not, I hope, uninteresting, and of easy transitions. I have never for a moment, disrespected the sense of the publick. I have trusted to nature, and to truth; and under

their guidance, I have admitted nothing which I did not think would in *some* degree, contribute to useful information, and to sensible entertainment. But if my narrative was composed with the most perfect accuracy, and symmetry, I should, on account of it's ingenuous, and unreserved strain, have some alarms for it's popularity. For it can only be acceptable, and agreeable to those who are always ready to pardon moral, as well as literary faults, where they see an honesty that disdains to assume a merit to which it has no pretensions; to those who are totally independent of selfish views: of the smiles of the *great vulgar, and the small*; and to whom the sacred cause of truth, and virtue is paramount to all those objects that seduce, and captivate, and rule the world. Shall I, then, have *many* approving readers?

The dogmas of a great man, always deserve our attention; if, in truth, and poignancy, they are worthy of his genius, they have an oracular emphasis, and authority: if they are erroneous; if they are even absurd; their substance is peculiar, and nervous, both in the thought, and in the expression. I, one day, observed to Dr. JOHNSON, that I had often thought it singular, and surprising,

that CHARLES the twelfth, a prince, and a hero, who had a prodigiously vigorous, and ardent constitution of mind, which was adequately supported by his body, should, all his life, have had no commerce with women. “Sir,” (answered the stagyrite of ENGLAND, in his usual decisive tone and manner) “a man who is busy, has no *occasion* for women.” This answer was more abrupt, and arbitrary, than satisfactory. In a confined, and futile sense, it was true; in a general, extended, and rational sense, it was false. While a man is totally busy; while he is absorbed in the objects of his business; it is certain, that he cannot divide his attention: but no man can be always busy; he must have his hours of relaxation; and of pleasing or painful reveries. The doctor’s assertion is contradicted, and refuted, by the long series of the history of human nature. And those men whose business has been an employment, or rather, an eager exertion of all the faculties of the mind, on objects of high rank, and splendid character, have been famed (I will not adopt the JOHNSONIAN animal, and mechanical language, of having *occasion* for women) have been famed for a love of supreme elegance; for an elegance congenial with that of their own

souls ; for a strong, and irresistible passion for the fair sex. To corroborate, and prove my beautiful doctrine by celebrated examples, would be to insult the reader's acquaintance with the elements of history. I had an unexpected opportunity of solving, and on the credit of good authority, this exception to a general, and almost constant fact, in the life of CHARLES the twelfth. The solution will contribute to upset the superficial, though peremptory position of Dr. JOHNSON ; if any thing is wanting to destroy it : it will be consistent with what is only practicable by the phenomena of our species ; it will throw an additional light on the character of CHARLES ; it will show what may be effected by a proud, and great mind ;—tenacious of it's determination.

It happened, among many other unforeseen changes in my life, that I sailed from GIBRALTAR to ALGIERS, in the autumn of 1789 ; in consequence of the base, and ungrateful usage I had received from a false, and treacherous pretender to friendship ; who, I believe, still holds a public office under our government, in that part of the dominions of the emperor of MOROCCO, which is almost opposite to old CALPE. The particulars of that usage, I shall faithfully

relate in their proper place. While I was at ALGIERS, I made a christmas-visit to the swedish consul; his mansion, and the circumjacent ground, were delightful; the sky was serene; the air was soft, and fragrant; the feathered choir poured their melody around: and his orange-groves, enriched, in January, with their golden fruit, reminded me of the garden of the Hesperides. His domestick objects were still more interesting: his wife was a hospitable, and very sensible woman;—he had a numerous family of either sex, who were all born at ALGIERS; or in the neighbouring country; for he had resided above twenty years in AFRICA. Yet, this family, by the care, and talents of their parents, were wonderfully educated. They spoke several different languages, with great, and equal fluency: the ladies sung charmingly; they, and their brothers, played on a variety of instruments; and thus, whenever they pleased, they had a most agreeable family concert: the reciprocal harmony of their hearts, and minds, was uninterrupted, and affectionate.

In *this* house, I naturally struck on an object which agreeably dazzles me whenever I behold it; the heroism of CHARLES the twelfth: you

cannot please; you cannot delight a swede more, than by feeling, and expressing a rapture, when you talk of his favourite king. I proposed to him the same problem relating to love, which I had offered to the judgement of our great english philologist: the anecdote which he gave me, in return, I shall never forget; it is of so extraordinary a nature; it is so consistent with the temper of the swedish monarch; and it so satisfactorily accounts for his inflexible abstinence from all communication with the fair sex. I will give it as *he* related it; faithfully adhering to the substance of his own words;—"The interesting fact
"with which I am going to acquaint you, was
"communicated to *me* by indisputable authority.
"Our young king was of a very amorous constitution; and those historians, who have represented him as naturally indifferent to women,
"have been totally unacquainted with an essential, and *memorable* part of his real character.
"I will tell you why he abjured, and very early
"in life, all intercourse with the sex. The kings
"of SWEDEN, formerly, were of easy access to
"their subjects; they practised the glorious condescension, with proper limitations, of some-

“ times honouring them with their convivial so-
“ ciety : and on those occasions, they showed
“ themselves, by their affability, and conversa-
“ tion, to be the true fathers of their people.
“ Perhaps if all kings would act in this manner,
“ they would be considerable gainers. They
“ would exalt their earthly, to a kind of heavenly
“ majesty : they would captivate the heart ; they
“ would rivet allegiance. But let me turn to my
“ point.—CHARLES the twelfth, but a little time
“ before he left STOCKHOLM, to open his mili-
“ tary renown, went one evening, to sup with a
“ gentleman in that capital. He was then in his
“ fifteenth year. It happened that a very beau-
“ tiful maid-servant opened the door to his
“ majesty. He was struck with her charms ; and
“ requested of her a kiss. She was more repug-
“ nant than he expected to find her : he attempted
“ to seize the favour ; she repelled him with
“ anger, and disdain. The gentleman of the
“ house, after he had payed his homage to his
“ young sovereign, observed with regret, that he
“ seemed to be greatly agitated.—‘ I own that
“ ‘ I *am* ;’ replied he, ‘ and perhaps I deserve
“ ‘ it : for I took the liberty to attempt to salute

“ “ your pretty maid, of whom I envy you the
 “ “ possession ; but she refused me, with the
 “ “ airs, and indignation of an empress. This
 “ “ little adventure has discomposed me for a
 “ “ moment : but, I am determined never to
 “ “ suffer a *future* moment’s uneasiness, from
 “ “ such a cause. *My* soul is absorbed in mili-
 “ “ tary glory ; and that has always been injured,
 “ “ even while the greatest men were in pursuit
 “ “ of it, by a foolish admiration of women. I
 “ “ know the susceptibility of my nature ; and I
 “ “ know the arts, and the tyranny of the sex.
 “ “ They ruined ANTONY ; they almost ruined
 “ “ CÆSAR ; and they made a fool of ALEXAN-
 “ “ DER ; but by GOD, they shall neither ruin,
 “ “ nor make a fool of me* ! I am infinitely,

* If it is objected to the authenticity of this recital, that as CHARLES had no taste for literature, he could not be sufficiently conversant with history to have been acquainted with the amours of those great men whom he here mentions ; I answer that the swedish consul assured me, that though he was by no means learned, he was very fond of reading, from his boyish days, the principal atchievements of the ancient heroes : a fact which corresponded with his passion for glory ; and with his tearing out a leaf from the satires of BOILEAU (which he read at BENDER) where ALEXANDER is charged with madness, by the french poet.

“ ‘ eternally, obliged to this little fair swede.
“ ‘ And I call heaven to witness, that from this
“ ‘ day, I preclude from my heart, all serious
“ ‘ attention; all tender inclination, to women!’
“ After he had solemnly pronounced this vow;
“ the evening was passed in cheerful, and agree-
“ able conversation.—This little narrative (observ-
“ ed the ardent swede) is very extraordinary;
“ but it is quite consistent with the conduct of
“ CHARLES: What might not that resolution do,
“ which defied the extremities of cold, and
“ famine; which, while it led a harrassed, and
“ exhausted army, through desarts of ice, and
“ snow, rejected the czar’s offer of capitulation,
“ in the style of a triumphant conqueror?”

It was very natural for Dr. JOHNSON, to be an enthusiastick admirer of romantick bravery. He had all that strength, and expansion of mind; and all those images, and colours of imagination, which completely adopt the grandeur of the object; and he was a man of great personal courage himself. I can add nothing in favour of his philosophical, and christian fortitude. When I once visited him, in bolt-court, a gentleman came thither, to pay his respects to him; and in the train of conversation, the merits of the king of

SWEDEN were reviewed. The remarks, and arguments of the doctor's friend, were all in the usual ill-digested strain of condemnation, and antipathy. Perhaps no man was ever more happy than Dr. JOHNSON, in the extempore, and masterly defence of any cause, which, at the given moment, he chose to defend; whether we consider the irrefragable arguments, or the ingenious sophistry of his luminous eloquence. I shall never forget, how forcibly I was impressed (but, alas! it is now become a general, and indefinite impression) by an ardent speech, which he made in defence of his northern hero. It was vigorous; picturesque; and overpowering;—if the gentleman was not convinced; he was electrified, and subdued. My established partiality, in favour of that greatness, which disdains all difficulties, made me an easy conquest to the martial orator. All the faculties of the mind, from the frailty of our nature, are mutable; unequal, and capricious. I, yet, accurately retain sentiments, of a considerable length, both in verse, and prose, which I committed to the storehouse of the mind, fifty years ago;—and only twenty-five years have elapsed, since I was the interested hearer of the speech to which I refer; of which I have now lost the substance;

and almost all the words. The following little fragment only remains with me:—" I own that " he was, *not* a little intoxicated with military " glory."-- *Any* man might have said *this*; but I venerate whatever is finely, and rightly connected with a great name.

Consistently with that ardour, and with those vivid images of fancy, with which I often viewed the character of CHARLES the twelfth, I made the following poetical offering to his memory, in THE POET; a poem which I published in the year 1773. When the mind of the poet is inflamed with original, and grand objects; and when it is raised to a rapturous adoration of them; a warm, and congenial critick, while he accompanies the flight of his authour, will dispense with the common logick; with the common proprieties; with the generally received rules, and prudence of the world. I know that it is the highly respectable province of the poet, to unite, on the most important occasions, the strength of reason, with the fire of imagination; and with the co-operation of the former faculty, to enforce, and dignify his powers of describing, and painting; when they are devoted to the cause of morality, and religion. But I know that it is

his province, too ; because it makes a part of his distinguished, and elevated nature ; to rise, in proportion as his subject soars, above all attention to worldly interests, conveniencies, and systems ; and to be perfectly assimilated to the great, the immense, and the sublime. It may be alledged, that this species of poetical enthusiasm, has a tendency to do more harm than good ; and that it will be apt to divert the mind from a steady course of moral rectitude, by seducing impressions ; by impressions of a false greatness, and magnificence. To this objection, it may be reasonably answered ; that here, as in many other instances of our mental affections, a balance will, at least, be struck between loss and gain ; that the poetry which may tempt the reader to bold irregularities, and eccentric flights, will at the same time, by it's operative effects, purify his mind from low, sordid, and selfish ideas, and attachments ; and that even the great inconveniencies which he may suffer by his ardent desertions of the cold, and rigid rules of caution, and discretion, will be amply recompensed by the ethereal pleasures which he will enjoy, from his exertions of a disinterested independence ; of an invulnerable fortitude ; and of an expanded generosity.

THE POET; the poem from which I shall now take the liberty to make a large quotation, has long been unknown to the world; but I hope, that, like LAZARUS, it is *not absolutely* “*dead*,” but that it only “*sleepeth*.” I hope, that by my attentive, and parental care, it will again go forth into the world; and with new-born vigour; I trust that it will yet enjoy a lasting, and respectable publick life.

In vain for glory, heroes toil and bleed;
If madness gives the image of the swede:
For *me*, let policy admire the czar;
My soul adores this thunderbolt of war;
Led by the honest impulse of the muse,
Loves what dull dutchmen call romantick views;
With pleasure sees this prodigy drawn forth
By three rapacious robbers of the north:
Beholds this unexpected comet rise,
Advance, and fix all trembling Europe's eyes;
And shoot it's train athwart the polar skies.

Yes, I exult, while fancy sees the boy,
New to war's musick, pant with martial joy;
Rush on impetuous, as his course began;
A dauntless youth; and a tremendous man:
Slave to no pleasure; to no mean desire;
But for disputed empire, all on fire;
Nor rich domains; nor wine; nor love, *his* aim;
His soul impelled, absorbed, by glory's flame.

Anxious, his rise, meridian, and decline,
I view ; and feel his varied fortune mine.
When victory quits him, with perfidious wing,
Still more the muse admires her favourite king :
Whose soul erect, unconquerably great,
Impassive to the rudest shocks of fate ;
Asserts to empire it's inherent claim ;
And what in power it loses, gains in fame.

Famine and cold against his arms conspire ;
Nor cold, nor famine, damps the hero's fire.
Corporeal wants may weaker minds appall ;
Still *he* obeys his nature's noblest call ;
By glory taught in russian wilds to glow ;
Like HECLA, burning in a waste of snow :
Jealous of *her* ; even in his fortune's wane,
He spurns cold treaties with a firm disdain ;
Nor with one vulgar act obscures his reign.

Successful greatness let the world descry ;
To greatness in misfortune, blind it's eye,
I see him brightest in PULTOWA's fray ;
Bursting in splendour through the gloomy day ;
I see him brightest, when in BENDER's fort,
He fights the army of a powerful court ;
A captive swede alarming all the PORTE.

Beings original to poets give ;
Not those who rightly, but who greatly live.
Had ere this equal king been brought to yield ;
At BENDER proved more tame than in the field ;
Swerved from the dauntless purpose of his heart ;
And played, one hour, the driveling statesman's part ;

I, though an humble suitor to the nine,
 Would not have thought him worth a single line;
 Would have surveyed him with a mind as cool,
 As those who call him lunatick, or fool.

Let purblind kings, and ministers of state,
 Pronounce his actions mad, we'll deem them great:
 And would these intellectual pigmies know,
 What to themselves, and to mankind they owe;
 Let them persue their art; with rule, and line,
 The safe, the right, the politic, define;
 Nor tempt the vast, the boundless, the divine. }

As my zeal in the present subject is still in motion, I shall here copy from my memory, for the entertainment of my readers, Dr. JOHNSON'S glowing, and most poetical picture of CHARLES the XIIth, from his "vanity of human wishes;" an admirable imitation of the tenth satire of JUVENAL, who thus describes the ambition, and fate of ALEXANDER the great.

Unus pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis;
 Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi;
 Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvâque Seripho.
 Sed quando munitam figulis intraverat urbem,
 Sarcophago contentus erat. —

This quotation from JUVENAL is from my me-

mory; I hope that I am right.—Dr. JOHNSON'S picture of the swedish hero is a highly impressive, and expanded improvement. I venture boldly, yet with an ingenuous diffidence of myself, when I give *his* immortal description of CHARLES, immediately after mine. I have always had a strong literary and poetical ambition; but if I may venture to pronounce on my own sentiments, that ambition was always untainted with envy. Hence I have ever been ardent in praising eminent genius, and in bringing it's most distinguished passages forth to publick view.

On what foundation stands the warriour's pride;
How just *his* hopes, let swedish CHARLES decide.
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire;
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear extends *his* wide domain;
Unconquered lord of pleasure, and of pain.
No joys to *him* pacific sceptres yield;
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold contending kings their powers combine;
And one capitulate, and one resign.
Peace courts his hand; but spreads her charms in vain;
Think nothing gained, he cries, till nought remain;
On Moscow's walls till gothic standards fly;
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.

The march begins in military state ;
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast ;
And winter barricades the realm of frost.
He comes ; not cold and want his march delay.
Hide blushing glory, hide PULTOWA's day.
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands ;
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait ;
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not chance, at length, her error mend ;
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ;
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a foreign strand ;
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

My lord DOUNE (the present earl of MORAY) did me the honour to correspond with me, long after I had left St. ANDREWS ; and while I was an officer in the army. I have five letters from him, written with an excellent understanding ; and in the unaffected, and amiable spirit, of kindness, and friendship. I have set an inestimable value on those letters ; I keep them, as sacred monuments of a reciprocal affection, and respect, which were founded on a love of learn-

ing, and the generous emotions, and sentiments of the heart. His lordship's warm, and constant regard for a young man who had talents, and a very friendly soul; but who was destitute of fortune, and whose great eccentricities had exposed him to the severe censure of vulgar minds; was an indisputable criterion of his excellent disposition. The recollection of the strong partiality of my early friends; and of the most agreeable intercourse which I enjoyed with *them*; tends, even at this moment, in some degree, to alleviate my numerous afflictions; and to soften the cold, and rugged image, which (since the short, but happy period, to which I *now* give a retrospect) I have been obliged by *themselves*, to form of *mankind*.

The preliminary salutation to one of the five letters, to which I have referred (it is dated, march 20th, 1757) is, "Dear king of SWEDEN!" This shows with what rapture I had often talked of that unexampled monarch. This humourous exordium of lord DOUNE's letter, will throw my mind into a comparison; and I will deign to request malignity (which is ever on an eager watch to dart it's cavils at a stumble) to suspend it's sarcastick grin, and triumph, till it has deli-

berately read all the comparison. In a military view, the king of SWEDEN's life, and mine, have nothing to do with each other; for I always hated the trade of war; though I must always admire human greatness, in whatever manner it is displayed. Yet our lives may be justly compared with each other, on account of some remarkable facts, of striking antithesis, and of apposite similitude. I always *did*, and I always *will* deem a life devoted to letters, by far the most glorious of professions; therefore I will scorn to betray the dignity of that profession, by making a servile apology for bringing an author into competition with a king. The tutelary genius of many authours, hath ensured to them the love, and admiration of posterity: the evil genius of many kings, hath consigned their memories to contempt and detestation. The *truly* great, and immortal honours which we inherit from the Almighty, shall always take rank with *me*, of those *artificial* honours, which have been invented with a puerile ingenuity, and which are conferred by man. And amidst the varieties of excellence with which nature distinguishes her favourite sons, *poetical* genius must ever have my first veneration. If I could

meet a DRYDEN; old; poor; with his miserable pension *ill* payed by that royal thief, and robber, CHARLES the second; if I could meet an OTWAY (another great, and neglected genius, by the same royal monster) dying of hunger, and begging an alms in a coffee-room;—I would pay to *them* a more profound homage, than to any *inferiour* beings; however exalted in office, and however highly decorated with official ensigns;—than to a chancellor, in his robes of state; than to a general, in the glitter of arms, and military plumage; and surrounded with all the “pomp, pride, and glorious circumstance of “war.” It is my pleasure, because it is my duty, not to wish to diminish that respect which is due to the superiour orders of society, while they act worthily of their stations; but to encourage, and enforce eternal moral distinctions; to stimulate the mind to the free, and independent practice of virtue; by contemplating the infinite variety of human characters, *just* as they *are*; stripped of the imposing, and confounding pageants with which the worthy, and the base are promiscuously tricked out; and brought to that fair level of moral animadversion, and judgement, by which *man* has a right to try them, *here*;

and by which, God will try them, *hereafter*. The comparison of the king of SWEDEN's fortune in war, with mine in letters, may, perhaps, admit a vein of humour, both in the writer, and in the reader: but I hope that it is, by no means, in itself, ridiculous.

What the intellectual force of my mind has been, posterity must judge, and determine: exclusively of all affected delicacy, it is impossible for *me* completely, and decisively to judge myself. I will not pretend to that original, fervid, and astonishing genius in letters, which the royal swede had in arms. In the discursive view, however, of our reciprocal fortune, atchievements, and conduct; some parts of them will be to *his* advantage, and some to *mine*.

The swedish hero had regal, and arbitrary power; the former half of his military life shone with the most brilliant success; and he enjoyed a splendid, and unbounded fame. *I* never had the common power, or influence, of a very private gentleman: great, and unprejudiced judges, have bestowed the warmest praise on my productions; but they were never successfully, and extensively diffused: with this restricted expansion of my works, my fame has corresponded: it

has been distinct; unequivocal; and well-founded; for it has been extorted even from malignity itself; but when it was growing into a fine exuberance, the breath of malice, and envy tainted; and the weight of power, and resentment, crushed it's blooming honours. Yet, for more than forty years, and in the midst of the most mortifying discouragements, *I* have maintained a strenuous, and indefatigable diligence; an undaunted, and inextinguishable ardour in literary exertion. Like my admired CHARLES, I always drove on, to my object, with some of the impulse of his impetuosity; and without any fear of consequences. But there was *this* difference between our means, and between our ends; *his* precipitancy was destructive to mankind; it was urged by despotism; and despotism was it's aim:—but *I* dashed through the obstructions of iron edicts; and through the mounds of entrenched, and enormous power; from my zeal for equity, and humanity; from my indignation at the woes which my fellow-creatures suffered, from tyranny, and rapacity. The glory which irresistibly impelled all *his* actions, and which, in all it's plenitude, he acquired, resulted from those exploits, which, while they dazzle, and enchant, wound, and distress the

hearts of the humane, and good: the glory at which *I* have always aimed, and which, perhaps, in *some* degree, I have deserved, flows from a calm, and constant, yet emphatical, and adventurous worship of the milder MINERVA; from an attachment (indissoluble but by death) to those divine arts, which give us, at once, our noblest instruction, and our most delightful entertainment; which purify the heart, and exalt the spirit. The fame of CHARLES embellished his person; and spread it's rays over EUROPE, long before his premature death. A variety of impediments has not been able to prevent *mine* from breaking forth, on *some* auspicious occasions, with a fervid, and attracting lustre; but it has, in general, been repelled, and obscured, by the vapours of malice, and by the clouds of adversity: nor will it, probably, take it's fixed, and immoveable station; and shine with it's expanded, and permanent splendour, till it consecrates my ashes; till it illumines my tomb.

The conduct of CHARLES, in *one* respect, seems to have had the advantage of *mine*: *he* never sunk under the pressure of adverse events; but rapidly, and intrepidly, pushed on; not flexible, for a moment, to the caprices, to the

severest frowns of fortune. But if I now make some pertinent observations, from *my* melancholy history, to the humane, and sensible reader, I trust that the accounts between us, of perseverance, and magnanimity, will be fairly balanced. *He* was animated to the atchievement of deeds of arduous enterprize, by three of the strongest incentives that can actuate, and inflame the human mind ; the consciousness of power ; of success ; and of fame. Of the two former of these inspiring auxiliaries, *I* was totally destitute : and the last visited me but capriciously ; it mocked my ingenuous passion, and my fair pretensions ; it shot a transient, and a faithless light. Thus, my unsubmitting soul, had no resource, but to turn with painful, yet with victorious effort, on the axis of it's own private resolution. I was left alone, to combat with the exquisite feelings of my nature, and with the rudest external hostilities :—I was left alone, to extract luminous images from a dreary atmosphere ; and to present them to an ungrateful world, which had been industrious to prevent their origin, and formation.

Nature had bestowed on me in a partial, and cruel world, (I should say, that she had modelled

my frame with) a delicacy of constitution, and sentiment, which greatly augments the difficulty of contending with unfortunate, and mortifying events, and of conquering their dispiriting, and depressing effects. With *this* internal enemy CHARLES was not at all annoyed; *his* mind was lodged in a robust body; and it was impressive (at least, it yielded not) to the most violent shocks from matter, or from man; consequently they could not check it while it advanced; nor sink it while it aspired. The whole military career of the swede, was not long; and *he* had to oppose the frowns of fortune but for nine years; stimulated by a warm, and vigorous imagination, which was actuated by all the powerful preceding motives, that, for an equal length of time, had led him on to glory. If it is extremely unfortunate, in certain situations, to have been born with great sensibility; there is certainly *some* merit in a tenacious conflict with it's unseasonable, importuning, and poignant impressions; in defeating their irruptions, when they invade the execution of our glorious purposes; nay even in extracting intellectual, and moral good, from their physical, and tormenting evils. With all the disadvantages,

and sufferings which I have mentioned, *I* have kept the field of literary fame (we may maintain it while we retreat) with short interruptions, which, in my case, were absolutely unavoidable, for forty years; and I am now strenuously endeavouring to reap it's honours. Let moral, and christian philosophy, now arrange, and settle the account of honour between the man of war, and the man of letters.

I shall only beg leave to observe, as I pass along, that the coldness, and barbarity of our species, may present to a very feeling mind, an expanse of waste, and horror, analogous to the countries that were traversed by my brave, and inflexible hero. I have long seen the inhospitable desarts of POLAND, and LIVONIA; the tremendous ford of the BORYSTHENES; the icy rocks of NORWAY; in the dispositions of the present world. But I keep my soul erect; because I hope for a better.

If this long episode of the historical muse is not uninteresting, and insipid; if it contains pertinent, and useful remarks, on important subjects; if it is at all entertaining, it will be pardoned.

Early in the spring of 1756, I was honoured

with the acquaintance of Mrs. BRUCE of PITCULLO (which is about six miles from St. ANDREWS) commonly, and according to the custom of SCOTLAND, called, Lady PITCULLO. She was very sensible, and well-informed; and though advancing towards her sixtieth year, she was charming, as a woman. She had the vivacity, and wit of NINON de l'ENCLOS, with the virtue of LUCRETIA. She loved reading; and she had, in her house, a beautiful grotto, planned, and adorned by her own ingenuity. These objects were sufficient to rouse, and actuate the fancy of a young poet. I wrote some verses on that grotto; which were generously received; and, agreeably to the wish, that I expressed in them; they were fixed there by herself; in an elegant frame of shell-work, which was composed by her own hands. Most of these verses I have forgotten; the conclusion I retain; and I shall copy it from my memory.

Oh! might these lines an envied place obtain,
In *thy* fair grot; where nature's beauties reign;
Where ocean's god his briny billows laves;
And mermaids wanton in the swelling waves;
How my triumphant soul would joy to see
It's weak endeavours thus approved by thee;

It's strains applauded even by nature's voice ;

For nature's sanction is, PITCULLO's choice!

In these verses I absurdly specified the beauties of *nature* ; where, immediately after, I laid my principal stress on the beauties of *art*. But cynical criticks alone will be unforgiving even to the gross improprieties of juvenile poetry ; to the occasional improprieties of *any* poetry.

I had formed an acquaintance with some young ladies of BERWICK upon TWEED, who, at the time to which I allude, gave me much attention, and esteem. On an imaginary goddess of that place, I wrote the following extravagant stanzas :—I remember them all, since the spring of 1756 ; and I shall, here, give them all. I did not know, *then*, nor do I know, *now*, that they were intended for any particular object ; I had wound up my imagination to a pitch of poetical rodomontade ; therefore, *up* I soared ; and got out of sight of any real foundation for a poem ; as well as of all the legitimate rules for poetical composition. Yet, as I flew along I did not entirely create ; I did not entirely *make*, from non-entities ; I sometimes

cast a look down, on *one* fair nymph, and sometimes on *another*; though by two certain ladies, Miss POTTS, and Miss DAVISON, my fancy was principally arrested:—yet, as it mounted, it was inspired by the whole groupe of beauties; after contemplating the leading heroines; the ROXANA, and STATIRA of the poem; I caught sentiment, and imagery, from the graces that adorned the secondary and subordinate beings; and with this varied combination of vivid, and magnificent hints from my poetical treasure; and not without some creative strokes, as I observed, of my own invention, and colouring, I formed, or rather threw off, an ideal, and chimerical picture, of my celestial charmer. But however wild, and improbable the portrait may be, it will be found, I hope, that it has nothing in it of *patch-work*. except merely that it was composed from different originals; I trust that it will spontaneously, and spiritedly flow; and easily, and amicably coalesce; without any of the stiff right lines, and pointed triangles, of discordant colours, that seem to wonder at each other, in the ingenious performances of our long-departed old maids. My mind was certainly actuated by

more ardent powers; than *their* wintry frost, or expiring virgin flame, when I wrote it. However, it undoubtedly now appears to it's authour, at this more judicious, and reflecting time of his poetical existence, to be a composition, or rather a rhapsody, which would have flowed, with great consistency of character, from the pen of QUIXOTE; if he had been addressing the peerless DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO. I have said thus much of it; I have thus deliberately invited attention to it; because I respectfully hope, that the distinguishing, and liberal reader; notwithstanding it's bold irregularities, and unwarrantable sallies, will think that it predicts a future, and a *real* poet. As to any dull, and sour critick, who may see nothing in it, but wildness, and madness, I shall answer *him*, in the words of honest NAT. LEE, with which he retorted on a being of that nature, who told him, that "it was very easy to write like a madman."—"No;" replied LEE, "it is by no means, easy, to write like a *madman*:" "but nothing is easier than to write like a *fool*."

Verses to a young Lady of BERWICK upon
TWEED.

1.

Though far from BERWICK I'm removed,
Where CELIA deigns to dwell;
Her image still pursues the bard;
And haunts the college-cell.

2.

The fair-one scorns in scanty bounds
Her lustre to confine;
But fills two parts of space at once;
A proof that she's divine.

3.

Faintly the raptures of my soul
Describe the lovely dame;
For what the muse attempts to paint,
All heaven conspired to frame.

4.

Her, CUPID, to destroy mankind,
With every beauty arms;
In *her*, at once, MINERVA strikes;
And milder VENUS charms.

5.

Nor less amazed the lover views
Her nobler part, the mind ;
Where strictest virtue sits enthroned,
With strongest sense refined.

6.

Disclosed, by her industrious search,
All nature's beauty's known ;
And yet (a crime no fool commits)
She ne'er observes her own.

7.

Hail, heavenly nymph ; and good as fair,
Accept this northern rhyme ;
Inflamed with love of thee, I'd soar,
In NOVA ZEMBLA's clime :

8.

Warmed there by thee, my amorous strains
Might please the chastest ear ;
Strains, such as HORACE often wrote ;
And CÆSAR deigned to hear.

9.

Should PLUTO bear thee to some cell,
Impervious to the day ;
I'd pull the tyrant from his throne ;
And snatch my prize away.

10.

Shouldst thou be fixed, a star, in heaven ;

Inspired by love, I'd rise ;

And as PROMETHEUS did of old,

Undaunted scale the skies ;

11.

He, from the sun conveyed a part,

To give his man a soul ;

While *I*, the more adventurous thief,

Could wish to steal the whole !

P. S. ST. ANDREWS : ***

I think that all this poetical flight, is here ; but I am not sure :—“ We have had enough of “ it,” says the gruff, saturnine, and prejudiced mortal :—“ If there *was* more of it,” (says the mind that beams with benevolence, and imagination) “ I wish that the authour had “ not forgotten it. It is pleasing, it is instructive, to see the luxuriant openings ; the “ lavish redundancies, of youthful talents !”

At length ;—in the beginning of march, 1756, I received a letter from my friend and relation at BERWICK ; which contained the long wished for intelligence, that he had obtained

for me, a commission, in an old regiment of foot: a second lieutenancy in the twenty-third, or royal welsh fuzileers. The regiment was commanded by lieutenant general JOHN HUSKE; a brave, and blunt veteran; whose personal courage, and fatherly attention to all those who were under his command; and especially to the private soldiers, who used to call him "Daddy HUSKE;" had raised him from the lowest military station, to the high rank which he then enjoyed. He was wounded at the battle of DETTINGEN: and he fought under the duke of CUMBERLAND, at the decisive battle of CUL-LODEN. I was rejoiced by this letter; I exulted at the prospect of being freed from humiliating circumstances, and of entering on a profession, which was a favourite object of youthful gaiety, and of manly ambition. My friends of the fair sex; as they knew with what anxiety I had waited for this event; and as women have a kind of enthusiasm for military prowess, and for military ornaments; relaxed from their flaming jacobitism; and warmly congratulated with me on my good fortune. The compliments, indeed, on that occasion, of my two worthy

friends, the reverend Mr. LYNDESAY, and his wife, were lowered, by the great concern which they expressed, “that I was engaged to support the establishment of an usurper.”—As for *my* jacobitism, as it was hastily planted, and in a light soil, it was easily eradicated. It floated on the volatile spurt of fancy; it was not fixed on the laboured principles of political schoolmen: it was inspired by the gay meteors of a female academy: and it was caught by that sweet contagion, from which the greatest mortals have not been exempted: therefore, it lost its force in proportion as I removed from the delicious infection; my feminine, and declamatory prejudices were in a little time exchanged for a rational, and masculine substance of loyalty; which adopted, and maintained the Hanoverian succession.

Before I left the university, I passed an evening of the most affectionate friendly sympathy, and of the highest social animation, with the club of which I had the honour to be a member. Some of those friends accompanied me, on the next day, for several miles, on my way to EDINBURGH. We parted with feelings, which redeem many of the faults of human nature;

and with reciprocal, and heart felt vows of a lasting remembrance. As soon as I had taken leave of them, I made on, for BERWICK upon TWEED, with all possible expedition. As I imagined that a new commission, and a heated imagination might do *any* thing; I spurred (but in vain) my scotch hack;—dreaming that, under *me*, he might prove a temporary PEGASUS. As I advanced towards BERWICK, I meditated, and anticipated, future scenes of bliss, and glory.

O! curas hominum; O! quantum est in rebus inane!

I anticipated the honours of the tented field, and more joyous, and softer campaigns;—I had already formed for myself a fragrant, rich, and variegated crown; the laurels of MARS interwoven with the bays of APOLLO; with the convivial flowers of COMUS; with the vine of NAXUS, and with the myrtle of CYTHERA.

Here, let me make a plain prosaick pause; and take a view of the acquisitions, which I had made, at this period of my life, in science, and in learning. I had never neglected my progress in polite literature; I had extended it, with diligence, and perseverance. I have often extremely regretted that I did not persue the noble study

of mathematicks, with that determined patience, with that continued attention; without which we cannot attain the honour of being masters of them. I never proceeded in geometry farther than the elements of EUCLID; plain trigonometry; and some practical geometry; nor farther in algebra, than quadratick equations. My acquirements in natural philosophy; when I speak of a deep knowledge of it, were very partial, and superficial. But I had laid a solid, and wide foundation in the province of reason; and morality; sentiment, and poetry; on which I flatter myself, that I have raised, not a contemptible structure. I had not yet very sedulously cultivated the hebrew language; but I had read several of the best french authours; and I had made a considerable progress in classical learning. I had, of late devoted much of my time to DEMOSTHENES, and XENOPHON; two of the brightest luminaries of GREECE. I had likewise made myself well acquainted with our english history; and I had given my most accurate attention, to the strength, elegance, and beauty of our english language; by trimming my nocturnal lamp, over the immortal pages of those glorious authours, who flourished, and wrote, in

the days of ANNE, and in those of the two former GEORGES.

When I first payed my respects to general HUSKE, in LONDON; and when he found that I had been educated at a university, and for the church; “Well (said he) young man; take care not “to lose what you have got!”—General HUSKE was not, in the least degree, a scholar, himself; but he was a man of good, and strong sense; as every man *must* be; who rises, from low beginnings, to a great height; not by capricious favour, or fortune; but by his own inherent merit. I was well prepared to take his advice; for I was resolved, not only to retain what I had acquired, but diligently to improve my stock of knowledge.

Oh! polished, interesting, and divine literature;—what would have become of me, without *thy* society, friendship, and support! thou hast blunted the poignancy of the many *evils* which I have suffered; thou hast sweetened, and heightened, the little *good* which I have enjoyed. Thou hast generously repelled many hostilities, which I have encountered from mankind, and from myself! thou hast atoned to me, for the rigour of fortune; and for the resentment of power;

thou hast favoured me with a luxury which was far above the low reach of the *one*; and with prerogatives which were too high for the disposal of the *other*!—Oh! divine literature; how forlorn, poor, and miserable, should I have been without *thee*! without *thee*, the world would have been, to *me*, a vast, and melancholy void; or a rough, and tempestuous ocean. When I was deserted by selfish, and imitative *man*; *thou* hast peopled my solitude, with better forms; with beings of a superiour order; of a finer, and sublimer nature. I have often found, in thee, a sovereign moral catholicon; if not a panacea: when the tyranny of passion was predominant, *thou* hast restrained, and reduced every irregularity; when misfortune invaded, and wounded my breast; *thou* hast been my *dulce lenimen*, in every distress!

Early in february, 1756, I bade adieu to St. ANDREWS, to enter into the army. On my arrival at BERWICK, I was received by my dearest mother, *not* with the joy of success, and congratulation; but with the tears of apprehension, piety, and regret. The current of her mind, at this juncture, flowed in a very different direction from mine. It felt no satisfaction, at the prospect of *my* anticipated pleasures; of my

imaginary triumphs. I knew that *her* parental, and religious heart, was grieved, that I had receded from the profession of her loved, and revered husband; from a profession, the most favourable to personal safety (an important consideration, to an affectionate mother) from a profession which has a direct tendency to make the man virtuous, and happy; *however* that tendency may be counteracted by himself, or others. I knew that she was deeply concerned, that I was launching into a sphere of life, which equally abounds with personal, and moral dangers. Her behaviour, on this occasion, was, at least, in its *manner*, and *character*, prophetick of my future disappointments, and distresses. I was not insensible to these affecting emotions of a parent, whom I dearly loved; and of whom, I was soon to take a long leave: the scene wounded, and sunk my mind: but it was not now time to retract; I must advance in my new direction. Fortune had thrown the die; she had played one of her abrupt and incongruous freaks; which my juvenile ardour had promoted; and to which my inventive, and romantick fancy had given a splendid substance; a chimerical dignity.

Towards the end of february, after a parting

scene with my dearest mother, which was heart-rending to us both; I sailed, with a young brother officer, for LONDON. After a rough, but short voyage, we anchored in the THAMES. My arrival in the metropolis was attended rather with painful, than pleasurable ideas: nor was I soon reconciled to LONDON. It had not become agreeable to me during my abode in it, at this time, for a month.—It appears to me, that a great capital must, at first, in general, excite a severe surprize in a young, and inexperienced mind, which has been unaccustomed to more extended, populous, and busy scenes; than a village, or a small town;—especially if the person has great sensibility; is poor; and has many difficulties to contend with, at his setting out in life. *Then* the tumult, and splendour of the town, seem to insult his hardships, and distresses; he is friendless in the midst of a million of his fellow-creatures; he is insulated in a vast crowd. But it is with the mind, as it is with the palate; certain tastes, which, at first, are extremely disagreeable, by the gradual effects of habit, grow, of all others, the most pleasant; and we are often, and much to our prejudice, addicted to their enjoyments; and to that of the seducing feelings

which their causes produce in the whole man. This reasoning may be applied to common business, and to the higher operations of intellect. There is a principle of activity, in human nature; but there is a love of indolence in it too, by which that principle is very powerfully counteracted.— A youth, at the commencement of those useful pursuits which are to procure him a competent subsistence, or to make his fortune, has commonly a great aversion from diligence, and industry. Yet, when he has been long habituated to these virtuous habits, nothing would be more oppressive to his existence, than a life of inattention, and inaction. Though nature intended her favourite sons for a vigorous exercise of thought, for sublime speculations; it is certain, that we generally enter on those noble fields, with reluctance, and disgust; the ardour, indeed, with which we afterwards persue our interesting objects; the triumph with which we beat the ground; shews how happily the original plan of nature, harmonizes with the best part of our constitution. How painful, and repulsive, at first, is the study of mathematicks, on account of the intense application of the thinking faculty, which the manly and noble science, indispensa-

bly requires ? Yet when the student becomes a proficient ; how vapid are all our common, and inferiour pleasures, when compared with the divine intellectual progress ; with the marches, and victories of the soul, of a MACLAURIN ; or a NEWTON !

Pardon, thou indulgent, and generous reader, as thou hast hitherto favoured me, my digressive ; my excursive flights !—There is a considerable analogy between *them*, and the young man's different dispositions towards the town ; and the analogy teems with the most important consequences. By degrees, the hard, and rugged surface of LONDON, receives an easy, and luminous polish ; he finds it, the only seat of freedom, and of pleasure. It indeed deserves that preëminent distinction, if we avail ourselves of the excellent opportunities of improvement, which it affords us ; if we attentively, and religiously, remember, in reflection, and in practice, in what true freedom, and true pleasure consist. *That* astonishing capital, may prove our best friend ; or our most deadly foe ; it may infuse health, or poison into the mind ; it may refine, exalt, and confirm our virtue ; or it may sink us to the lowest debasement of vice ; it may drive us to desperate, and irremediable crimes.

I have often made a good, and often a bad use of LONDON ; there, I have often sunk to the lowest propensities, and risen to the sublimest delights of my nature :—it has wounded me with the insolence of the great ; and with the rudeness, and injustice of the vulgar : but it has likewise administered remedies to me, which have healed my wounds ; and which, I hope, have restored me to perpetual health ; it has enlarged my knowledge ; it hath stimulated my ambition : and thus, I trust in Providence, that I shall defeat malice, and obtain immortality. I shall here beg leave to quote the following moral, and beautiful verses, on our great and corrupted metropolis, from the task of COWPER ; that amiable poet.

Oh! thou resort, and mart of all the earth!
Chequered with all complexions of mankind;
And spotted with all crimes!—In whom I see
Much that I love ; and more that I admire ;
And all that I abhor ;—thou freckled fair,
That pleasest, and yet shock'st me ; I can laugh ;
And I can weep ; can hope, and can despond ;
Feel wrath and pity ; when I think on thee !—
Ten righteous would have saved a city, once ;
And thou hast many righteous :—well for thee ;
That salt preserves thee ; more corrupted, else,

And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom, in *her* day, had power to be;
For whom GOD heard his ABRAM plead in vain.

TASK ;—close of Book 3d.

The rational, and noble pleasure, which the theatre, in those days afforded to the mind, was the object which most attracted my attention. Acting, and the drama, were, then, in their glory. It was the reign of nature, of SHAKESPEARE, and of GARRICK. That great man, and his compeers (his greatness never was, and probably never will be equalled) did justice to the dignity of our stage; threw a complete lustre over it; by their perfect excellence in their captivating art; and by rejecting those pompous trifles; that pert, or glaring nonsense, with which our theatres are now disgraced. But I did not see that * theatrical prodigy in all his roscian glory, so often as I ought to have

* Poverty; and a desponding recourse to unsatisfactory pleasures, weaken our taste for fine enjoyments, and deaden all the activity of the man. They indispose him from a sympathy with the objects of sentimental, and moral pleasure; and from that spirit, and vigour, with which he should struggle to obtain them.

seen him, till the year 1773; when I had the honour to be intimately acquainted with him, and to enjoy his friendship, and his lively, and most engaging social talents, as well as his more splendid endowments. At that time (among other material acts of his kindness to me) he gave me free admission to any part of the theatre of drury-lane (such a person conferring favours, necessarily reflects some part of his own lustre, on the person obliged). In that most golden year of my life, I was often fixed, and transported with the fervour and expansion of his exerted talents; and charmed with the softer rays of his convivial lustre. He was a friendly, and a generous man; let me here throw my mite of justice, and gratitude, against the gross injuries which have shaded his real character. It is impossible for a man to shine in any profession above his cotemporaries, and to be obliged to show his explicit, and decisive disapprobation of dullness, without being envied, and abused.

Dr. JOHNSON, in a constrained, and awkward compliment, to his old friend, GARRICK, tells us, that he increased our stock of "harmless pleasure."—Would any writer but himself,

have applied this insipid, and childish epithet, to one of the most highly entertaining ; interesting ; and improving of the human arts ? To an art, the most discouraging to vice ; the most inspiring to virtue ; to an art, which calls forth ; actuates ; and impassions, every generous sentiment ; every godlike energy of the soul ? But was it not something more than merely a *harmless* pleasure ; was it not a kind of angelick existence, in feeling, and in thought ; was it not the “ divinity stirring within us,” to see the genius of SHAKESPEARE personified, and acted, by GARRICK ?—By HORACE, and by POPE, we are confirmed in the knowledge, that—

The suns of glory, please not till they set.

But there *are* selfish, and gloomy minds, who, even when those glorious suns *have* set, cannot be perfectly reconciled to them ; and chuse to stumble, when they pretend to bow to their memories.

The living, and flourishing, and the departed GARRICK, were almost equally objects of that envy, with which Dr. JOHNSON owned that he was tormented. In a very fine, and masterly preface to his edition of SHAKESPEARE (a pre-

face, however, which is extremely discredited by a malignant silence) he makes not the least mention of that great actor, his old pupil and friend, to whom SHAKESPEARE owed the complete exhibition, and display of his glory. When he was in the meridian of his fame, our austere critick passed over a most happy opportunity, that was offered to him, to join in the universal praise; when he had payed the last debt to nature; an acquittance, which terminates our own joys, and pains, and commonly extinguishes the jealousies of others; even then, the same critick was not perfectly at his ease; was not thoroughly satisfied with him, while he contemplated his memory; perhaps, indeed, he felt a momentary tenderness, and regret; but these good sentiments, were so contaminated by the yellow fiend, that they had little or no effect: from living excellence, he withheld it's well-merited tribute: to departed excellence, he offered a counter, instead of a talent of encomium.

When I made my first, and short stay in LONDON, I lodged in St. CATHERINE'S-court, near little tower-hill; which is a great distance from covent-garden and drury-lane. I likewise had very

little money to spare from my necessary support, and equipment; therefore I was unfortunately restrained from frequently enjoying my favourite entertainment of the theatre. The first play that I saw in LONDON, was acted at covent-garden; it was CONGREVE's admirable comedy of Love for Love. Three very eminent players indelibly impressed their images on that evening, in my memory. Mr. SMITH; Mr. YATES; and the famous Mrs. WOFFINGTON. The first, played VALENTINE; the second, BEN the sailor; and the third, Mrs. FRAIL. All these characters, were excellently supported; SMITH had, then, been but a short while on the stage; he was educated at CAMBRIDGE; and, I believe, intended for the church; I hope that he is yet living: he is a worthy gentleman; and he was a good actor; his person was genteel; his manner was easy; his acting showed that he was well acquainted with the character which he was to represent;—but there was something husky, and monotonous in his voice; which was naturally disadvantageous to his best exertions. When, indeed, he ventured to draw the bow of ULYSSES; to flame in RICHARD, or in any other of the capital charac-

ters of GARRICK ; he must necessarily have appeared as an inferiour actor, to every spectator of a distinguishing, and genuine taste ; *they* must have deemed him a foil, and not a model. I think that the last character in which I saw him, was that of CHARLES, in the School for Scandal ; a character which he played with a very happy propriety, and spirit. Mr. YATES, was a very lively, humorous, and spirited actor ; and I think his theatrical character was very much traduced by CHURCHILL. Mrs. WOFFINGTON was deep in her wane, when I had the pleasure to see her ; it was but a very few years before her death. But she did ample justice to the character of Mrs. FRAIL :—she supported it with it's proper force and elegance. She was tall, and extremely genteel ; her manner was modelled, and accomplished by the graces : her expression was distinct, and polite ; but her voice was too near to shrillness.

But for the first inspiration of ecstasy that I drew from the stage ; for my first and complete enthusiasm of dramattick, and theatrical admiration, I was indebted to BARRY, in OTHELLO. He was altogether worthy of filling the principal part in one of SHAKESPEARE's best characters.

To a tall, and elegant person ; to a harmonious, and well-modulated voice ; to an agreeable, and expressive aspect, he joined all the spirit, and fire of genius ; and all the attention, and accuracy of art. I shall add a few words in his praise, which will be a substitute for the most eloquent, and forcible oration.—GARRICK himself, was not greater in HAMLET, or in LEAR, than BARRY was in OTHELLO. As I was then a young man, I doubted my own judgment ; but afterwards, I had an excellent opportunity to have it confirmed. In the autumn of 1758, in a journey from the north to LONDON, I had the honour of the reverend Dr. BROWN, for my companion. This great, but unfortunate man, was a beautiful authour ; he wrote essays on Lord SHAFTSBURY's characteristicks ; an estimate of the manners, and principles of the times ; and several other pieces, that should transmit his name with honour to posterity.—He likewise wrote two very good tragedies, Barbarossa, and Athelston. He was very well acquainted with Mr. GARRICK, and with the stage. I told him of my warm admiration of BARRY, in OTHELLO ; and I asked him, if he thought that it was just. He replied, “ that it was impossible to receive

“ greater theatrical pleasure than from BARRY
 “ in OTHELLO.”—Miss NOSSITOR, a natural daughter of old lord CHOLMONDELEY, and BARRY’s mistress, played DESDEMONA: she was not an excellent actress; but the very shining merit of her instructor, and master, gave her a borrowed, or reflected lustre. RYAN, the old friend of QUIN, played IAGO; a man of very good character, and a just actor; but his voice was quite spoiled; and that misfortune, greatly weakened the publick interest in his part. How miserably, of later years, have I seen BARRY contrasted, by the heavy, labouring Ross; and by the vulgar, and absurd CRAUFORD, in the character of OTHELLO!—CHURCHILL, in his Rosciad, does great injustice to Mr. BARRY:—indeed, he is indiscriminately, and cruelly severe, to most of the actors who are criticised in that poem.

In the same spring, I saw BARRY, in the character of LEAR. He performed it with great merit; but with a very considerable inferiority to GARRICK. Of the passion of jealousy; and of the most affecting, and strong tragick powers, to express it; he was perfectly a master.—But to adopt all the passions, and affections of

LEAR; his rage; and his grief; his madness; his melancholy; his recollections, and reflections; all, sometimes, apparently blended; and sometimes, gradually, and insensibly, gliding into each other; by the inimitable art of a divine poet;—to adopt all this variety, interchange, and collision of situations; BARRY was incapable; he had not a sufficiently expanded sensibility; not a sufficiently comprehensive, and discriminating taste, and judgement. So extraordinary, and highly finished a character; a character so prominent in the regions of life, and fancy; of such pathetick force, and of such delicate, and interesting gradations; such a character, a SHAKESPEARE alone could write; a GARRICK alone could exemplify.

As I am here communicating to the reader, my early knowledge of our theatres, I shall beg leave, in this place, to give a more particular account of their history. I shall give my humble opinion of the merits of some of our greatest performers, who were at the height of their reputation, when I was a younger man. I shall likewise hazard some farther observations, that will comprehend later days. This, perhaps, in strict propriety, should have been done, at a

more advanced part of my work; which will treat of those years of my life, when I had a more extensive knowledge of the town. However, let my theatrical remarks go all together; they will make, of themselves, a distinct, and independent subject. Therefore they will occasion no embarrassment in my series of events; in my arrangement of time.

Let me begin with the high-priest of the oracle of Avon. Can I ever forget *thy* talents, of infinite diversity, and of imperious controul over the human heart?—no;—*thy* image is, I hope, eternally impressed in my mind both by private friendship, and by publick glory!—Can I forget thy attitudes, and thy voice; formed, and inspired by the soul of SHAKESPEARE, and the graces;—in the most impassioned scenes, not too vehement; in the tenderest, not too languid;—alike uninflated with the bombast, and uncorrupted with the affectation, which went before, and which have come after thee;—ever preserving, with the perfection of judgement, the spirit, and the flow, which were dictated by nature, and the occasion.—I now see the lightning of thine eye, attempered to the moment, and transfixing it's object:—I mark the forcible

silence of thy pause; arresting the fancy, with its mute expression of “strange unutterable things;”—in an unconfined, and emphatical eloquence; too unbounded, and too powerful, for the pressure of words. Can I forget thee, thou versatile, magical, and delightful PROTEUS! equally great; and equally darting the emanations of transcendent, and flexible genius, in opposite, and seemingly incompatible characters; in ARCHER, and in SCRUB; in RANGER, and in BRUTE; in RICHARD, and in HAMLET; in DRUGGER, and in LEAR.

But while the sun bursts on my fancy, let not the bright constellations be forgotten. Let me offer my sincere, and warm tribute of gratitude, to the memories of those other excellent performers, who “augmented our stock,”—not of “harmless,” and infantine,—but of manly, instructive, and most animated “pleasure.”—There never existed a greater actor than Mr. WOODWARD, in *his* sphere of acting. His genius could very happily express a variety of characters; but it was peculiarly formed to exhibit eccentricity of manners, in every description. He was inferior to GARRICK, in RANGER, only by fine shades of discrimination; perhaps, he excelled

him in SCRUB: but there never was superiour acting to *his*, in BOBADILL;—in that part, he deserved the laurel in comedy, as highly as it was merited by GARRICK, in LEAR. His BOBADILL, his MARPLOT, and his MERCUTIO, are often before my eyes; they were wonderful examples of the accurate, and striking representation of life by fiction*. I will not minutely mention all the actors, and actresses of merit, who adorned the stage, in the youth, and maturity of *my* life; *this* would be superfluous, and tedious; nor will I presume to judge decisively for others; give me leave, however, to dwell for a while, with pleasure, on a few eminent players, of whom my mind keeps a strong retention; and to whom I was frequently obliged for a lively, and

* I had often been informed that Mr. WOODWARD, with all his lively, and high comick powers, was a very dull companion. I asked Mrs. DALEY, the late wife of the manager of the DUBLIN theatre, who was well acquainted with WOODWARD, if the report was true. She replied, that I might depend on it's truth:—she said, that, in company, “he was serious, and stupid.” The human mind was formed with infinite, and unaccountable variety. The conversation of Dr. GOLDSMITH, an elegant writer, both in verse, and prose, was commonly weak, and absurd.—“Who writes like an angel (says GARRICK of him) and talks like poor POLL.”

moral entertainment. O'BRIEN was an elegant, and spirited actor ; he was capital, in representing the genteel coxcomb. The remembrance of that gentleman, recalls to my mind, the time when the *Jealous Wife* was acted (in which he very finely sustained the part of lord TRINKET) an excellent comedy of Mr. COLEMAN ; which, at it's first coming to light, had, in every way, the fortune which it well deserved. The parts, in a play, were never more judiciously cast ; and never more admirably executed. Mrs. PRITCHARD, in Mrs. OAKLEY, was entitled to all the warm, and high encomium, with which she was honoured by CHURCHILL ; that fastidious, and severe critick of the stage. She, and GARRICK, on that glorious evening, held a charmingly disputed, and equal empire, over the sentiments, and passions of the audience. With what a mortifying inferiority, have I seen these characters, since, represented ; and by names, very sounding, because much in vogue. Our taste in the theatre, in manners, and in literature, are, at present, collateral, and on a level. Without an atom of the prejudices or chagrin of old age ; give *me*, according to my dispassionate, and best judgement, the school of fifty years ago

for them all. Mr. YATES, acted to perfection, in major OAKLEY. Indeed all the parts in that excellent comedy, were completely supported.

But it would be an injustice to the memory of Mrs. PRITCHARD, to pass slightly over *her* fame. She equally excelled in tragedy, and in comedy; and her domestick, or private, and social, was as meritorious as her publick life. Her theatrical talents were properly appreciated by CHURCHILL;—when he views *them*, and those of her illustrious companion on the stage, he sensibly, as well as generously, despises their comparatively trifling personal disadvantages, and exclaims—

PRITCHARD's genteel, and GARRICK six feet high.—

I never saw the celebrated Mrs. CIBBER, but once, in the year 1757. She was in the character of JULIET, and GARRICK in that of ROMEO. It was then that I was unspeakably charmed with the elocution, and action, of that great man; whose performance exceeded my high expectation. The palm of superiority in ROMEO, was ambitiously, and long disputed between him, and BARRY; and the town were almost equally di-

vided in their opinions to whom it should be adjudged. An anecdote has often been told to me, which does great credit to the impartiality of GARRICK, against himself; who, certainly, like the ADDISON of POPE, could not, in general, “bear a brother near the throne.” He went, one evening, to see BARRY in ROMEO, while their strenuous contest was depending. He was delighted with his acting; and ingenuously, and frankly, said to a person who sate by him;—“He makes loves better than I do.” When the capital parts of a play are admirably supported; it makes an impression in a feeling mind, which can never be erased. I shall never forget that night in 1757:—I shall always ardently remember it. GARRICK played ROMEO; Mrs. CIBBER, JULIET; and WOODWARD, MERCUTIO. Mrs. CIBBER was, at that time, rather an antiquated JULIET; but genius, and the graces, have a perpetual youth, that burnishes the decays of age. Her action was proper, and elegant; her eloquence was flowing, tender, and affecting; her voice was clear, and harmonious. I was told by a gentleman, who was very conversant with the history of the stage, that GARRICK was always particularly pleased when he

acted with Mrs. CIBBER. To say any thing more in her praise, would be foolish and impertinent.

Many years after the time of which I am writing, my mind was likewise indelibly impressed with the BEAU'S STRATAGEM; one of the finest comedies in the english language. How, indeed, could it be otherwise impressed? GARRICK played ARCHER; Mrs. BARRY, Mrs. SULLEN; Miss POPE, CHERRY; WESTON, SCRUB; and MOODY, FOIGARDE. The performance, was so just, and spirited; the deception was so fine; that you were almost cheated into a belief, that it was not *acting*, but *real life*.

I have frequently seen Mrs. CLIVE, with that pleasure which she gave to all who saw her. She filled, and adorned a variety of comick parts; the woman of good-sense, and of real good breeding; the humorous, and fantastick lady; or the affected, awkward, and ridiculous female cit. Her moral, and social character, did honour to her theatrical eminence. To the great satisfaction of the publick, she was succeeded by Miss POPE, in the varied excellence of her art, and in private virtue.

If I remember rightly, I never saw Mr. SHE-

RIDAN but once, and in his principal character of CATO. I have always, in spite of a corrupt taste ; in spite of a passion for trifles ; in spite of our contempt, of moral, and patriotick virtue ; admired the poet, and the play. I thought, that Mr. SHERIDAN by no means flowed along with ADDISON ; the one, from a taste of extreme refinement, was most happy in concealing his superstitiously deliberate art, as a writer (and it never can employ too scrupulous an attention) the action of the other, was evidently elaborate ; it was formal, hard, and fatiguing. I greatly respect the memory of the *man* ; but I have a right to make my free remarks on the *actor*. The different operations of the same mind, are congenial, and consentaneous. There is a strong resemblance between his acting of CATO, and his writing of the life of SWIFT ; the *matter* contained in that life, is extremely interesting, and entertaining ; the *manner*, or style, is stiff, formal, and totally inelegant. The banishment of CATO from the stage ; especially when we consider what wretched stuff is obtruded on it, shows, among many other evidences, the degeneracy, or rather, almost the extinction of literary taste, and of publick virtue, in this country. It shows,

that we are fascinated with puerile trifles ; with the extravagant appendages of the drama ; when we cannot be affected by generous, and noble sentiments ; by elegant, and spirited poetry. It was not thus, that ATHENS treated the tender and moral strains of EURIPIDES ; and the golden eloquence ; the chastised wit, of MENANDER ; it was not thus, that SCIPPIO, and LÆLIUS, and all the well-educated sons of ROME, treated his elegant and happy rival, TERENCE ; when both the celebrated states were in the perfection of their virtue, taste, and glory.

Mr. KING, was in many parts a useful ; in some, a first-rate comedian. I never thought him qualified for the real, polite, and elegant gentleman. By GARRICK in ARCHER, he was quite eclipsed.—“ Boastful, and rough, your first son is a squire !” To such a character, he was well adapted. He was not juvenile, and easy enough, in the West Indian. But may the actor never enforce his poet, when that poet produces a West Indian, as a moral hero, in generosity and humanity ! Mr. KING could not be excelled, in sir PETER TEAZLE ; and in lord OGILBY. In this last part, he seemed to give a relief, and glow to the character, which were

not intended by the authour. This artful, and ingenious excess ; this high colouring, was not entitled to indulgence, but to praise.

I never had the happiness to see Mr. POWELL. After the united suffrages of the best judges in his favour, it would be absurd to doubt that he was a great actor. He acted extremely well, both in tragedy, and in comedy ; but in tragedy, he more excelled. CHURCHILL, whom it was very difficult to please, when he complains of GARRICK's desertion of drury-lane, and of his visit to ITALY, adds,

———— But we'll sign an act of grace ;
Since you have left a POWELL in your place.

This young man's intoxication with fame, threw him off all virtuous equilibrium. He died of a fever, at BRISTOL, 1769 ; from his excesses in sensual pleasure :

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

I knew HENDERSON in social life, as well as on the theatre. He was very industrious to excell in his profession ; in which he acquired a considerable degree of eminence. He was an

extremely vain man ; and thought no character too arduous for him. I have heard the coxcomb (but not without my honest reproof of his temerity) talk with contempt of GARRICK. HENDERSON dashed through every species of tragick, and comick parts : but, he was the gentleman in none ; there was always a heaviness, and vulgarity about him. WESTON, through all the varieties, and shades of low comedy, was, perhaps, never equalled. His look ; his action ; every limb, and attitude of the man, completely gave you the character which he represented. Universally loved, and admired, as an actor, he chose to kill himself, by hard drinking. Suicide, from whatever cause, is an unmanly, and pusillanimous act ;—but surely, it is the very quintessence of madness ; when we have many advantages, and honours, to attach us to life !—A similar fate, was that of poor SHUTER ; a great genius in *his* way. He could play the gentleman, and the man of the world ; but he shone most in eccentric parts ; in low comedy ; in ludicrous, and absurd characters. He used to take great liberties with his authour ; but they were so consistent with the dialogue ; and they came so naturally, and characteristically from NED SHUTER ;

that they were generally not only pardoned, but applauded. SHUTER was a very sensible man, and a most facetious, and excellent companion. Therefore CHURCHILL says, too censoriously, —

SHUTER, who never cares a single pin,
Whether he leaves out nonsense, or puts in.

Of the muscular, and varied drollery of the countenance, there never was a greater master. When I have looked at *his* assumed physiognomy, and passions; at WESTON's, and at EDWIN's;—at critical, and interesting times; I have thought of the old managers—

Who made a livelihood of PINKEY's face.

If I did not give a particular attention to Mr. HULL, I should be guilty of a great omission in my view of theatrical merit. He was, in several parts, a judicious, and interesting actor; a most respectable man in his moral, and social character; and he was endowed with distinguished intellectual talents; which he had improved, and adorned, with elegant literary acquirements.

Mr. PARSONS was a very good actor, and a worthy man. He was a great favourite of Mr.

GARRICK; to whom he was warmly recommended by the dutchess of NORTHUMBERLAND, who had seen him on some northern stage. In low comedy, he might more easily have competitors, than superiours. But he had great merit in more respectable comedy; especially, where the character was marked with some peculiar, and prominent humour; or with some selfish, or absurd passion. His constitution was unfortunately weak; his health was bad, and he died of an asthma. EDWIN was in the same theatrical walk with the gentleman whom I have just mentioned; and he acquired in it, the fame which he well deserved. He not only possessed genius; he was likewise a good-natured, inoffensive man.—Drinking, prematurely terminated *his* life. The habit was probably aggravated by a most unhappy destiny; by the rebellious, insolent, and wicked treatment, which he received from his wife, and from his young family. This worst of calamities, will be, to every humane and christian mind, his pathetick apology; though by no means a vindication of his fault.

FOOTE was a good scholar, and a man of the most lively, and poignant convivial humour. A striking instance of this talent, at this moment

occurs to me.—My lord SANDWICH had dined, one day, in FOOTE's company, in covent-garden, at the famous beef-steak club.—The glass had gone profusely round; and at the unguarded time, when the bold idea of the moment sallies forth, without any regard to good manners;—“FOOTE,” (said lord SANDWICH) “I have often wondered what catastrophe would bring *you* to your end; but I think, that you must either die of the p—x, or the halter.”—“My lord,” (replied FOOTE instantaneously) “*that* will depend upon one of two contingencies;—whether I embrace your lordship's mistress, or your lordship's principles.”—He was, on the stage, as he was often in life, rather an excellent mimick, than a great actor. His pieces were, in their nature, fugitive; for they were transcriptions of living characters; and his theatrical talents, like his dramas, were circumscribed; for they were chiefly applicable to those characters; and consequently to a short, and particular time.

I never conversed with this gentleman, but once, in the shop of my friend Mr. THOMAS DAVIES. Mr. DAVIES had been long an actor himself; his wife too, was an actress, and a fine woman. CHURCHILL, in his Rosciad, after

slightly introducing DAVIS, instead of adverting farther to the actor, makes a gallant transition to the lady.

— — — — — on my life,
That DAVIES has a very pretty wife!

Stung with the satire of that poet, they quitted the stage, long before they had intended to leave it. Such was always my opinion, which I mentioned to Dr. JOHNSON; and *his* sentiments on the subject, confirmed mine. In that honest and sociable bookseller's shop, I shewed to Mr. FOOTE some verses which I had written on MACPHERSON'S translation of HOMER: in those verses, I treated the presumptuous, and miserable translator, as I thought that he deserved.

The following was one of my lines in the verses to which I allude;—

And POPE translated *as* his HOMER thought;

Mr. FOOTE proposed an amendment:

And POPE translated *what* his HOMER thought.—

This correction, convinced me, that Mr. FOOTE was a very poor critick in poetry.

I had almost been guilty of an unpardonable omission, in saying nothing of a rare theatrical veteran, Mr. CHARLES MACKLIN. He was born under a great disadvantage; I mean, a total want of education. His active, and aspiring mind, however, supplied that want to itself: from the rudiments of learning, he made himself well acquainted with our english literature; and his vigorous natural abilities; and his assiduous application, enabled him to write, and with good reputation, for the stage. In his younger years, he was master of a bagnio, in covent garden. I need not suffer the pain of dwelling longer on his moral education, and proficiency.

In the year 1773, this adventurous, and intrepid old man (for he must then have seen 70 years) attempted, at covent garden theatre, an extravagant, and to *him*, a totally impracticable atchievement; the representation of MACBETH. Two numerous parties were formed on this occasion, and violently opposite to each other; the one, friendly; the other, hostile to MACKLIN's enterprize. I was in the crowded theatre, on one of the nights of the wild attempt.—Nothing could be more ridiculous (especially to those who were acquainted with GARRICK in MACBETH)

than MACKLIN's comparatively vulgar, and absurd figure, and acting, in that character; nothing could be more tumultuous, and continued (for *such* a contest) than the claps, and hisses, and noise of the house. For the former two, or three acts, I believe, but a few words of the dialogue were heard. The veteran, however, hardily persevered: and it was curious, and diverting, to see him sometimes leave MACBETH (into whose personage, indeed, he had never properly entered) and resume CHARLES MACKLIN. He broke off his conversation with his lady; advanced to the edge of the stage; clenched his fist at his enemies, and addressed them in loud, and menacing language. The old man was most absurdly erroneous in all his ideas of the business in which he was foolishly engaged.—Having extravagantly rated his proper merit; he vainly imagined, that the jealousy of GARRICK, employed emissaries to blast the laurels which were soon to overshoot his own. I was intimate with GARRICK at that time; to whom I knew, that MACKLIN's quixotick attempt, was a subject of mirth, and laughter. The common sense alone, of that great man was sufficient to prevent him from forming any plot against an imaginary

triumph. He clearly foresaw, without unusual sagacity, that MACBETH in MACKLIN, would soon die a natural, and eternal death.

I need say nothing of MACKLIN's comick powers ; they were strong, and characteristick ; but confined.—His SHYLOCK was always received, and deservedly, with universal applause. QUIN, having attentively, one evening, observed him in that character, made a bold remark to him, on his return into the green-room ; it was rather profane ; and the moral suspicion, at least balanced the theatrical compliment.—“ By GOD, “ MACKLIN, if *you* are not a villain, God Almighty does not write a legible hand.”

I saw, in MACKLIN, a most extraordinary human phænomenon ; when he must have been about eighty-five years old. He was the authour of the comedy entitled, THE MAN OF THE WORLD ; it is written with considerable ability, and with a good deal of humour. The principal character, sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT, makes a very uncommonly long part in the play. This part (I think, in the year 1794) I saw MACKLIN act, in drury-lane theatre, with complete retention of memory : with great vivacity, and spirit ; and without fatigue. I have some-

times been in company with him, in the latter years of his life: he was very civil, and communicative to me, in *his* way. He had a wonderful memory; though he experienced a melancholy desertion of it at last. He abounded in entertaining, and interesting anecdote; particularly relating to the theatres: for he had flourished in the time of BETTERTON, BOOTH, WILKS, and CIBBER; and of several other eminent actors, and actresses; whom that authour particularly describes, in his apology for his own life. You received much agreeable, and useful information, from the company of MACKLIN; but his tone, and manner, were peremptory, and imperious.

I have insensibly dwelt longer than I intended on the lively, and picturesque subject of the theatre. The objects were certainly animated; if I have not been altogether inanimate myself, I shall be pardoned by those whose indulgence I should esteem. I shall beg leave to make a few additional observations on some celebrated theatrical *ladies*: I introduce them here; not as a dry supplement; but as a rich ornament to my page.

Mrs. MATTOCKS has, for many years, been an important acquisition to the stage. She very

much pleased, and interested, in genteel comedy ; but the province of her distinguished excellence, was in the lively, sportive, and playful excursions of THALIA. She has long, on account of her whole character, been deservedly loved by her family, and friends, and esteemed by the publick. I had the pleasure to meet her, in the year 1797, at the house of my friend Mr. ED- DIS, in DURHAM. I hope that she is now living, in health, and happiness.

Though several years of my life have been passed in the metropolis, my shattered circumstances, and unsettled situations, prevented me from frequenting the theatres, with a regular, and uniform attention. But whatever I am *now* writing on the subject, is founded on my own knowledge, or on authority of indisputable credit. Of Mrs. YATES's various excellence, I have but a partial, and confused remembrance. She was a tall, fine woman ; and there was an uncommon dignity, and majesty in her deportment. Both her talents, and her person, were particularly formed, for high, commanding, imperious parts. The last character in which I saw her, was that of CALISTA, in THE FAIR PENITENT, as the tragedy is, I think, improperly

entitled by the poet. I have seen the part acted with far more genius, and fire, by Mrs. SIDDONS.

I need not, and I cannot, on account of some faint traces of my memory, give a particular tribute to the merit of Mrs. BARRY, who, unfortunately, afterwards, was Mrs. CRAWFORD. It is well known that she was a great comick, and tragick actress. In tragedy, however, she never was equal to Mrs. SIDDONS: therefore, I was extremely sorry to see her play against that lady (it was the part of BELVIDERA) and to see her play so long. In the decay of talents, and of charms, she contended with a splendour that would have outvied *her* meridian lustre.

I pass on, with a heart-felt pleasure, to Mrs. POPE, whose amiable shade I love better to invoke, under the name of miss YOUNG. Her pathetick, forcible, and beautiful acting, death only will obliterate from my mind. I had many opportunities of observing *her* genius; for when I was fond of admiring it, my poetry had elevated me to publick notice; a buoyant activity bore along, my person, and my mind; and GARRICK presided over the exhilarating season. She was a very fine comick actress. When I was speak-

ing of her, in high terms to my lady CRAVEN (the present margravine of ANSPACH) she perfectly agreed with me in my opinion of miss YOUNG; and added, that she excelled all the other actresses in supporting the character of a lady. Perhaps *this* was going too far; but I could not omit this opportunity of introducing the testimony (in honour of a favourite actress) of one, who had herself been trained (and with peculiar success) under the tuition of the graces.

Though miss YOUNG was an excellent comedian, I always thought that she only appeared in *tragedy* in all her glory. I have always viewed her as an improving actress, to the last: she was not too confident in her talents; she was not negligent from success; a careful attention; a diligent application to the objects of her profession, to those talents did ample justice. When genius submits (as it always *ought*) to toil, and cultivation (for it can do nothing *truly* great, without them) it has it's fair, and complete play: it's energies are collected; well disposed; and well directed; they are driven home, with all their impetus; they have all their victorious effect. Her natural, and last exit, was a great

publick loss ;—she lived with reputation ; she acted with glory ; and she died with dignity.

It is impossible to be too lavish in the praise of Mrs. ABINGTON. Extreme, yet easy elegance, and politeness, characterized *her* manner, in social, and in imitative life. Her action, her attitudes, and her dress, so happily, and reciprocally conspired ; that they seemed to make but one harmonious, and most significantly expressive being. In the whole extensive, and variegated field of comedy, she was justly admired ; but in genteel, and accomplished life, I always thought her without a rival. She never failed to show the *ne plus ultra* of her art ; the most poignant zest of it's refinement ; when she played a sensible, polite, and witty female character ; with the poet's addition of what may be taken in reality, a soft, and delicate, yet lively tinge of affectation ; which, instead of disgusting, gives a relief, and brilliancy to her charms, and understanding. I should suppose that the recollection of her MILLEMANT, and of her LADY BETTY MODISH, would sufficiently vouch for the truth of this observation.

I cannot take my leave of the three last mentioned ladies, with unqualified praise. They were

at last ungrateful to GARRICK; to their old master; who had been the principal friend to their interest, and to their excellence. Presuming on their fame, and importance, they frequently injured *his* rights; and offended his fair, and equitable authority: they often disappointed him, by pretending illness, when they should have taken parts which he had assigned to them. It was thought that in consequence of this treatment, GARRICK left the stage sooner than he had intended to take leave of it;—hence appeared in the publick papers, the following couplet of my friend DAVIES.

Three thousand Brims, killed ORPHEUS in a rage;
Three actresses, drove GARRICK from the stage.

In *this* opinion, however, I believe that DAVIES was mistaken. GARRICK's health had been sensibly declining for several years: he had made a large fortune; he might say with CÆSAR, that, in *his* department, he had lived long enough to glory; and at the most, he did not live two years, after his theatrical demise.

When I was conversing one day with Mr. GARRICK, on the talents of Mrs. ABINGTON, he allowed them all their high desert; “But”

(said he) “ I so much detest her manners, and
“ her manœuvres, that I never speak to her but
“ when I am acting with her.” A few nights
after, I saw him making rapturous love to her, in
the character of DON JOHN, in the CHANCES ;
when *she* was playing the first CONSTANTIA. I
could not but smile, at the recollection of what
he had lately told me, and at the present fact. But
this true, and determined hatred, and fictitious
love, are not without their analogies, in *real*
life. In *this* instance, as in too many respects,
“ the world’s a stage.”

For many years, there has been a great falling off, in the merit of our actors : but a chasm, or a void, in the entertainment of the theatre, has never been made by *women*. In the lapse of a few years, indeed, in which time, I have been absent from LONDON, merit, in either sex, may have arisen ; of which, as I have not seen it, nor heard it distinctly, and well ascertained, I cannot speak. But *this* temporary circumstance, does not invalidate the propriety of my general remark ; which, as it refers to a series of many years, is to be tried by that criterion. That the progress of female excellence, since the time when our stage first received judicious, and

polite improvement, has advanced unbroken, is demonstrated by the merits, and fame, of those ladies, whom I have been just describing. The examples of a SIDDONS, and a JORDAN, alone, might, at the present hour, assert, and prove, the long connected continuance of female genius. By the former, it has been maintained in all it's tragick honours ; the comick powers of the latter, have evinced it's exemption from an *interregnum* ; have displayed the milder, and serener graces of it's immortal reign. It is certain that, in their respective provinces, these two actresses have never been excelled : it is not so indisputable, that they have ever been equalled. I can corroborate, or rather evince the truth of this account of our theatres in former days, by the following short quotation from GIBBON's memoirs of his life.

“ I assiduously frequented the theatres at
“ a very propitious æra of the stage [1758]
“ when a constellation of excellent actors, both
“ in tragedy and comedy, was eclipsed by the
“ meridian brightness of GARRICK ; in the ma-
“ turity of his judgment, and vigour of his per-
“ formance.”

This long, and uninterrupted succession of the

great actresses who have adorned our stage, is a proof, among other instances, in the history of our species ; and of their accomplishments, that we are excelled by the fair sex, in the natural, and immediate elegance, and politeness of the moment ; and in the spontaneous, and happy imitation of all that is ease, elegance, politeness, and rapture. I am speaking of the more *common* aptitude, and facility, in the one sex, than in the other, in displaying these properties ; in acquiring these graces ; in throwing out this beautiful, and captivating ardour. I am *not* comparatively referring to the most distinguishing, and highest degree of excellence, in manner, and in passion ; which is the fortune of a very few of either sex.—Women ought not to be offended with me for my superstition in sincerity ;—in an ingenuous, and moral view ; or, in other words, if we have a proper sense of the esteem which we owe to the object whom we address ; all adulation is but disrespect, under a flowery ambush.—If an impartial, and fair attention was payed to certain truths, however unpalatable, their practical consequences would be extremely favourable to the real credit, and honour of individuals, and to the intellectual ad-

vantages of the community. *That* ease, elegance, and fire, which issue from the mind, in deliberate, gradual, and just proportion, and symmetry of sentiment, and language; which are produced by intensely exerted thought, by a penetrating, exalted, and divine reason, acting vigorously on it's essence; and at the same time, watchfully, and accurately regulating, and correcting an ardent, and expansive imagination;—*this* ease; this elegance; and this fire, are only formed, and atchieved by *man*. Nature; example; experience; every thing that deserves to be regarded, is *for* us; there is nothing *against* us, but the most contemptible advocates; flattery; superficiality; and fashion.

There was a time, when I should have offered some profane incense, on this important subject, to the deities of my secondary adoration; when I should have surrendered the laurel of literature to the myrtle of love. But those *halcyon*, though they were not very tranquil days, are passed, for ever; and I have long been a convert to a rightful, and more sacred worship. TRUTH, who, in *my* classical mythology, is the first of the OLYMPIAN powers, after the JUPITER MAXIMUS, is now the goddess of my undivided,

and devoted idolatry. To my pure, and religious veneration for *her*, I have sacrificed every inferiour consideration that men most highly value ; when I expressed my thoughts in prose, I urged my best arguments in *her* defence. When I introduced fiction into verse, I engaged that fiction in *her* cause : I would rather desert the MUSES, than my disinterested, and inflexible allegiance to TRUTH.

Towards the end of march, or in the beginning of april, 1756, I left LONDON, and went, with two brother officers, to PORTSMOUTH ; to be ready to sail in admiral BYNG's fleet, for the MEDITERRANEAN. Nothing could be more disagreeable to me, than my stay at PORTSMOUTH, which was of about ten or twelve days. The town was very much crowded ; and all provisions, and accommodations, were extremely dear. Cold, rough, and most inhospitable weather, aggravated the scene. The society which I had, in a naval mess, did not tend, at intervals, to dissipate, or alleviate, these evils. Nothing could be more shocking, and mortifying to me, or to any mind which possessed a particle of moral delicacy, or of intellectual improvement, than the manners, and conversation of the sea-

officers. I speak of what they were, in general, almost half a century ago ; I hope that they are better now ; in this age of boasted civilization, and refinement. I am sure that there was a large field for improvement. I am certain, that I was, at that time, frequently, as remote from temperance, and self-government, as many of them ; but I was ever a sincere, and ardent lover, and admirer of virtue :—therefore, when I was not a victim to the strength of passion, she, at all times, had my unaffected and heartfelt worship ; I never wantonly, or deliberately insulted her. In my most unguarded days, I detested that irreligious, licentious, and abandoned mirth, or *wit* (as it may be thought by some people) which always has been, and I fear, always will be, habitual, in the convivial hours of men in the profession of arms. Neither height of rank, or birth ; nor the number, and force of example, could ever make it tolerable to *my* sentiments of right, and wrong. These sentiments have, I thank God, at last befriended me, in the midst of the most dreary, and appalling circumstances. They, and the harsh, but edifying treatment which I have received from mankind, have taught me to be superiour to accident, pride, and va-

nity; and to deem every object insignificant, when compared with the fine discipline of the heart, and mind: they have taught me to seek, and to find that satisfaction which is independent of the world; and which is only connected with God and *me*.

About the middle of april, the fleet, under the command of the admirals, BYNG, and WEST, sailed for GIBRALTAR. At this time, we were certain of a war; encroachments had already been begun, on our american possessions, on the side of FRANCE; and we had every reason to expect her immediate hostilities, in the MEDITERRANEAN: yet that fleet was detained at SPITHEAD, for a fortnight, till the repairs of the INTREPIDE (a seventy-four gun ship, which we had taken from the french) were completed: a circumstance, which, with many others that attended the unfortunate destination of that equipment, convinced me that there was something very absurd, or very corrupt, in the administration of the duke of NEWCASTLE.

I need not observe, that from my situation, I often saw admiral BYNG: I never spoke to him but once. The land-officers had been appointed to their several ships; I was to sail in the RE-

VENGE ; but I had a great desire to go in the CULLODEN ; as in that ship, I should have enjoyed the company of two or three intimate friends. To make this point, I waited on admiral BYNG ; and in the most respectful manner, expressed my request to him. Like a great man speaking to a little one, he hardly vouchsafed me an audience of a moment ; and referred me to his secretary.—The instrument of power is always harder, and more untractable, than power itself ; I could make nothing of the secretary ; the arrangement was made ; and I must abide by it. I have no doubt that both these gentlemen viewed me with supreme contempt. I can only most conscientiously say, that in *that* idea, I was not an atom in their debt.

I must, here, however, observe, that if “ outward, and visible signs,” were always genuine, and decisive marks, or proofs, of the inward man, you might have concluded, from the appearance of Mr. BYNG, that he was a hero. His face, his person, and his manner, were manly, and noble. I shall not presume to renew the trite, and obsolete question, of the motives of his conduct, in his partial, and ignominious engagement with the french. But I remember two

anecdotes, which are very much against his personal courage. I know from good, and repeated authority, that our worthy old king (GEORGE the second) frequently declared his apprehension that BYNG would not fight. He undoubtedly had good reason for this apprehension. In the short course of my military life, I made an intimate, and most agreeable acquaintance, with major MARLEY of our regiment; his father, I think, was a judge in IRELAND. He was an amiable, and interesting gentleman (I am afraid that he has been long dead) he was educated at Trinity-College, in DUBLIN; and retained a warm love of literature, which afforded him his favourite pleasure; he was then old enough to to have been my father. But those charming, and sublime pursuits which do most honour to human nature, united our affections, and made our minds coeval. This gentleman assured me, that admiral BYNG, for some words disrespectful to the army, which he threw out, in a coffee-house, at MINORCA, tamely suffered an immediate, and great personal affront from a land-officer, who heard that language.

I met with nothing very agreeable when I went on board of the REVENGE, captain FRE-

DERICK CORNWALL; a seventy-four gun ship; in which it was my destiny to sail to the MEDITERRANEAN. The external varnish of life; and I have no doubt that real, and substantial good manners, in the navy, have greatly improved since the time of which I am writing; but amongst my mess-mates in the REVENGE, the rough surface, and the essence, perfectly agreed. Captain FREDERICK CORNWALL, our commander, seemed to be about sixty years of age; he had the manners of a gentleman; he had a good person, and a good face; but there was a natural haughtiness in him; which had not been softened by the naval school of those days. He had lost an arm, in the engagement of MATHEWS and LESTOCK, against the french, and spaniards, off the island of SICILY, in the year 1744. He was then a mate of the MARLBOROUGH, a ship of the line of battle, which was commanded by his uncle, captain — CORNWALL. He was a man of the most collected, and determined courage; of which I was an ocular witness, in BYNG's engagement; for the inactivity, and shyness of the admiral, were far from pervading the whole fleet. Generous proofs of valour were shown, even on *that* ignoble day; by command

and contrary to command. The irresistible enthusiasm of the english naval spirit, forgot, or despised the awful, but cold authority of power; which, in vain attempted to freeze that spirit; and by which that spirit was basely deserted. But I shall speak more particularly of this battle, if battle it may be called, in it's proper order.

I was received sullenly, by the first lieutenant, who showed me my miserable temporary cabin, on the main deck.—Indeed, three of the four lieutenants, were very vulgar men; but their vulgarity was rendered more disgusting, by those illiberal prejudices which then mutually prevailed (but with more force, and animosity, with the sea-officers) between the army, and the navy. The youngest lieutenant, captain ROBERT BOYLE, had been politely educated. And *his* behaviour considerably atoned for the disagreeable manners of the rest. I received some marks of regard, and friendship from *him*, many years after, in LONDON, when I was a clergyman there;—he told me that, if it was agreeable to me, he would take me as his chaplain, if he should again have a command; and that *he* made it a rule, that *his* chaplain should live with *him*; as he knew, from long experience, that the conversation of a ward-

room, was extremely improper for the hearing of a clergyman. And *I* know by experience, that the clergyman who can endure it, must either have the invincible patience, and perseverance, of a missionary, or a martyr ; or the profligacy of a CHARTRES. I gratefully accepted his offer ; for it promised me more pleasure than I could enjoy from the objects which then employed me ; a slavish curacy in the city ; and writing in poverty, and without protection, for booksellers. This unfortunate gentleman, in the year 1779, was appointed to the command of the THUNDERER ; and went out in her, to the WEST INDIES, with the rank of commodore. He was a man who meant well for the moment ; but he had a good deal of the light, and frivolous, in his character ; I must particularly except his courage ; which was indisputable, and great. He forgot to take *me* with him ; but as I am not, either naturally, or habitually, a melancholy, and desponding man, I hope that I suffered no loss by the treacherous memory of his friendship. He was drowned in the THUNDERER, which foundered at sea, in the dreadful, and almost unexampled WEST-INDIAN hurricane, in the year 1780. Many storms, and waves of adversity,

and opposition, have gone over me, since that time ; but they have not overwhelmed me. These tempests, indeed, may so far bear down a man, that they may keep him long from the short-sighted publick eye ; but if he is true to himself ; if he maintains his soul erect ; if he strenuously combats the injustice of the world, by doing justice to his own endowments, and privileges, as a man ; he will disdain the temporary submersion ; he will buffet it's billows ; he will rise above their insults ; and he will openly assert, and establish, the rights of his nature.

One of the greatest blackguards in the ship (indeed, he was absolutely the most odious of them, on account of his education, his profession, and his office) was the chaplain. His name was JONES ; and, as I remember, he had the living of UPPINGHAM, in the county of RUTLAND. He often used to talk of his intimacy with the marquis of GRANBY : I believe that our honest, and brave nobleman, had sometimes disgraced himself by making JONES his companion. The fellow had very little learning : all masterly acquisitions of the mind are incompatible with a profligate life :—but he seem-

ed to have good natural parts ; and a species of humour, approaching to buffoonery, which was well adapted to the entertainment of his companions.—He was destitute of integrity ; and he often showed a contempt of common decency. From his vices, and situation in life, he was inevitably despised ; yet, I am well convinced, that *he* received more *external* marks of friendship, and satisfaction in his company, from those with whom he associated (without excepting the captain himself) than would have been bestowed on a worthy man ; whose heart, and mind, and behaviour, were inspired, and guided, by virtue, and religion ; and by all the beauty of moral decorum.

JONES, amongst his other profanations, pretended at times, to a sense of honour, and a delicacy of feeling. One evening, after he had retired from the convivial board sooner than was customary with him, I wrote on the table, with a pencil, the following extempore lines ;

When JONES forsakes the sprightly bowl ;
And punch no more delights his soul ;
The sun shall quit the azure sky ;
And planets from their stations fly.

On the next morning, when I went into the ward-room, I found my gentleman there, who very gruffly expressed his resentment for the liberty which I had taken with him. — A retaliation of resentment, he was too contemptible a creature, in *my* eyes, to excite. I replied, with the calmest composure; that “ I had only thrown out
“ a very innocent joke; at which no man of
“ common good nature; and of common sense,
“ would have been offended:—that he was *not*
“ a subject for serious consideration; other-
“ wise, in return to his present petulance, and
“ impertinence, I would distinguish him by
“ some verses, which his *real qualities* de-
“ served.”

I wish that I had not reason to regret the liberty of my satire, more than as it was very gently exercised on Mr. JONES. I shall ever be sorry that I made two or three worthy men my foes. Indeed, I have very few conscientious apologies; very few recantations, of this kind, to make. Most of my satirical verses have ever flowed from an unprejudiced hatred of vice; and from a pure love of virtue: and they have in general been very properly aimed; they have been very amply deserved. They may

have often, to himself, and to the world, impeached the authour of imprudence; but the poetical strictures which I have now in view, never accused him, to his own breast, of a *moral* misapplication of them. Their disagreeable consequences have condemned his unguarded frankness; but they never reproached his justice.

The fleet sailed from SPITHEAD about the middle of april. In our voyage to GIBRALTAR, we encountered a violent storm in the bay of BISCAY. When the weather had so far abated, that land-men might be upon deck, without incommoding the sailors, I went up, to survey one of the originals of SALVATOR ROSA. A tempest in the bay of BISCAY, displays one of the most tremendously magnificent scenes that can be imagined. A prodigious alternate swell and depression of the waves continue, long after the fury of the hurricane is exhausted. A view of the awful objects, and the consequent reflexions on the elements of creation, fiercely jarring, yet ever kept within their proper bounds; must always impress a serious and contemplative mind, with a vast idea of the dreadful energies of nature; and of the infinite power, and wisdom of the GOD, by whom they are controuled. The

quotation of a very pious, and picturesque passage from the royal, and inspired psalmist, will be very apposite to my present thoughts; and it will bring a force, which will be worthy of the subject; and which is wanting to *my* sentiments, and expressions.—“ They that go down to the
“ sea in ships; and occupy their business in great
“ waters; these men see the works of the Lord;
“ and *his* wonders in the deep. For, at *his*
“ word, the stormy wind ariseth: which lifteth
“ up it's waves: they are carried up to the
“ heaven, and down again to the deep.”

PSALM cviii. v. 23, 24, 25, 26.

In the beginning of may, after a voyage of little more than a fortnight, Mr. BYNG's fleet anchored in the bay of GIBRALTAR. As I had been, for a long time in what I thought very disagreeable company; on my landing at the water-port, and going on to the high street (adjacent to which was the old parade; and where there were, then, two coffee-houses, the one almost opposite to the other) I joined some of my friends, with that high pleasure, and warmth of affection, that such meetings produce; and which were natural, with a peculiar strength, to

my constitution. I was considerably struck with the romantick situation of GIBRALTAR; but I was more pleasingly affected with it's genial warmth, and cerulean sky. As it lies at the southern extremity of Europe, it is frequently very hot there: but as it's little territory forms a peninsula, it's heat is, in general, sufficiently mitigated by the fresh air of the sea. If my circumstances, and the other appendages of my life, had been fortunate, no man would have enjoyed a delightful climate more exquisitely than myself. It is an object that must always most agreeably penetrate a lively sensibility; and a fancy, that opens, like one of it's flowers, to it's inspiration. In temperate, or middling latitudes, nature most generously provides for the health, and strength of the body; and for the perfection and honours of the mind. Her order, and arrangement, may, in this respect, by many external circumstances, and oppositions, be counteracted; they may be defeated; but those exceptions, do not invalidate her established, and eternal fact. These latitudes, when the institutions, and diligence of man have adequately co-operated with their spontaneous, and benevolent effects, have ever produced, in the human

species, the most acute penetration ; the greatest vigour of intellect ; and the finest luxuriance, and colouring of imagination. The examples of the greeks and romans, authenticate and confirm *this* theory ; they were the greatest people, (especially the latter) of whom we read in history ; I mean in all that history, in which the dignity of truth prevails ; and which is not disgraced, and confounded with fable.

I have been, for a few years of my life, in fine climates ; and I have experienced, but by no means completely, their grateful tributes to the senses ; and their auspicious influence on the mind. These genuine, and pure enjoyments, were greatly allayed by a variety of sinister causes ; by my pecuniary difficulties ; by my imprudencies ; and by the bad dispositions, and ingratitude of those with whom I was intimately connected ; and to whom I had been kind and friendly.

I should unwillingly apply to a spanish night, the epithet of YOUNG ;—"night, *sable* goddess !" —At GIBRALTAR, she is not a *sable*, but a *shining* goddess ! a goddess of mild, yet of delightfully serious ; of religious majesty. With what poetical pleasure ; with what ascending of

the soul, have I walked, on an evening after sun-set, on the old parade, at GIBRALTAR! Through the finest atmosphere, an æther of spotless, and vivid azure, saluted the eye, and charmed the mind. The galaxy streamed with a golden, and white effulgence, totally unsullied with northern vapours. All the heavenly host shed down the emanations of their splendid eloquence; displayed the magnificent characters of deity; gave the demonstrative lye to atheists; and proclaimed with oracular emphasis, the theology of the skies. The regions below, bore a part, in this *divine service*, with those above. Bland, and gentle was the air; and it conveyed, from the geraniums, and flowering shrubs of the rock, their aromattick odour. The fragrance filled the atmosphere; and it seemed a pious evening-sacrifice; an offering of gratitude from the earth, to the benignity, and grandeur of the heavens.

I have been *lately* at GIBRALTAR; comparatively with the time to which I now refer. The remembrance of old CALPE (with all its ethereal brilliancy) must ever be attended in *my* mind (as I shall show hereafter) with ideas of a dusky hue. I have suffered much in that

quarter, from several ungenerous deeds which greatly discredit human nature; from gross violations of the rights of hospitality; from disrespected, and injured literature; from the most unfeeling ingratitude for good offices; from neglected, and insulted friendship. The caprice of my fate as an authour, impelled me, in *one* memorable instance, to act in concert with the illiberality of mankind; and mortally to injure a piece of my own literature; in which I treated of *this* famous pillar of HERCULES. But to *this* object I shall speak more particularly, in it's proper place.

On our anchoring in the bay of GIBRALTAR, early in may, we were informed that war had been declared, in ENGLAND against FRANCE; and that the castle of St. PHILIP, in the island of MINORCA, was besieged by the duke of RICHELIEU. On this occasion, a council of war met in GIBRALTAR, in which it was determined, that lord ROBERT BERTIE's regiment (the english fuzileers) which made a part of the garrison, should be sent on board of Mr. BYNG's fleet, to act as marines, with the officers, and recruits from ENGLAND, belonging to the MINORCA-regiments; and to relieve, if it was practicable,

their friends who were besieged in St. PHILIP'S castle. This resolution of the council of war, to put the english fuzileers on board of the fleet, met with considerable opposition from general FOLKES, the governour of GIBRALTAR: for *that* opposition, however, he was dismissed from his government. I have been credibly informed, that our good old king, much to the honour of his memory, waited for an opportunity, when he might prudently, and without seeming to countenance a military crime which is extremely prejudicial to an army, severely show his resentment against *one* instance of that gentleman's conduct, which he highly disapproved. General FOLKES had given their fatal effects to the sentences of death pronounced by courts-martial, in the garrison, on eighteen deserters, who were shot in one day. A barbarous, and wanton effusion of human blood; because the execution of that number, was far more than was necessary, as an awful example. GEORGE the second was, what every king *ought* to be, and what not one king among a thousand *is*, a feeling, humane, and reflecting man. Monarchs, in general, are corrupted, and spoiled, with ease; luxury, pomp, and splendour; they are intoxicated with power,

and adulation: they are habituated, for they are taught to deem their subjects their slavish vassals; not their political, and adopted sons. Even the very persons who are appointed to cultivate, and exalt their minds with knowledge, and virtue; whose duty it is, to make them deserve a crown; principally contribute to render them inferiour, in understanding, and moral merit, to common men. They do not check, with a conscientious exercise of authority, their love of idleness, and folly; they do not perseveringly endeavour to conquer their dislike of useful, and noble application. Their indulgence debases the intellect; and their flattery corrupts the heart. The religious sense of the most important of duties; that of forming a *real* sovereign, is lost in the insinuating ambition of the courtier, or ecclesiastick; at once humble, and aspiring. Let us rather pity, than blame, the weakness, and absurdities of kings; even let our indignation against their *crimes* be tempered with lenity; with a benevolent moral discrimination. Their province is the most arduous, as it is the most glorious; yet of all men, in the different departments; in the infinitely diversified stations of life; *they* are the

worst prepared by education, adequately to fill their high, and expanded sphere.

I am now going to relate some particulars which I remember, of an inglorious, yet memorable day. I hope that they will be accepted as a part of the substance of my engagement, to endeavour to give some importance to those memoirs, by useful, and interesting information. Not to insert those particulars, here, would be an omission of a duty that I owe to the memories of generous, and brave men, who deserved a better commander. The gallantry of *one* of our admirals, of some of our captains, and of their equally gallant seamen, showed what a happy opportunity was lost, of continuing the splendid chain of our naval glory; when a link of it was perfidiously, and ignominiously broken. Indeed, I have no doubt, that almost every individual on board, was then fired with the spirit, that should actuate the soul of a briton, on such occasions.

The english, and french fleets, were in sight of each other, on the evening of the 19th of may; three or four days after we had sailed from GIBRALTAR. The french were under the command of GALISSONIERE. The force of the enemy,

and ours, were almost equal; if they had at all the advantage, it was so trifling, that a true english sailor (as former, and late exploits demonstrate) would not have deigned to think of it, for a moment. All the night of the 19th, we lay to; at the distance, perhaps, of ten leagues from each other. I shall certainly *not* be perfectly accurate, in this part of my narrative; but trifling, and involuntary errours will be pardoned. On the nineteenth we were off the island of MINORCA; where we had the pleasure to see the british flag still flying on the citadel of St. PHILIP. There, the brave old BLAKENEY had long held out against his numerous besiegers; with only four regiments, of a perseverance congenial with his own; worne out with fatigue; as their numbers were unequal to the defence of the place.—A high mountain (mount TORO) in the island of MINORCA, is very conspicuous at sea; I believe that there was, then, a convent on it's top.

We were prepared to receive the enemy; and early in the afternoon of the 20th of may, 1756, the line was formed on either side, and the fleets were opposite (with but a small distance between them) from each other.—Nothing more attracts

human admiration, than courage. I shall never forget the pleasure ; the enthusiasm which I felt, on observing the behaviour of captain CORNWALL, on that day. He had put off his dishabille, and came upon deck, dressed in his uniform ; with an aspect of pleasure ; as if his object had been a wedding ; *not* an engagement. Lord EFFINGHAM, a worthy, and brave nobleman, accompanied him, who was on his way to join his regiment, if it was possible, which was stationed at MINORCA. It happened that I was walking on the quarter-deck ; I was not yet ordered to my post ; which was on the fore-castle. “ I think (said captain CORNWALL) I never saw
“ a finer line than ours is, to-day : the french,
“ too, seem to offer fairly.—This, I hope, will
“ be a glorious day, for ENGLAND !”

All hands were now ordered to their quarters ; and the cannon began to play. Admiral WEST * led the van ; and began the attack, with the greatest activity, and spirit ; Mr. BYNG with *his* division, advanced very slowly, and ineffectually ; when he should have come on, with rapidity, and ardour. The sight of this pusillanimous, and

* His son was wounded.

mortifying delay, struck, and affected captain CORNWALL extremely.—“ Good God! (said “ he to lord EFFINGHAM, and the other gentle- “ men around him) what does Mr. BYNG mean?” Mr. WEST’s division was then warmly engaged with the enemy.—“ Now is the time (cried “ captain CORNWALL) for our admiral to make “ all the sail he can, and to fall in with the “ enemy.”—At last, he gave up all hopes of any good, from *his* conduct. He then repeatedly, and earnestly, desired the gentlemen on the quarter-deck, to take particular notice of the admiral; and to remember well, his situation, and the slowness of his motions. He felt the generous indignation of an englishman, at this conduct; and his breast was prophetick of a future inquiry. I shall here observe, that *his* evidence on the court-martial, was one of the most fatal testimonies against Mr. BYNG. Indeed, this very captain CORNWALL, on the day which I am recording; from his patriotism, and love of honour, gloriously exposed himself to the censure of martial law. He was in BYNG’s division; he broke the line, contrary to *his* arrangement; and attacked the enemy. We had three ships on us at once; *my* station was on

the fore-castle, with my welsh and english fuzileers; we gave them some vollies of small arms:—after the firing had lasted about two hours, the french fleet sheered off: the wind was in their favour; and they were good sailors. It was evidently their intention, as they aimed principally at the rigging, not to conquer us manfully; but to disable us from persuing them. For a considerable time, I very distinctly heard the whizzing of balls every moment; and though I was not quite so delighted with that musick, as CHARLES of SWEDEN was, at the battle of NARVA, I kept my station properly, and my mind collected. In the heat of *our* engagement, the fore-top-mast was shot away; it came down with a prodigious crash; I was immediately under it; and I then sincerely thought, that an eternal end was approaching, to all my earthly hopes, and fears. Still, however, I did not flinch; for thus I had previously, and firmly determined.

The gallant captain WARD of the CULLODEN, a seventy-four gun ship, was imitating the example of his intrepid friend CORNWALL; and crowding sail, to fall on the enemy. Mr. BYNG hailed him, as he was advancing, and ordered him to keep his station. Many of the truly british sailors

of this brave man, had crowded round him, and requested him, with inexpressible ardour, to lead them to the enemy. WARD burst into tears; and exclaimed;—"What can I do, my worthy fellows? you see that my hands are tied."—This gentleman, too, gave a fatal wound of evidence, at the court-martial of admiral BYNG. By this infamous pusillanimity of BYNG, the two largest ships in the fleet, the RAMILLIES, and the CULLODEN, were not in the action.

The english always fire at the hull, therefore many were killed on board of the french fleet; very few fell on *our* side; for, the demolishing of our rigging, was the chief aim of the enemy. This was evident, because, though the REVENGE was engaged with three french ships, I do not believe that we lost *one* man. But our sails were so terribly shattered, that we were obliged to have several hands, from different ships, for some days after the engagement, to repair them.

Captain ANDREWS of the DEFIANCE, which was in the division of Mr. WEST, and which first bore down, and with the most determined intrepidity, on the french, was unfortunately killed in this engagement. He was an amiable man; and

an excellent officer. I live in an obscure part of the world; and in retirement; therefore I often want proper assistants to my memory. Hence, I am not, at this moment sure, whether or no captain NOEL, of the PRINCESS LOUISA*, died in consequence of a wound which he had received in his leg; but if I recollect aright, that wound was fatal to him. An amputation was performed; and I think that he died of a locked jaw. I shall relate two remarkable anecdotes on captain ANDREWS, and on captain NOEL:—they will be respected by some; they will be slighted by others; at the worst, they will not be altogether unentertaining. Captain NOEL had a strong presentiment that he would lose his leg in that engagement: what was the foundation of this idea I know not: he was a truly brave man; and the apprehension by no means dispirited him. On the contrary, he one day jocularly tied his leg (the very leg which was afterwards wounded) with his handkerchief, up to his thigh; and attempted to move with that great disadvantage:—“I am trying (said he) how I could

* Since I wrote this, I have conversed with a gentleman who was in BYNG's action: he assured me that captain NOEL died as I have related.

“ walk, or hop, after the loss of a leg.” My anecdote concerning the brave captain ANDREWS, is of a more serious, and important nature; and I can only equal the irrational incredulity of those who shall despise, or totally disbelieve it, by the most ridiculous examples of scepticism, and philosophical nonsense, that are to be found in the writings of Mr. HUME.—This anecdote was communicated to me by captain HARVEY, of the english fuzileers; who was on board of the DEF-
ANCE, at BYNG’s engagement; he was a gentleman of the most undisputed integrity, and honour; he was captain ANDREWS’s messmate, and intimate friend.

This valiant, and amiable commander, whose death was extremely deplored, and whose memory will be immortal, was very grave, and pensive, on the morning of his fatal 20th of May. His courage was indisputable; he had given proofs of it, in the former part of his life. His friend captain HARVEY took the liberty to remark this unseasonable air of melancholy, to himself.—

“ My dear ANDREWS (said he to him) I know
“ that you are a hero; but I am sorry to see you
“ in a solemn reverie at this time; it hurts your
“ own credit; and it may have a discouraging

“ effect on your friends.”——“ Captain HAR-
“ VEY (replied ANDREWS) my heart thanks you
“ for your seasonable admonition. I will instantly
“ shake off this ignominious gravity : but pardon
“ it, my dear friend, on account of it’s extraor-
“ dinary cause. I never was a superstitious man;
“ though I never was such a vulgar fool, as
“ to despise religion. But last night, I was pro-
“ digiously impressed with a dream (of which I
“ have not now time to tell you the particulars)
“ and which I am assured, without the possibility
“ of a doubt, was oracularly prophetick of my
“ death, in this day’s action. But depend upon
“ it, I will die like a man : my death shall do
“ credit to myself ; to my friends ; and to my
“ country.”—He nobly fulfilled his promise :—
he took a most affectionate leave of HARVEY,
when they were retiring to their respective sta-
tions.—“ He gave me a friendly, and ardent
“ kiss (said captain HARVEY) but with cold
“ lips.”—His attack of the french (for *his* ship
began the engagement) was vigorous, and splen-
did to the highest degree. He was killed by a
cannon ball, and I believe, in the first quarter of
an hour of the fight. The inglorious admiral
made the best of his way (with his disappointed,

and mortified fleet) back to the old rock; to *cover* GIBRALTAR, as he was pleased to say, in the language of a pretext, which was even destitute of plausibility.

Captain BAIRD of the PORTLAND, a ship of sixty guns, bore a very active, and gallant part in this engagement. He was a man of an extraordinary character; therefore I particularly mention him here. I think that he was a native of SCOTLAND. He had all the roughness; and too much of the profaneness of the sailor; yet with very generous, and elegant properties of the mind. He had a good library, and delighted in reading. In an engagement, long before BYNG's action (for he was, then, rather an old man) he had received a severe wound in his hip. In that engagement, he had a nephew, a midshipman; who was likewise badly wounded. One of the officers, or seamen, in the heat of the action, informed him of the gentleman's misfortune:—"I am very sorry for it (said he) but by G—I have got half of my a—se shot away, myself!"

Of what I shall now communicate to the reader, relating to the unfortunate Mr. BYNG, I was not a witness myself; but I was assured

of it's truth, by several men of veracity, and honour.

The honourable AUGUSTUS HERVEY, the late earl of BRISTOL, at the time of which I am treating, commanded the PHŒNIX, a twenty gun ship; consequently, he was only a spectator of the action; he was an intimate acquaintance, and friend of Mr. BYNG; and as an evidence at the court-martial, which condemned him to death, he was a very zealous advocate for his conduct. Vice admiral SMITH, the president of the court-martial, having observed his ardour for his friend, asked him, in a very serious manner, “Whether, “if he had been in Mr. BYNG’s situation, on “the 20th of may, *his* conduct would have been “the same with that of the admiral?”—He replied, that “*his* mode of acting should, certainly, have been just the same with Mr. “BYNG’s.”—“Would you have acted so, indeed?” returned the president. “Upon my “honour, I *would*.”—“Upon my honour (answered admiral SMITH) I believe that you “*would*.”—It is certain, that, at this time, the character of captain HERVEY (and as I have been told, principally on account of some home

treatment which he had received at GIBRALTAR, from the present admiral MILBANK) suffered under the imputation of too strong a dislike of fighting. Every fault, however, may be redeemed in fact, and in moral equity; and humanity, by an opposite conduct; though it is very seldom completely redeemed in the eye of an ungenerous, and uncharitable world; quick-sighted to the failings of others; unobserving, or rather blind, to their own. This gentleman, afterwards, battered the MORO, at the HAVANNAH; with the most heroick intrepidity, and perseverance. In that attack, he made the name of the ship, the DRAGON, an emblem of its achievement. His valour greatly weakened the impression of his former caution: his rank in civil life, expunged it.

When the gallant captain WARD of the CULLODEN (who, as I have already related was, by BYNG's positive, and personal order, restrained from fighting) was asked by vice-admiral SMITH, the president of the court-martial on the unfortunate admiral,—what, he thought, would have been the eventual fortune of the day, if the commander of the fleet had done his duty:—"It is *my* firm opinion (said he) that we might

“ have sunk, burned, and destroyed, the whole
“ fleet of the enemy.”

In the summer of this year (1756) lord TYRAWLEY, and sir EDWARD HAWKE, arrived at GIBRALTAR; the former, to succeed general FOLKES in the government, there; the latter, to take from Mr. BYNG, the command of the MEDITERRANEAN fleet. These two unfortunate men sailed in the same ship, for ENGLAND. Mr. and Mrs. FOLKES took leave of GIBRALTAR, with extreme grief; and with the reciprocal sorrow of their friends; he had been governour there for many years; they were both naturally much liked by the garrison, for they were very hospitable, and gay. They were, in person and face, a remarkably agreeable pair. His loss of his government, was an unexpected, and great shock to him: when he was about to leave the place, he said, with tears in his eyes, that “ he had been assured in his own mind, that his bones would “ be laid in the red sands of GIBRALTAR.”— There is something so unhappy in the constitution of human nature, that we ought to pity the distress, even of the most abandoned criminality: but were I totally to exclude my compassion to-

wards any particular kind of great moral offenders, I would not allow it to affect my breast, in favour of the tyrannical abusers of power; in favour of those who commit enormously inhumane actions.

The fleet sailed again, with all possible expedition, up the MEDITERRANEAN, under the command of sir EDWARD HAWKE. His orders were, to relieve, if he could, the castle at MINORCA; and to lodge in it, the officers, and men, who belonged to the regiments that were besieged there. But when we had sailed as far as to cape de GATTE, which, I think, is about equidistant from GIBRALTAR and MINORCA, we were informed, that the castle of St. PHILIP had surrendered, on the most honourable terms of capitulation, to the french. Sir EDWARD HAWKE, on receiving this intelligence, unnecessarily; and with that brutal treatment, which, in those days, *landmen* frequently experienced from *seamen*, crammed all the officers, and men of the MINORCA-regiments, into the HERRING-tender. We were so inconveniently, and disagreeably crowded, that some officers (I was one of them) were obliged to sleep on the cabin floor.

Before I mention a circumstance which immediately related to myself, I must observe, with regret, that the illiberal, and rude prejudice of the navy against the army was very remarkable, and shown in a most ungentlemanlike manner, in the behaviour of captain CORNWALL, our commander of the REVENGE. There were about eight subalterns on board of his ship, who belonged to the MINORCA-regiments; yet during the several weeks that we sailed with him, he had not the politeness, I may say the decency, to invite, any of them to his table, except lieutenant HERRING, of my lord EFFINGHAM's regiment, and who was a relation of lady EFFINGHAM. *Him* he made his constant guest, as soon as he was informed (and some time passed before he *was* informed) of his right honourable connexion.—What a vulgar and tarpawlin distinction was here! Yet of such distinctions, even the polished world are shamefully observant. How supremely then, ought every manly, and elevated soul, to despise their prejudices, and predilections! Yet this gentleman, of undistinguishing haughtiness, was by no means delicate in the choice of his company. His purser, Mr. JOHN ROSS, who was what

many pursers are, a low, selfish fellow, had many invitations from him : indeed *this* officer, as FIELDING observes, *is*, commonly (at least, *was* commonly) for very obvious reasons, the bosom friend of a captain of a man of war. JONES, likewise, his blackguard chaplain, often dined with him. In the afternoon, when by order of the gallant admiral, we were going to be stuffed into the tender, captain CORNWALL, who was his counterpart in manners, as well as in valour, had the modesty to send his butler, to invite the hitherto neglected, and forlorn gentlemen, to drink a parting glass with him. When the man came to me with his message, I gave him the following answer. “ Give my respects “ to your master ; and acquaint him from *me*, “ that this compliment, to *my* ideas of propriety, comes too late. I will not degrade “ the spirit of a gentleman by one of the “ meanest of submissions.”—The officers of the ship, stared at each other, with astonishment, and horror ; they were much more shocked, than if I had been talking blasphemy. I am sorry to add, that all the rest of my ill-treated companions, so far forget themselves, as to obey the humiliating summons. The infatuated

servility (because, indeed, it is imprudent, or impolitick, in a *noble* theory) which is commonly payed, even by persons who are mature in manhood, and in liberal knowledge, to rank, and power, might be surprising; if it was not an object of daily occurrence. The admiral continued his course east-ward. In two or three days we again anchored in the bay of GIBRALTAR.

From these *enterprises of pith, and moment*, I shall beg leave to turn for awhile, to comparative trifles; to my own persuits. There was much hard drinking at GIBRALTAR, in my early youth; there is too much of it still, there. Nothing can show the salubrity of the climate more, than the general good health of the garrison, amidst a great deal of intemperance. The late general O'HARA told me, that he had been stationed, as a soldier, in many different climates; but that he never knew such moderate lists of the sick, in the common course of health, as those of the military hospital of GIBRALTAR.

As I was of a lively, and social temper, I entered too deeply into the conviviality of the place; and often made too large libations to BACCHUS. But in no situation of my life did I

ever forget learning. I had a very few, but very excellent books with me; which I did not neglect to study; and I borrowed some, of those few officers, who had a taste for respectable reading. I attended to classical learning; and I cultivated my knowledge of the french language; both in reading, and conversation. I gave many of my studious hours to the ancient history of the elegant, and virtuous ROLLIN. I would recommend his works, though they have been despised by erudition, and pedantry, to the careful perusal of young scholars. They are very happily adapted to store their minds with classical knowledge; and to improve, and exalt their morals; and it would be petulant, in old age, not to be pleased with their eloquence, and with their useful remembrances of important history.

There is a fashion in drinking, as in other objects of social life. In the year 1756, strong punch after dinner, was the prevailing liquor at GIBRALTAR: and it was a pernicious custom there, to drink a weaker kind of punch, with a great proportion of lemon-juice in it (which they called sour, and weak) in a forenoon.—In consequence of an imprudent manner of living,

I was suddenly seized with a violent dysentery, at the house of an Irish gentleman, with whom I dined. It was providential that I took ill there; for at that time, I had very poor quarters, on the old parade. The name of the worthy gentleman to whom I refer, was BLACK-HALL; he was of the mercantile profession; in which he had been more adventurous, than fortunate. He had an elegant taste for books; there was a congeniality in our minds; therefore, we soon became affectionate friends. I was honoured with his warm esteem; and he entertained too great a respect for my talents. I should have belied my grateful heart; I should have been insensible to that disinterested, warm, and active kindness, which I have often received, if I had not offered this friendly tribute to the memory of an amiable man, who, I fear, has long been no more. By his friendly care of me, in his own house; and by that of a worthy scotch physician, after a dangerous illness, which lasted about a fortnight, I was restored to perfect health.

While I was in the army, from time to time, I exercised my poetical faculties. I have forgotten several of those fugitive pieces; and the

loss is of little consequence to myself, or others. In my voyage to GIBRALTAR, I had written some verses which were entitled, *The soldier's farewell to the british ladies*; of which I now remember but a small part. In expressing my affection for my country, I recollect these two lines;—

The love of thee, still in his soul presides;
And all his wishes; all his actions guides.

The following verses, concluded this little poem:—

The soldier, then, returned from war, shall find
The power of FRANCE more weak than womankind;
And though each foreign yoke his soul disdains,
Shall yield, submissive, to domestic chains;
Boundless shall be the force of beauty's charms;
And british eyes, kill more, than gallick arms.

There were, at that time, two beautiful spanish toasts in GIBRALTAR; they were sisters; BARBARA, and JOANNA PORA. I very much admired the latter lady, and wrote some verses on her; every word of which, I perfectly remember.

Long have EUROPA's rival nations strove,
Each in their own to fix the seat of love.
ENGLAND has boasted *her* majestick dames;
And soft italians set the world in flames;
But now no longer these disputes remain;
For beauteous PORA gives the palm to SPAIN.

To *her* alone is due the lavish praise
That flows, for HELEN, in homeric lays;
Her's are the encomiums of each amorous tongue;
Whatever lover thought, or poet sung.

Amidst the tumult of the thundering sea,
The lover writes, fair nymph, inspired by thee;
Admiring thee, I hear a storm no more;
And NEPTUNE oft, methinks, forgets to roar.

In all the rigours of a northern clime,
Thy lovely presence would assist my rhyme;
The lazy streams, at thy approach would flow;
The trees would flourish; and the grass would grow;
Pleased, I'd behold, by *thy* all-powerful eyes,
In frozen GREENLAND a GRANADA rise!

Nothing but youth, inexperience, and immature judgement, can be a fair apology for the extravagantly romantick imagery in these verses; and for the anti-climax of the "growing of the grass," after "the flourishing of the trees." —I can trust my faults of every kind, to men of liberal sentiments, and of christian principles. I have communicated to the reader some speci-

mens of my puerile, and juvenile poetry; that if he ever honours my maturer productions with his attention, he may mark, in *my* humble example, the progressive improvement of the human mind. And I cannot but suppose, that, *one* day (perhaps “when all my woes are o’er”) the comparison, of which I shall have presented the objects to the world, will be in *some* degree, interesting to the best friends, and judges, of english literature.

As I am on the subject of the lighter poetry, I shall here transcribe, from the tablet of memory, a lively and elegant french song, which, with great social pleasure I heard repeatedly sung at GIBRALTAR; and which, I accurately retain: the gentleman who sung it, frequently visited my worthy irish friend, Mr. BLACKALL; he greatly enlivened our society, by his french vivacity, and by his vocal powers. The song was composed on monsieur de GALISSONIERE; the french naval commander; who, as we may infer from the strain of it, was celebrated for his gallantry, in either sense of the word. My youthful fancy was so delighted with the spirit of this little ode, and with the musick, which was congenial with that spirit, that, at *my* foolish

request, the gentleman was so very polite, and obliging, as to sing it twice or thrice in an evening.

Guerrier, ajoutez à vos lauriers
Mille brillantes fleurs;
Ornez les des plus vives couleurs;
C'est assez au champ de Mars,
D'avoir couru le hazard;
Et souvenez vous qu'il n'y a qu'un moment
Pour l'amant.
Admirez, desirez,
Soupirez, expirez;
Ah! les billets doux!
La Belle en courroux;
Faites les yeux doux, faites les yeux doux,
Enfin tombez à ses genoux;—
Elle est à vous; elle est à vous!

About the middle of the october of this year (1756) the four MINORCA regiments sailed, in transports, and ships of war, for ENGLAND. On this occasion, I believe that general FOLKES, and admiral BYNG, were passengers in the Isis man of war. In this voyage, I had the good fortune to enjoy the society of captain MARLAY, and some other agreeable officers of the welsh fuzileers. In the beginning of november, we anchored in the harbour of SOUTHAMPTON.

Even so early in the season, we met a severe frost on the english shoar. Pierced with this new sensation ; though I was on british ground, I threw a sigh back to the aromatick air of *ANDALUSIA*. I always loved a genial climate ; I was always sensible to it's charms ; and I have often expressed my gratitude to heaven for the inestimable blessing. The severity of a northern latitude, however much I have been habituated to it, was always extremely painful to my constitution, and disagreeable to my sentiments. It may be said, that there is nothing uncommon in these feelings, and acknowledgements. But there is something very peculiar in them, as they relate to *me*, and my local origin ; as I am a native of *NORTHUMBERLAND*. The prejudices of the inhabitants of this county, in favour of a rough, and cold climate, and of uninteresting, and dead landscapes, are incredibly strong, and powerful.

The humane, and christian reader will excuse me for now introducing a scene of a private nature ; which I wish to review for the sake of old, and ardent friendship. The first person whom I met, when I got a-shore at *SOUTHAMPTON*, was captain *PATRICK RAINEY*, of

the welsh fuzileers ; and *my* intimate, and particular friend. He, and I had left our transports at the same time. He was a man of a most amiable, and respectable character : he was a native of IRELAND ; and he was apt, and in a very ludicrous, and original manner, to make such bulls as are ascribed to his countrymen ; but he was not what *they* are said to *be*, “ sudden, and quick in quarrel ;” though he was always ready, when glory, and his country called, “ to hunt reputation, even in the cannon’s mouth.”—He loved his bottle too well (I am afraid that it shortened a most valuable life) but he was almost equally fond of books ; and he had read, and with attention, and great improvement, many of the best english, and french authours. He was very partial to *me* ; and his partiality I shall ever deem one of the greatest honours of my life.

MONTAIGNE was his favourite authour : this preference did no discredit to his heart ; or understanding ; or taste. He told me that he was once unfortunately acquainted with a formal, pedantick, and austere clergyman. It happened that RAINEY, in this gentleman’s hearing, was very warm, and lavish, in the praise of MONTAIGNE :

the other fired at what *he* thought extremely misapplied, and profane encomium.—It is certain, that no literary production can be a more significant, and accomplished representative, of a most improving, social, and moral instructor; of a highly interesting, and entertaining companion, than MONTAIGNE's book. To the sour, and intolerant parson, RAINEY, who was totally free from intellectual ostentation; and who was too lively, convivial, and facetious, for a chain of protracted argument; replied:—"Sir, I would rather be without *your* company, than MONTAIGNE's."

This worthy gentleman; after our first friendly salutations on the quay of SOUTHAMPTON, invited me to sup with him; and to dissipate the gloom, and rigour of the season, over a bottle of excellent SOUTHAMPTON-port. It is certain, that wine is a very active, and inspiring friend to social happiness; that it strikes out; or invigorates, and brightens the images of fancy; and that it exalts the sacred flame of friendship. There are critical, and exquisite nights too, which can never, with all their force, and colouring, return. I still see several such nights of mine,

illumined with a refulgent moon; or with a streaming aurora borealis; they are now standing distinct, and prominent, on the canvass of my life. *This* night, was one of them; a successively, and actively floating train of the most impressive ideas, distinguished it from common vigils; my present enjoyment of the society; good humour, and affection of the man whom I highly esteemed, and loved; my return to the information, literature, and pleasures of my country;—a triumphant glance at my past, and a momentary creation, of my future poetical exploits:—and to raise my climax to the utmost possible power of fancy; the blooming, beautiful, and majestick image of the divine JOANNA PORA; whom I sung, under the warm influence of the APOLLO of SPAIN; and whom I left, with ineffable regret, under one of the pillars of the laborious, indefatigable, and invincible god.

Accept, thou brave, and amiable shade of RAINEY, this heart-felt remembrance of thy friendship, and thy virtues. If among the spirits of departed patriots, and heroes; if, among “the
“ happy souls who dwell”

“ In yellow meads of asphodel,

“ And amaranthine bowers;”

it is in the train of thy felicity, *sometimes* to think of thy earthly, and mortal connexions;—if it is in the licence of thy better, and refined existence; if it gives thee an additional tenderness, and variety of happiness, sometimes to glide to our grosser air; to visit the cell, and to see the movements of the mind, of an old, and sincere friend; if *these* are among thy external privileges and enjoyments, thou wilt be pleased with this grateful, and affectionate memorial.

The “good old town of LEICESTER” was the place appointed for our winter-quarters. As our route lay, we had a march thither of a hundred and thirty, or a hundred and forty miles. The weather was rough; and the roads were bad; but I was very poor; therefore I marched on foot, with other subalterns; whose circumstances were as pedestrian as my own. There is a social ardour, and generosity in the military character. In our way, our superiour officers frequently mounted us on *their* horses, to accommodate and relieve us, and walked for several miles. But we were very festive, jovial, and happy, during this winter-march. From common difficulties, youth, and gaiety, and conviviality, suffer no depression: ~~they~~ ever turn them into subjects of mirth.

and inoffensive ridicule. Besides, in our physical, as well as moral passage through life, we ought to deem many events, and situations; ultimately blessings, which we are apt to think extreme hardships, and calamities. How many pampered, and titled mortals; indolently lounging, and parading in splendid carriages; and loaded with gross diseases, have reason severely to regret that in their general bodily progress, their circumstances had not obliged them to make an active, and strenuous use of their legs! It is farther to be remarked, that no mode of exercise, not even that of horseback itself, so effectually, and indeed agreeably (if our sensations, and sentiments, are not perverted by habit) contributes to preserve, enliven, and invigorate health, as walking. In walking, the exercise is most regularly, and equally distributed through all the parts of the frame; and the action, and degree of that exercise, make just that motion and agitation, which the animal organs require. I may likewise observe, that when we are on foot, we may deviate, when we please, through narrow, and obstructed paths; and take our stand on some arduous ground, from which we may enjoy a variety of grand, and beautiful prospects, that would be inaccessible to us, if our journey

was in any other way. Who will presume to controvert this theory, when I add, that walking is that constitutional, permanent, and universal exercise, which is appointed for man, by his Creator?

I am not an austere, and surly cynick, while I am writing on a subject which is of considerable importance to health; and therefore interesting to happiness; I am ready to allow, that both the simple, and elegant artificial auxiliaries to nature, are extremely desirable; and that they afford great convenience, and pleasure, when we have to go a great distance; and when the weather is inauspicious. I shall only beg leave to insist, that whatever our rank, and fortune were; when we had occasion to go abroad, we would walk, whenever it was practicable, without great inconvenience; if we possessed but a moderate degree of manly, and salubrious philosophy;—and that the habitual, and most injurious luxury of transporting the human body from place to place (let the distance be ever so small) in the superfluous, or whimsical, and fantastick modes, is a proof of folly, and a bad taste;—an absurd, and ungrateful desertion of the laws of nature;—generating the most painful, and humiliating dis-

eases, and premature death;—and consequently, often destructive, in the end, to the vain, the indolent, and the proud.

My winter of 1756 was, in many respects, passed agreeably at LEICESTER. We had tolerably good players there; I wrote a prologue; the substance of which was eulogy to the ladies: it was spoken by the principal actor, and very well received. I have forgotten it; though I remember many of my verses of a much earlier date. I have only retained it's two concluding lines:

*Your beauties every poet's breast shall warm;
For men will write, as long as women charm.*

My social hours, were hours of high enjoyment, for they were passed with my military companions, and friends; with men of generous hearts; of pleasant conversation; and of polished manners; whom I loved; and by whom I was esteemed. Too much of time, however, was devoted to society, and dissipation.—Yet here, as in other situations, I never neglected books, and intellectual exercises. I have forgotten what particular authours I read, during my stay at LEICESTER: but I remember that I engaged a

very good french master to converse with me for an hour every day in the french language; by which means, I preserved my facility, and acquired more accuracy, in speaking it.

One oppressive object which I then severely felt, which has thrown a dark shade over most of my life; and palled my few pleasures; was my straitened circumstances. Some other subalterns, and myself, whose only income was our pay, had messed for some time, with the captains, and field officers; but we soon found that it would be ruinous, if we continued at *their* table any longer. Five of us, therefore, formed a mess, at the house where I lodged, on the most frugal plan that could be concerted. Our dinner was to be very plain, and simple; and we were to drink but one bottle of wine. Our economy at our first dinner, will show the improvidence of military characters; and our total inattention to the rules of prudence, when our spirits are heightened to the wild enthusiasm which BACCHUS inspires.

I must now give a few words of friendly, and warm regard, to the memory of GEORGE MUNRO; an honest, and brave native of INVERNESS. He was long unfortunate; he had been an

officer in the service of the dutch ; and was now a second lieutenant in the welsh fuzileers, when I am certain that he had passed his fortieth year. This valiant old soldier, had nothing but his pay. He was a man of a pleasant, cheerful disposition, which was unconquerable by fortune ; he was a sensible and well-informed companion. Long after the time of which I am writing, he married a northern lady, and lived some years at MORPETH in NORTHUMBERLAND. He loved his bottle ; and it was customary with him to go seldom sober to bed. The joviality of his friendship, *our* ample cellar experienced, on the day of the military ardour which I am going to relate. My friend, MUNRO, was, by many years, the oldest person of the company ; we, therefore, requested *him* to preside at our humble board ; at our virtuous and sabine meal ; as our regulator, and example, at the commencement of our necessarily self-denying, and severe institution. He willingly accepted the post of honour, and of temperate decorum. For some time, we revered our prudent scheme ; applauded our philosophy, and resolution ; and anticipated it's advantageous, and salutary effects. By degrees, however, rea-

son, and sober argument gave way to vivacity, and sportive sallies; imagination was heated, expanded, and enriched with divinely fair images, and ethereal colours. The flowers of LEICESTER, were toasted with rapture; and by the all-conquering power of female beauty, discretion was kicked triumphantly out of doors; and we laughed at, and despised ourselves, for having payed any court to the stale and antiquated virgin. With a parsimonious austerity of determined temperance, we had laid in a dozen of port-wine; only a single bottle of which was to be drunk every day. All the twelve bottles were emptied at the inauguration of our frugality; on the first, and last day of our “fearless great resolve;” at the birth, and funeral of our philosophy.

EDWARD SACHEVEREL POOLE, was, at this time the lieutenant-colonel of the welsh fuzileers; he had been well educated; at WESTMINSTER-school, and at OXFORD; he had a taste for literature; and a regard for my interest. Early in february, he desired to see me, one morning, at his lodgings; I always waited on this gentleman with great pleasure. He told me, that captain FOWLER of

our regiment, a native of BEDFORDSHIRE, had just returned from visiting his relations, in that county; and that he learned from *him* that in all probability, a recruiting officer would meet with success in the neighbourhood of his friends. He observed, in a polite, and kind manner; that it was very difficult for a second lieutenant to live upon his pay; that we should go to camp in the summer; and that the purchase of tent equipage, would be a heavy charge to subalterns who were not men of fortune. He therefore proposed to send me into BEDFORDSHIRE, with a recruiting party; and that BIGGLESWADE should be my head-quarters; a market-town on the high north road, and forty-five miles from LONDON. But if I did not like the proposal, which he made first to *me*, for my good, he would send thither some other officer. I warmly thanked him for this instance of his friendship, and consideration for my interest; and I accepted his offer without a moment's hesitation. For, between you and me, gentle reader, at this remarkable pecuniary epocha of my life, a solitary half-guinea was all of the king's coin, that I could fairly call my own.

I believe that I set off for BIGGLESWADE on

the very day after that on which I had this interview with the colonel. He gave me very good, sober, and faithful men, for my recruiting service.—I had determined to walk to BIGGLESWADE, which is above fifty miles south of LEICESTER. This mode of travelling, was exactly adapted to my finances; and apparently, without any alternative; and it was not disagreeable to my itinerary taste. The frost was keen; the air was pure; in short, the weather was most happily favourable to the motions of light infantry: I set out, attended by my party; and accompanied by my dear friend GREY GROVE (who was at the destruction of our plan of economy) a brother lieutenant, who has been dead many years; he was a native of SHROPSHIRE; and a plain, and as honest-hearted a creature, as ever lived. He set me as far as to MARKET-HARBOROUGH, about fourteen miles south of LEICESTER; and stayed with me there all night. On the second day of my journey, I reached HIGHAM-FERRERS in NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, where I passed the night. On the next morning, there was a sudden thaw, with sleet, and rain; the weather, in short, was horrible; but I had resolved, however “unkind the ele-

“ments” might prove, to perform all my journey on foot. For, poor as I was, the government money with which I was entrusted, was always, with *me*, a sacred deposit: I was instructively awed by unfortunate examples: for, by the abuse of that money, several officers have been discredited, and ruined. From HIGHAM-FERRERS, I marched to BEDFORD; and from BEDFORD, I took my station at BIGGLESWADE.

In consequence of captain FOWLER's recommendation, I lodged at honest JERRY BRYANT's, at the SWAN in BIGGLESWADE. Though it was an inn, I had a very retired, and quiet apartment; which to *me*, was a very fortunate accommodation; as even here, the pursuit of my studies, was my most pleasing anticipation.

On my arrival at BIGGLESWADE, my landlord gave me very poor encouragement with regard to my recruiting scheme: and indeed some weeks elapsed, before I got a single man. I persevered however, in keeping my men very active at all neighbouring markets, fairs, and other populous occasions: after I got *one* man, additional recruits flowed in upon me; and be-

fore I left BIGGLESWADE, I had listed thirty men. This was a very seasonable supply both for his majesty's service, and for mine ; for it put above fifty pounds into my pocket ; which, at *that* time, was a very important sum to *me*.

The whole time of my abode at BIGGLESWADE, from the beginning of february, to the beginning of june, 1757 ; was distinguished by a part of the few luminous, and halcyon days, which have diversified, and contrasted the gloomy, and painful tenour of my life. It was always my habit, when I was most in society, to devote a far greater part of the day to study, than to company. I read a good deal, at BIGGLESWADE ; and with great satisfaction ; and I hope, not without considerable improvement. I had only read the six first books of the Iliad at school ; and two more at St. ANDREWS ; I now read the remaining sixteen. I likewise read several of CICERO's orations. My attention was very much engaged, and I was extremely entertained with the perusal of MIDDLETON's life of CICERO. I was thus interested, and highly pleased, from the important facts, and great events, which that life contained : for it exhibits to us, the genius, and character of one

of the first of orators, and philosophers ; and the dangerous, and desperate actions of some of the worst men, who were splendid and formidable, by their talents ; and the patriotick, and glorious atchievements of some of the best, and greatest men who are transmitted down to us, in the annals of ROME. The biographer is certainly not worthy of his objects ; the matter is excellent ; but the manner is inanimate, and inelegant ; though the conceited pedant imagined, that by his intimate acquaintance with CICERO, he had transfused into the english language, the purity, and beauty of *his* eloquence. On a member of a christian university, who held a respectable, and high office there ; on an instructor of christian youth ; on a clergyman of our established church ; who was industrious to undermine the foundations of our holy, and divine religion ; I have made this just animadversion, with a particular pleasure.

While I was at BIGGLESWADE, my studies received a zest, and a brilliancy, from agreeable, and varied society. I enjoyed the hospitality, and cheerfulness, of plain, honest yeomen ; and of well-educated, and polite gentlemen. Man was born for society ; and for society, he is

formed in the world. A free, amicable, and kind intercourse with our fellow-creatures, by a subtle efficacy, or by a sweet delusion, softens the woes, and lightens the load of life; it inspirits, and exalts our pleasures; and remounts the languid mind, for useful, or generous application. To the man, whose attention is chiefly devoted to those objects which do him most honour, and from which he receives his purest, and noblest enjoyment, society that is worthy of him, affords a powerful assistance, and an exquisite delight.—To *him*, the stillness of solitude is peculiarly, and poignantly contrasted, by “the cheerful ways of men;”—and the collected, and intense exertion of the intellectual faculties, by the easy flow of spontaneous conversation; and the playful sallies of convivial mirth.—By the active, and forcible effects of this affectionate, and happy intercourse with the *good* part of our *bad* species, the mental atmosphere (if I may be allowed the metaphor) is ventilated, purified, and refined; and the soul recovers it's vivacity, and versatility, which had been exhausted by serious, and severe thought. None but a few determined, and unconquerable minds, can preserve their vigour, and elasticity; can soar, expand, and produce

their blooming, and luxuriant creation, in a cold, flat, and unvaried solitude. The kind Providence of heaven, redeems the evils of *him* who engages, and perseveres, in worthy pursuits. Such a person perhaps ought to thank the envious, and malicious ; who have repelled him from trifles, and from vice, to manly, and liberal attachments ; to an ambition for learning, and for honourable fame ; to an aspiring after virtue, which is our supreme good. He ought to thank them for having obliged him to keep his mind ardently, and pleasurable moving on it's own axis ; for having obliged him to a strenuous, and fervent, though a very humble, and defective imitation of that all-sufficient Being, who is the perpetual source, and flow, of his own felicity ; a felicity, of which he himself is the eternal center, and the infinite emanations.

There was one family in BIGGLESWADE, who contributed much to my satisfaction, while I continued in that place. The family consisted of Mrs. HAYWOOD ; a widow ; an agreeable, and sensible lady ; who was then in the decline of life ; and had been a very pretty woman ;—of her venerable, pious, and amiable mother, Mrs. REYNOLDS ;—of her son, PETER HAYWOOD,

who had been educated at Trinity-Hall in CAMBRIDGE;—and of miss HAYWOOD, her beautiful daughter. I always met with a friendly, and kind reception in *their* house; in which I passed many social, and pleasant hours; in lively, and informing conversation, or over an easy, and disinterested poule at quadrille.

These scenes were, to my imagination, and sentiments, very much adorned, and animated, by the presence of miss HAYWOOD. There was an unaffected elegance in her manners, and in the modesty of her behaviour; a modesty constantly attentive to it's decorum, without formality, was the faithful testimony of her purest virtue. By this time, I may be ridiculed by unfeeling, and thoughtless people, as a volatile fool, who was a dupe to every impression of the moment, and fell in love with every woman that he saw. To these inconsiderate, and hasty censors, I reply, that every man who is endowed with any fancy; with any taste; with any moral sentiment; with any virtue; *must* be in love with a fine woman;—if her form, and manner, announce in honest expression, the graces of her mind. May we feel, and “express, unblamed,” our delight in the beauties which a garden, or a landscape

presents to us ;—in reading an oration of CICCERO, or a poem of DRYDEN, or of POPE ;—may we be inspired with raptures, uncontaminated with any sordid wishes ;—and may we not be powerfully, yet purely affected, by the presence of female charms ; may not a fine, and delicate enthusiasm, be infused into us, even in the social, and publick intercourse of life ; by that supreme human, and living beauty, to which the God of nature has drawn us, by a mutual, and eternal sympathy ;—and which, when we do not profanely abuse it, is not only consistent with virtue ;—but productive of her noblest achievements ?—While we are thus worthy of the company of the fair ; while their best influence is diffused in exciting such animated, and ethereal sentiments : from *that* influence every object around us takes embellishment, and spirit ! The mighty, and splendid magick, is unclouded with the perturbation of the black, and ruthless villain ; of the unprincipled, and faithless adulterer, meditating the destruction of the peace of his friend ;—in the breast of the enchanted person, it spreads to an expanse of luminous, and fair ideas, and images ; it strengthens, and dilates the ardour of friendship ; it en-

larges, and exalts his humanity, and benevolence ; it confirms his intellectual fortitude ; it prepares him for literary enterprize, and glory.

The interesting, and brilliant doctrine (though very inadequately conveyed by *me*) of this pervading, and active sympathy, and of its powerful, and extensive effects ; is very appositely, and forcibly represented, and illustrated by Mr. GIBBON, in his memoirs of his life ; where he describes his peculiarly pious, and constant affection, and attachment to his sister. He observes, that they were brought up together, that they read, and played together ; that they were united in all the endearing scenes of domestic life. It indeed, has always appeared to *me*, that all the warmth, and force of our love of our relations is founded on this early acquaintance, and perpetual intimacy : and that the irresistible presentiment of a near consanguinity ; and the anxious longing for an explanation with the person immediately concerned ; as they are pathetically, and beautifully painted by the amiable FENELON, in his TELE-MACHUS, are merely the creatures of a feeling, and poetical imagination. But I am deviating from my point.—Mr. GIBBON gives us a fine, and elegant tie to domestic affection ;—addi-

tional to that union of hearts, which is the effect of a lively, and fond intercourse, in the years of our childhood, and early youth.—I have not his book; I have forgotten his words; but their substance, and import, I perfectly remember. He tells us, that his fraternal love of his sister, took a tenderness, and protecting anxiety, from the unavoidably insinuating, yet pure, and innoxious ideas of sex. Impressions like these, as he justly observes, are, in all, but particularly in susceptible, and cultivated minds, inseparable from our friendly, and social communication with women;—and they are not only in perfect agreement with the strictest laws of continence, and virtue; but they likewise greatly contribute, if by good and generous habits, we do justice to our nature, to the moral improvement, and refinement of the man.

As I was in want of books, I was obliged to Mr. HAYWOOD, and his collection, for much of my literary entertainment while I was at BIGGLESWADE. This young gentleman's abilities were but in mediocrity; he was of an unequal, and capricious temper; but he was, on the whole, very neighbourly, and friendly to *me*: he was apt to be quarrelsome over a bottle; a fail-

ing, which, not long after I left BIGGLESWADE, occasioned a melancholy event, that was extremely mortifying to himself, and his friends. He was passing a convivial evening at the sun, in BIGGLESWADE, with some gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Among the rest, was Mr. PHILLIPS, a worthy attorney of HITCHIN, in HERTFORDSHIRE.—He was rather an old man; of a spare body; and of a delicate habit:—on the BIGGLESWADE market-days, when his business was over; he frequently favoured me with a visit at the swan, and drank a moderate bowl of punch with me.—There was something peculiar, and characteristick in his manner; as there is in that of most men; and when the strength of wine had weakened his reason, he was too fond of altercation.—At the meeting which I have mentioned, he, and HAYWOOD, first disputed warmly, and then quarrelled violently; the latter had uncommon strength in his arms; of which he used foolishly to boast, especially when he had drank too much. HAYWOOD, in his passion, collared Mr. PHILLIPS; pushed him back to the head of the room; and pressed him against the wall with all his force. The company immediately interfered; and dragged HAYWOOD from

his hold ;—but poor PHILLIPS was now suffocated, and dead. Young men of a future generation ; who perhaps may read these instructive, and useful ; though not eloquent, and shining pages ; beware of intemperate drinking :—there is no human vice which can make you immediately, and personally, so disagreeable, to all sober, and virtuous men :—there is no vice, which can render you more contemptible in the eyes of those who have profits, and honours to bestow : there is no vice, which brings more distress, and misery, on domestick life :—it's joys are transient, wild, and savage ; their flashes of light are darkened with a livid, and baleful fire :—how despicable ; how odious, are those joys, when we oppose to them the permanent ; the pure, the sublime pleasures, of temperance ; of virtue ; of intellectual persuits ! Add to these considerations, the many dangers of an unguarded, and exasperated moment ;—in that fleeting point of time, a fatal act may be committed, for which atonement can never be made ; the painful, and shocking remembrance of which, can never be effaced.

Long after the time of which I am writing, I was a curate to my friend, sir ADAM GORDON ;

at HINXWORTH in HERTFORDSHIRE, a village on the confines of BEDFORDSHIRE; and but a few miles from BIGGLESWADE. On revisiting my old quarters, I was very sorry to be informed, that PETER HAYWOOD, but a few years after the time of our acquaintance, had been appointed an officer in the BEDFORDSHIRE militia; in which corps, by his quarrelsome temper, and by his general bad behaviour, he was extremely disliked; and perhaps he rather fortunately died soon;—when he would not have been permitted to continue in that corps any longer.

During my recruiting station at BIGGLESWADE, I passed a very agreeable day, with that unfortunate man, and with some other gentlemen, at STEVENAGE in HERTFORDSHIRE. But I mention this day, on account of an elegant interlude with which it was actuated, and brightened. BALDOCK is a market-town, about eight miles south of BIGGLESWADE; it is on the high north-road; and in the way to STEVENAGE. A miller lived on the skirts of BALDOCK; he kept a little publick house; himself, and his rural abode, had been rendered famous by verse, and beauty. He had a charming daughter; though

at *my* time, she had arrived at “womanhood, “where youth ended.” Her attractions had been celebrated by the curate of the place, who had written a song in her praise, which was marked with vivacity, and taste ; and indeed, with a degree of genius. It had it’s very popular, and flourishing day ; and I remember when it was constantly sung in LONDON ; and all over the kingdom. I think that I remember it ; and I shall give it to the reader, when I have told my story. I had frequently expressed to HAYWOOD, my great desire to see this rustick DIANA ; but he assured me, that it was impracticable ; for her family had been so long teized with the same curiosity ; and were so disgusted with the rudeness, which the girl had suffered from some people, that they had determined never again to expose her to the risk of such indignities. I told HAYWOOD, that I was resolved to see her ; and that I thought it would be very possible to see her, as *I* should manage my introduction. He was eager to lay me a wager on the subject ; I took him at his proposal ; and our bett was a dozen of the best port (to be payed by *me*, if I saw her not, and

by *him*, if I saw her) and to be drank with some of our select friends, at honest JERRY BRYANT's, my host of the garter.

On our road to STEVENAGE, we stopped at the mill; and went into the house. The house seemed inauspicious; for several people sate there, drinking; and they were rather obstreperous. HAYWOOD smiled, and predicted the defeat of our scheme; but I told him, I was sure that it would take effect, on our return, in the evening. I felt a tremulous kind of anxiety for the event: I always revered virtuous beauty, however low the class of life was, which it adorned;—and I thought that I would acquit myself better; that I would atchieve my exploit with more spirit, and decision, under the benign, and generous; not under the violent, and maddening, auspices of BACCHUS. We rode to STEVENAGE; dined merrily there: I drank but a pint of wine; for an enterprize of “great pith, and moment,” was to be executed. A moderate glass animates us to *any* heroick deed; excess unfits us for it. We lighted once more at the honest miller's, on a delightful vernal evening; it was worthy of the object of *my* generalship. I was alarmed at seeing again several

people, who were drinking in the house; but wine, and honour were at stake; and no time was to be lost. I desired to speak privately with the father of this daughter of CERES;—he very civilly accompanied me into a little field which was behind his house; the adjacent trees, and the beautiful grounds of HERTFORDSHIRE, seemed to consecrate the scene, and *my* wishes:—and we “spoke almost in whispers, least a “greek should hear.”—I told him, that I would take it as a great favour, if he would permit me to see his fair daughter, for a few minutes: I highly commended his truly paternal resolution, not to expose her to ill-manners, after the very improper treatment that she had experienced;—I mentioned the wager that was to be decided between me, and the gentleman who was with me; and I gave him my word, and honour, that if he would indulge me with a short interview with his daughter, I would treat her with all possible civility, and respect.—The man looked stedfastly at me for awhile; and at length he gave me a favourable answer. He said, that to oblige *me*, he would break his resolution; for he was certain that I would behave like a gentleman. He showed Mr. HAYWOOD, and

me, into a parlour ; and as a proof of his confidence in me, he retired. In a minute or two, the goddess of the grove entered, in attire of elegant, though of arcadian simplicity ; and “ blushing like the morn.” She was not young ; perhaps above thirty ; but *yet* lively, fair, and blooming. The vivacity of her appearance was tempered with that reserve, which was her proper, and respectable guard in the company of strangers. There was great gentility, and symmetry in her person ; her features were fine, and expressive ; her eyes were black ; and of piercing eloquence. There was a natural ease, politeness, and grace, in her manner ; which, where they are originally wanting, can never be equalled by all the elaborate ingenuity of art. In our short conversation, her language was proper, and pertinent ; she permitted me respectfully to salute her :—I assured her of the high sense which I had of the obligation that she had conferred on me. HAYWOOD was rather too ardent in his advances ; I checked his indiscretion peremptorily, and severely. We bade adieu to the fair one ; and I returned victorious to BIGGLESWADE. A libation of the dozen of port was soon made at the swan, in a society

who were worthy of the sacred, and social rite, to the lass of the mill; to many other BEDFORDSHIRE beauties; and to those great men, who were the defenders of our country, and at a very glorious period of our history, by their eloquence, or by their sword.

I shall now present the song to the reader, which was written in honour of the beautiful maid of BALDOCK. I believe that I remember it perfectly.

1.

Who has e'er been at BALDOCK, must needs know the mill,
At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill;
Where the grave, and the gay, the clown, and the beau,
Without all distinction promiscuously go.

2.

This man of the mill, has a daughter so fair;
Of so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air;
That once on the ever-green bank as she stood;
I could swear t'had been VENUS, just sprung from the flood.

3.

But looking again, I perceived my mistake;
For VENUS, though fair, has the looks of a rake;
Where nothing but virtue, and modesty, fill
The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill.

4.

PROMETHEUS stole fire, as the poets all say,
To enliven the mass he had moulded of clay;
But had POLLY been with him, the beams of her eyes,
Would have saved him the trouble of robbing the skies.

I have, at this moment, the reverend GEORGE GIBSON, vicar of BIGGLESWADE, before my eyes. When I knew him and was intimate with him, I suppose that he was about fifty years of age. He was of the middle size; just in the *en bon point*; his make was unharmonious, and clumsy. He had a sound, and good constitution; and from his regular manner of living, he deserved it. On his cheek sate, not the bloated purple of luxury, and of excess; but the rosy bloom of temperance, and of health; for with pleasure I give to his memory the praise which it deserves. He was a good-natured; inoffensive man. If the loves, and the graces, dwelt not on his face; the smiles, and a prelude to jocularities, were constant residents there;—as far as the features were mirthful, he was a rival of the queen of beauty herself; of the laughter-loving dame. If he spoke but a few words, he smiled; if his period was of any length, he laughed; he had such a sardonick

propensity, that if he had been giving an account of a death, or of a murder, he would have applied to it a comic manner. After this description of him, I need not inform the reader that he was not endowed with a vigorous understanding. Yet nature, who abhors an absolute vacuum, had filled the little orb, that should have been the seat of sound and active intellect, with the volatile, and cheering atmosphere of vanity. The little learning which he had, was merely scholastick; and in the lowest degree;—yet BOBADILL was not more delighted with throwing off his military plans, and with relating his imagined victories; than GIBSON was, in telling you how he had puzzled a man of vast erudition, with some anomalous examples in grammar, and in prosody. In reading a philippick of CICERO, he would only have been involved in the concords of PRISCIAN, when he should have been inflamed against the vices, and crimes of ANTONY;—in perusing the fourth book of the *Æneid*, he would have been coldly, and deliberately measuring the quantities of it's hexameters; when he should have been rapidly carried along with the ardent stream of the poet; when he should have been agitated with the

distress of Dido. In the service of the church, he articulated distinctly ; but he was rather low, and monotonous ; there was nothing sensible, and impressive in his manner. His sermons were orthodox ; but antiquated, logical, and dry ; multifarious in their divisions ; and tedious in their explanations.

There was something analogous between his genius, and his mansion ; at least there was a species of originality in both ;—it was situated almost in the middle of the town ; and it made, of itself, a little desert ; or an old, neglected forest, in miniature ; damp, and tangled, for want of clearing, and cultivation ; affording, like the infernal abode of the poet, “ not light, but “ rather darkness visible ;” which, if it “ served” not “ to discover scenes of woe ;” discovered some grotesque, and whimsical objects ; that certainly produced rather melancholy, than cheerful ideas ; a ruinous, and shapeless parsonage-house ; an old, withered housekeeper ; a singed yellow cat ; and a blind dog.

This gentleman, and I, frequently passed our afternoons with each other. I willingly took his counters for gold ; the quibbles of his pedantry ; and his ostentatious, and misapplied

quotations; for liberal learning, and for attick wit.—A feeling heart dispenses with shining qualities in those, of whom the preponderance of character is in their favour. Through all these memoirs, I shall endeavour to be a faithful narrator, and I thought that it would be rather amusing, and indeed not without it's use, to paint him exactly as he *was*; yet I really loved him: like the amiable father of POPE.

“The good man walked innoxious through his days.”

He did injury to no man; he was a sincere christian; he ingenuously believed, and he defended, and practised, with his best ability, the divine religion which he professed, and taught.

I think that I have sufficiently delineated his taste:—I shall give but *one* more specimen of it. Even in the days when I was so fond of the stronger zest of wine, I loved the tea-table. The vicar of BIGGLESWADE made very good tea for his friends. The reader will not be surprised when I inform him, that TACITUS was always a favourite authour with me, as he was, with the great BOLINGBROKE, for whose talents, and learning, notwithstanding all his faults; I entertain a deference, and admiration. As I was one

day at tea with my grammatical friend, it happened that TACITUS was the subject of our conversation. I was speaking with warm praise of the moral, and political spirit, which animate, and dignify the writings of that historian.—“There is more spirit (said this impregnable “critick) in *my* tea, than there is in TACITUS.”

Yet I passed one of my most pleasant literary days in the company of this verbal scholar, as I shall now relate. The reverend Dr. JENNER, the archdeacon of HUNTINGTON, in one of his visitations, took BIGGLESWADE in his way, and dined at the swan with Mr. GIBSON.—I shall be pardoned a little vanity, if I observe, that I was a great favourite with this honest vicar;—nor is it surprising that I *was*; for besides the disinterested, christian, and social regard, which I really believe that he had for me; a contemplated self-love, was my powerful advocate in *his* breast; he felt a warm partiality to my advantage, from a comparative retrospect to his more lively, and flourishing days.—“STOCKDALE (he used frequently to say) is just the lively, entertaining “creature, that *I* was, at *his* age.”

With a degree of paternal affection, and vanity, he was eager, on this occasion, to intro-

duce me to Dr. JENNER; who accepted the introduction with great urbanity. That gentleman seemed to be about sixty years old. He was a very sensible, and learned, as well as a very affable, and polite man. I never passed six or seven hours, more agreeably; more consonantly with my taste, and intellectual habits, in my life. I most unaffectedly declare, that Mr. GIBSON's mind, was on that day, far more pregnant than my own, with my studies, and poetical efforts; after dinner, his friendly sentiments, and expressions, made me too significant in the eyes of the archdeacon; to whom he desired me to show some of my juvenile poetry. By this candid, and generous critick, it was favoured with too much indulgence; with too explicit an approbation.—
“ I have rather been in love (said the good doctor) with several poetical attempts of my son;
“ but a father's partiality to them is considerably
“ cooled, now that I have read *these* verses.”—
I should have been an insensible being indeed, if I had not been extremely gratified with the praise of *such* a man; especially as he adjudged the laurel to me, after he had brought me into competition with *such* a rival. At Mr. GIBSON's desire, I shewed to Dr. JENNER, the letters

with which I had been honoured by my lord DOUNE ; he read them, and esteemed them very much, as monuments of talents, and of friendship. The afternoon was passed in very agreeable literary conversation ; and with several interesting literary anecdotes, which were communicated to us by Dr. JENNER, in a cheerful, and expressive manner. Mr. GIBSON took *his* under-part in the intellectual drama ; he occasionally studded the field of reason, and of fancy, with a little Mosaic formality ; and what he gave us not in argument and wit, he amply supplied with laughter, and enjoyment.—Dr. JENNER honoured me with a kind, and repeated invitation to his house ; which I had it not in my power to accept. On this most agreeable, and memorable day, to *my* feelings, and sentiments ; a mute, but expressive harlequin interlude ; a drole, and entertaining scene, in the back-ground of the picture was acted ; which interested me more than the pedagogical skirmishes, and the laughing applause of the vicar of BIGGLESWADE. My landlord, JERRY BRYANT, waited on us, during dinner ; he had a good deal of humour, and mirth in his composition ; of which lively qualities, the roundness of his little person ; the rosiness of his

cheeks, and the vivacity, and meaning of his eyes, were most happily emblematical. He, and I, had, sometimes, an interchange of jokes, and of ludicrous stories; that were not altogether of a piece with the finer conversation, to which he then seemed to be giving much attention; and from which, his natural good sense, unaided by scholastic art, might derive *some* pleasure, and improvement. I shall never forget the movements of his physiognomy, on that day; with which GARRICK himself might have been pleased. As he stood behind Dr. JENNER, I felt all the force of his well-timed, arch, and expressive looks; a demure leer at his reverend pastor, on one side, was succeeded, on another, by a comick wink, and smile at *me*. In short, I saw that he was extremely delighted with what *he* undoubtedly thought the motley novelty, of a social concurrence; of a cordial, and perfect harmony, between the wicked secular army, and the pious, and spiritual church militant here on earth*.

* I shall here give a remarkable instance of the originality of my friend Mr. GIBSON's genius. When I was at BIGGLESWADE, in the year 1780, I visited my old friend, in his cottage of almost impenetrable shade. I had not seen him then for twenty-three years. His first words to me were,—“ Well; where have you been?”

I must commemorate another worthy, of that fertile, and pleasant county; JOHN HARVEY, esq. of ICKWELL, a village about four miles from BIGGLESWADE. He was an old, and merry batchelor; and an affectionate, and generous uncle to his nephews, who lived with him. On these young gentlemen, he had not bestowed the polish of a liberal education; their knowledge, indeed, was very common, and limited; it's principal objects, were country affairs:—but he had assiduously trained, and habituated them to the sports of the field; to which, as long as he had strength to move, he was very much addicted. Of this honest ranger of hill, and dale, hunting was the chief rural pleasure. Nothing can totally pervert, and spoil a *good*; nothing can effectually correct, and reform, a *bad* disposition.—It had not been in the power even of the rough, and barbarous joys of the chace, to harden *his* neighbourly, humane, and friendly heart; which was ever open to good impressions; and which often impelled him to the performance of good offices.—I imagine that he was in his grand climacterick, when I knew him. He enjoyed a hereditary estate, which had descended to him from a long line of ancestors; and which was

worth two thousand pounds a year, fifty years ago.—I frequently visited at *his* house ; which was delightfully situated ; where I enjoyed several charming, literary days (for *I* read, while *he*, and his *nephews* hunted) and several pleasant, and mirthful nights.—He weighed almost twenty stone ; but he was on horseback ; and followed the hounds keenly, almost every day. He lived well, but he was not intemperate ;—*such* a man, you may easily suppose, would be jolly sometimes. His brisk exercise, co-operating with a naturally strong constitution, gave his body, though corpulent, the vigour, and activity ; the circulation of his blood, the sprightliness ; and his face, the ruddy suffusion of a second youth. He was certainly, altogether, one of the most extraordinary men, I ever knew. And *he* must have been a very hard, and unrelaxing scholar ; literature must not have produced it's best, and most amiable effects on *his* mind, who could not be pleased, and affectionately engaged, with the friendship of this hearty old gentleman.—He sung a good song ; his voice was strong ; yet it had it's softer melody ; his natural musical taste, was judicious ; for he felt what he sung. When fancy was persuing a train of gay ideas ; when

he was at a happy hour of elevation; I was never tired; nay, I was always delighted, with hearing him sing the following song in *COMUS*.— It is, to this day, more deeply imprinted in my imagination, by the unaffected, and unadorned performance of Mr. HARVEY, than by all the gaudy, and meretricious embellishments, with which it *ever* took my attention in the theatre.

By dimpled brook, and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim,
Their merry, merry wakes, and gambols keep;
What has night to do with sleep?—
Night has better joys to prove;
VENUS now wakes; and wakens love!
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes sin;
'Tis only day-light, &c.

He had likewise a favourite hunting-song; which, in his rosy hours, he used to sing with great spirit, and glee.—I remember only it's chorus:—

And all the day long,
This, this is our song;
Still hollowing, and following,
So frolick, and free;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds;
No mortals on earth, are so happy as we.

He used to soften his joys of society, and of BACCHUS, with a soothing pipe. He was very liberal of his wine to his friends. He had an elegant chrystal tun, which his butler used to fill with a *magnum bonum* (two bottles of claret)—bunches of grapes were *cut*, and a silver BACCHUS was *mounted*, on it; it turned on a pivot; and from this transparent cask; and from a silver cock, we drew the ruby nectar of BOURDEAUX.—While his soul was warmed with social inspiration;—while, with this precious vessel before him; with his pipe in his hand;—with his rosy, and jolly face, beaming hospitality, and transport; which were enforced by a large, white, and venerable, yet comick wig; he enjoyed the rapture of one of his own festive songs; while he exerted *this* spirit, and was dignified with these ensigns of conviviality;—the god himself, of CRETE, and NAXOS (for in youthful age, this *bon vivant* challenged immortality) seemed to *présider* at our meeting;—or at least, he completely represented to my fancy, a sublime demi-god, or a jovial high-priest; the SILENUS of ÆGLE; or the BITIAS of DIDO.

Excuse me if I love to dwell on BIGGLESWADE, and it's vicinage; for I had some plea-

sure there.—I made an agreeable acquaintance in the family of Mr. FIELD of CAMPTON, a village, which is distant seven miles from BIGGLESWADE. The dispositions, and habits of the old gentleman, and his lady, were plain, frugal, and rather parsimonious;—they were of ancient, and chastised english manners; and lived without noise, and without show. They had a son, and a daughter;—the daughter was very agreeable; and to *her* I payed one of my poetical tributes; she afterwards married a clergyman; and I hope that she is still living.—The son, CHARLES FIELD, was a lively young man; he had a very social, and friendly heart; and good sense; but there was an unsteadiness, and wildness in his temper.—We were often together; and I am certain that we had a sincere, and great regard for each other. When he was proposing to himself, romantick schemes, and adventures; I took the liberty to advise him to endeavour to fix his mind on *real* good; to be satisfied with the very eligible situation in which he was placed;—to cultivate his mind with knowledge, and virtue;—and generously, and prudently, to enjoy the great advantages of the life of a country gentleman; and to be thankful to Providence for those in-

estimable blessings.—If he had taken *my* advice, he would have been happy ;—but he forgot it ; or he would not reduce it to practice ;—hence, as he was far from being destitute of sensibility, and sentiment, he must, undoubtedly, have suffered, in the course of his life, great distress, and misery. Nature, indeed, had endowed him with a peculiar strength of soul ;—with the physical, if not with the moral principles of fortitude, and resolution ; and this vigorous tone, and habit, kept his mind patient, and erect, in a horrible contrast of circumstances, and external credit ; in which a common man could not have endured existence. I had not seen him for twenty years after the time of my station at BIGGLESWADE ; a little after that long interval, I had the good fortune, and the great pleasure, to meet, and recognise him, at the new exchange coffee-house, in the strand. It was a lucky day for *my* social, and friendly heart ; for in consequence of addressing FIELD, I made, at the same time, an acquaintance, in which my heart hath always been warmly interested, with JESSE FOOTE, an excellent, and eminent surgeon, in dean street, soho ; and our mutual friend. The pleasure of this meeting, however, was greatly abated by

the melancholy account which Mr. Foote gave me of sir CHARLES FIELD's circumstances (for he had been knighted by the king, when he was in the BEDFORDSHIRE-militia).—He was then on the brink of absolute ruin ; into which he sunk soon after. He was foolishly addicted to play ; and he was lavishly fond of showing hospitality ; of giving entertainments indiscriminately :—excess in either of these propensities, is enough to destroy a very large fortune.—I should sooner have mentioned sir CHARLES FIELD's hereditary patrimony, which was about a thousand a year.—I conversed intimately with him in LONDON afterwards ; when he was in the most deplorable situation ; when he had not credit for a dinner.—My heart was additionally torne with the calamity of my friend, that I had not ability to relieve him.—A wife, and two sons, were involved in this calamity.—He went over to FRANCE ; where, I was well informed, that he was obliged to submit to the meanest, and most humiliating employments, for bread. From *his* example, however, we *never* should despair ;—*it* alone is a practical, and unanswerable refutation of the blundering, profane, and impudent doctrine, that pretends, and presumes, in *any* case, to justify

deliberate suicide.—His scene of life by degrees brightened up; and was at length fixed in a steady, and beautiful day. On his return to ENGLAND, his wife died at DOVER;—*that* event was the morning-star of his returning good fortune;—for *he* was then shockingly poor; and *she* had a good deal of the devil in her.—He was a handsome, and well-made man;—he despaired now less than ever:—he was the possessor of some guineas; with which he went to BATH, in quest of adventures; at once the seat of gaiety, splendour, and of serious, and pensive stratagems;—serious, on account of the vast importance of their game; and pensive, from the strong, and importunate desires, which actuate their motions. To avoid a minute, and tedious length in my story; he married an agreeable lady, who had a great fortune; with whom I hope that he is living at this moment, in health, and happiness, at SALISBURY*.

FIELD and I, always completely unbosomed ourselves to each other, on *any* subject. In relating his imprudences; his misfortunes; and their effects; a part of his history excited my

* Since I wrote this paragraph, I have been informed that sir CHARLES FIELD is dead.

indignation ; but by no means my surprize.—He told me, that when he was reduced to poverty ; if he accidentally met any of those gentlemen (as the appellation is basely, and promiscuously prostituted) whom he had extravagantly entertained in his better days, they hardly vouchsafed him a cold, and momentary salutation.—For this frigid, and expeditious compliment, there were, undoubtedly, two reasons ; they were determined, not, in *any* way, to alleviate the hard circumstances of their fallen friend ; they were determined not to associate with him ; and, at the same time, they felt their consciences damning them for their enormity.—Almost in every similar case, similar consequences would follow, throughout the world ;—and the general conduct of the great majority of mankind ; however widely it may be diversified, is composed of such selfishness, ingratitude, and obduracy.—And yet, those honest, independent, and generous philosophers, who paint our species as they have infallibly experienced them, and as they deserve, are pronounced by the multitude, that is, by those who well merit the dark picture,—morose, and malignant, the calumniators of society ; the enemies of mankind.—But *they* are their enemies,

who fumigate their vanity ; who compliment their vices ; who encourage them in their depravity, It is as warrantable ; and as consistent with true benevolence, to describe man, as he really is ; as it is, to describe a fox, a wolf, or a tiger, as *they* really are ;—but the former is of infinitely more importance, than the latter description. The frank, and eloquent indignation that such writers express against the prevailing, and bad characteristics of mankind, is so far from originating in misanthropy, that it evidently flows from a benevolent disposition ; which, in proportion as it hates mean, must always love noble actions. The man who is endowed with this disposition, is the explicit, and ardent enemy of diffused, and triumphant selfishness, and oppression ; who would always be most ready to adorn his own conduct with humanity, and beneficence. In this amiable strain he moves, when he gives the world those home admonitions, which are so invidious, and offensive ; they are apt to be repelled with a jealousy ; with a *conscious* resentment ; but if they were accepted, and practised, with the ingenuous spirit of their authour, they would be the most signal proofs, and monuments that could be exhibited, of his philanthropy.—

The cold, formal, servile flatterers of our follies, of our fashions; of those crimes which are unpunished, because they are guarded, and protected by power, or by bad laws;—*these* men are the real misanthropes;—for it is practice which evinces the man;—*their* frozen souls were never capable of a warm, and generous action:—*they* study nothing but their own ease, convenience, and emoluments, which, they justly apprehend, would be materially injured by an open, and wholesome severity, in the cause of virtue. They are equally restrained from unfolding honest, bold, and sacred truths, by the inward, painful remonstrances, and compunctions of self-love;—and by that insinuating, and artful complaisance with which they are constantly attentive to keep well with all men. A person of this description, would never have the disinterestedness; and the moral courage, publicly to communicate, and urge these truths.—The general, and well-directed censure would wound the little individuals of his dearest interest; it would pierce, and put to flight his friends; and it would recoil, with *some* painful impression, on his own breast.

At this time, my correspondence with lord

DOUNE made one of the great pleasures of my heart, and mind. Most of the letters with which he honoured me, I received while I was at BIGGLESWADE. Of the poetry which I wrote during my stay there, I remember but a few little fragments. Some serious, and moral stanzas I composed in my apartment at the swan, and in my walks, in the neighbouring fields, which were inserted in the LONDON magazine for april, 1757. Their title was, *The rural philosopher*. They were not written in vain; for they had the approbation of my lord DOUNE. I remember but a small part of them. I will endeavour to recover the whole, if I live to return to LONDON. In the june of this year, my recruiting-party was dissolved. I took my leave of BIGGLESWADE, and went into camp at CHATHAM. We were commanded there, by lord GEORGE SACKVILLE.

About this time, I began to be tired of the army. The mutability of my disposition, was, perhaps, *one* cause of this change in my mind: but I can assign for it, more rational, and respectable causes; the frequent, sudden, and arbitrary removals from place to place, which are indispensable, in the life of a soldier;—and the

mechanical, and laborious military exercises, which produced many rude interruptions ; many wide, and unideal intervals, in my literary pursuits. I am not one of those visionary philosophers who imagine that a man may excell in any art, or science, if he will apply to it with diligence, ardour, and perseverance ;—the absurd theory is contradicted, and disproved, by innumerable examples of the various affections, acquirements, and glorious distinctions, of the human mind ;—and by all sensible, accurate, and indisputable observation. Even *common* understandings are often evidently formed to comprehend, and to love, some useful, or elegant objects, more than others ; but where the characters, and force of genius prevail, it's possessor is peculiarly designed by nature, and with a stronger, and more striking demonstration, for one particular path to eminence, and to fame. — It is certain that I was very dull, and slow, in acquiring knowledge, and any expertness in military discipline ;—whether from a dislike of being reduced to a kind of human automaton ; or from my natural incapacity to make a proficiency in that science, I shall not, at present, endeavour elaborately to determine. I only beg

leave to observe, that agreeably to the general wise, and benevolent economy of the Creator, those objects which greatly disgust us, were not, surely, by *Him* intended for our principal pursuit. Before we encounter them, indeed, they may be imposed upon us, as very practicable, and very engaging, by the fairy prospects of imagination:—but the spell is dissolved by fact, and reality (this was exactly *my* case) and we wonder at ourselves; and we, in some degree, despise ourselves, for having been deluded by the chimerical vision.—I was patiently, and perseveringly drilled; yet I still continued a block-head in manœuvres, and evolutions; and those of my brother-officers who thought too highly of my classical, and poetical talents, used to express their surprize, that one who was capable of the finer sallies, and energies of the mind, should not easily be an adept in the inferiour, and grosser arts of personal, and local movements.

The summer was extremely hot; and the accommodations of a camp were as disagreeable, as they were new to me;—these oppressive circumstances, brought on me an inertness, and lassitude of body; which co-operating with my

fixed antipathy against the daily employments of my profession, sunk my mind to a state of languour, and despondency. We should take care to be happy; that is, we should take care to be prudent;—the virtues rise and fall together, or in short succession:—when we are extremely distressed by one vice, or folly, or from any other cause, we are very apt to seek refuge in other vices; in sensual, and momentary gratifications, which are only the harbingers of additional misery. Sick of my situation; unable to exercise my intellectual faculties; and without any satisfactory prospect;—I sought a refuge from indolence, and reflexion, in those false, and pernicious pleasures, which, as soon as they are passed; nay even while we enjoy them, aggravate our calamities, and increase the melancholy of the mental scene.

As my own faults, great, and numerous as they are, have been aggravated; and my good endeavours, undervalued, and traduced, by malice; I seize every fair opportunity, with a particular zeal, to do justice, as far as *my* very limited power goes, to distinguished, and injured merit, living, or departed.—Consistently with this disposition, and habit, I must beg

leave to offer a generous, and grateful, but equitable tribute, to the memory of the unfortunate, for I cannot think him the criminal, lord GEORGE SACKVILLE, afterwards lord GEORGE GERMAINE, who, in the year 1757, commanded our camp near BROMPTON, and CHATHAM, in KENT. I said, a *grateful* tribute; for he endeavoured essentially to befriend *me*, twenty-three years after the time of that encampment; and with a degree of magnanimous generosity; when we consider that honest, virtuous, and bold truth, is generally never pardoned by the great. But of the transaction to which I now allude, I shall give a distinct, and complete account, in it's proper place.

It must be well known to all the surviving acquaintance, and friends of that unfortunate nobleman, that he bore the insults of the vulgar; and the coldness, and taunts of those who were equal, or superiour to him, in situation, with a calm, and unshaken fortitude. Not a less powerful auxiliary than conscience, could have inspired, and supported this equanimity, in these trying circumstances. The valour of his philosophy in the region of envy, and malevolence, must certainly have been preceded by his col-

lected mind, in the field of MARS. The calmness, and serenity; the politeness of manner of which he was master, when he fought a duel with captain JOHNSTONE of the navy, for a sarcasm allusive to MINDEN, which was thrown out against him by that gentleman, in the house of commons, when he was absent;—will be a decisive proof of what I am now advancing, with every unprejudiced, and generous man. But his behaviour, at a more solemn, and awful crisis; even in the last extremity of nature, will, I should think, be an unexceptionable; an irresistible voucher for his courage, and firmness, in the day of battle. I hope that lord SACKVILLE's old confidential friend; the learned, and ingenious Mr. CUMBERLAND, is still living*, and well. *He* never can forget the last scene of his patron's mortal state. If I may rely on the concurrent testimony of many publick papers, I am going to describe it rightly. When he felt his death fast approaching, he lost no time to prepare himself for the eternally decisive moment; and to shew his unaffected reverence for the christian religion. He sent for the clergyman of his parish; and from *him* re-

* I am happy now to know that he is living. 1808.

ceived the blessed sacrament, with a fervent piety ; and with the greatest christian decorum. To discredit the declaration of a dying person, who, during a long life, and in the midst of the contagion of a court, had maintained the unsullied reputation of veracity, and of true moral honour ; would be grossly unjust, and unfeelingly barbarous. A little before he expired, he called Mr. CUMBERLAND to his bed-side, and thus addressed him.—“ You see the situation in
“ which I am ; and I charge you to mind what
“ I now say to you. I have seen much of
“ life, and I have experienced it’s vicissitudes ;
“ but at no *momentous period* of my life, was
“ my mind less collected, than it is at present.” This short, but impressive speech (I am writing from publick information) was succeeded by convulsions, which terminated his life.

I was a young clergyman in LONDON, when lord GEORGE SACKVILLE was tried by a general court-martial.—I was on the most friendly terms with my old brother officers ; and I often visited those, who were at that time, in the metropolis. During the trial, I one day breakfasted with captain SUTHERLAND at his lodgings in PANTON-square. He was a blunt, honest man ; and a gallant caledonian. He had been adjutant of

the second battalion of welsh fuzileers; and he had fought bravely at the battle of MINDEN. I never disliked any thing in him, but his extreme severity to the poor soldiers, in his office of adjutant.—I shall never forget what happened on a field-day at BROMPTON-camp.—He rode forward to the ranks, and gave his rattan very heavily to a young man who had made some mistake in his exercise; whom *I* had listed while I was at BIGGLESWADE; and who, I am afraid, was the only son of his mother. This woman, I likewise now remember, and with agony of mind, entreated me, and with many maternal tears, to restore her son to her; but she entreated in vain. While the strokes of the adjutant, were inflicted on my poor recruit, he wept, and cried out;—“Very different treatment from *this* was promised to me when I entered into the army.”—I was then unfortunately near him.—He gave me a look that spoke “unutterable things,” and that pierced, like a dagger to my heart. Pardon this digression of a very feeling, and penitent mind; and let me return to my main subject. The evidence of this gentleman was very strong in favour of lord GEORGE; and I believe, he afterwards found that it was not serviceable to

his promotion. While I conversed with him, on the trial, and on the merits of the cause, he expressed his warm indignation against the malignant prejudices, and false testimonies, which were then giving mortal wounds to his lordship's military interest, and reputation.—I had the honour to be well acquainted with captain SMITH, who was *aid-de-camp* to lord GEORGE, at BROMPTON-camp, and at the battle of MINDEN.—He *was* (I hope that from the continuation of his life to the present hour, I may say, that he *is*)* a man of sense, and spirit:—a man of a warm, generous, and sincere heart;—with whom no consideration upon earth, could ever prevail, to suppress the truth, when he thought that it was his duty to declare it. *His* testimony, at the court-martial, in favour of his noble friend, was unreserved, explicit, and ardent:—however impartial he was, he must have been ardent, on that obnoxious, and provoking occasion. But his honesty did him no good. Walking with him, one day, along wych-street (I strongly remember more trivial interviews with my old, and dear friend) we re-

* I was very lately informed of the death of that worthy man.

newed the memorable subject : I seriously asked him, if it was his real opinion, that the conduct of lord GEORGE SACKVILLE deserved no censure on the MINDEN-day?—He emphatically answered, that his conduct, on that day, was perfectly accurate, and what it ought to have been ; and that he merited no more blame, as a soldier, than *that* child ;—pointing to a little flaxen-headed boy, that passed, as we conversed. I asked Mr. SMITH, if he did not advance too slowly, when he *did* march?—He insisted, that he could not (circumstanced as he was) march faster ;—and he gave me clear, and satisfactory reasons for that assertion, which I have since forgotten. He added, that the orders which were brought to lord GEORGE, by prince FERDINAND's *aides de camp*, were contradictory to each other, confused ; and consequently necessarily embarrassing to any man. He farther observed, that when he rode himself to prince FERDINAND, to get an explanation of his orders, he was exposed to more danger, than he would have been in the persuit of the French*. My

* I lately had the honour of conversing with my lord GREY on this important subject. He not only acquitted lord SACKVILLE of the least misconduct at the battle of

friend captain SMITH, many years after the period of which I am now recording some events, was a gentleman-usher to the queen. He was, at that time, kind, zealous, and active to befriend me ; as I shall more distinctly, and amply relate, in the chronological series of my life.

A predestinarian would say, that lord SACKVILLE was fated to be unfortunate both in his military, and political capacity. Long after our war on the german continent, he presided over a more unjustifiable war, on the continent of AMERICA. I have particularly animadverted on the inglorious campaigns of sir WILLIAM HOWE, in the letters of AGRICOLA, which, in the year 1779, appeared in WOODFALL's publick advertiser. These letters (if it pleases GOD) I intend to publish with my other works ; and perhaps they may deserve some attention from posterity.

To what absurd, and oppressive ideas ; to what absurd, and oppressive measures ; are even men of integrity, and talents, devoted ;—from the prejudices of education, and habit ; from that enormous love of power, which is one of the most domineering passions in the human

MINDEN, but spoke with great respect of his general character.

breast; and consequently, from that idolatry, and support of excessive power in another; as by reflection, and retribution, it strengthens, and supports their own!—Does a sensible, affectionate, and conscientious father, throw any unreasonable restraints on a son, when he is able to provide for himself; to enrich himself, by his own honest endeavours?—Does he not, on the contrary, give every possible paternal encouragement; every kind assistance to those endeavours? So should great empires act towards their industrious, commercial, and flourishing colonies; instead of loading them with odious taxes; instead of enforcing their unconstitutional edicts with the sword; instead of dragooning them into slavery. Sensible, and good minds might, at any time, easily frame a simple, but salutary, and efficient political code, by obvious, and prominent analogies to private life. But what room would there then be, for the state pedantry of politicians; for the difficulties, and mysteries, which are by themselves created; for the unrestrained workings of their corrupt hearts; for the lawless gratification of their insatiable passion for wealth, and dominion; a passion, which never hesitates to insult, and break down, the most sacred, and invaluable rights of our species?

As lord SACKVILLE was a person of high rank, and had all the advantages of education; it is almost superfluous for me to say, that he was a polite man. He was rather tall, and well-formed; he had an elegance, a dignity of deportment. He was very conversant with books, and men; he was eloquent in the senate; and eloquent, often poignant, in conversation. But there was, likewise a reserve, and haughtiness in his manner, which depressed, and darkened all that was agreeable, and engaging in him; it shaded those talents which were worthy to be admired; it naturally, and very fairly, hurt the reasonable self-love of his acquaintance, and friends. His integrity commanded esteem, his abilities praise; but to attract the heart, was not one of those abilities: a happy art, of which the elements, or principles, must be born with us:—observation, and habit may improve it; but the soul of it must flow from nature. For want of this flexibility, which is very consistent with a sincere, and manly spirit; for want of a social gaiety, and affection, which we ought to cultivate; the publick were not interested in his good fortune;—his elevation gave them no pleasure; and they did not regret his fall.

My dislike of my situation, and my bad health,

made me inattentive to several objects which deserved my attention. A languor of body, and mind, was alternately the cause, and the consequence of my despondency; and during the encampment, I enjoyed little intellectual pleasure; I made few useful observations. I was honoured with a share of lord GEORGE's social, and convivial attention; and I was much pleased with the strain of his conversation. I retain it not, however, so deeply as it *should* have impressed me; but I can give *one* anecdote from it, which, I think, will not be unacceptable to the reader. His lordship's remark was applicable to the person for whom it was intended; and it is very applicable to many, who, every day, presume to be the life, and soul of a company. The anecdote which I have in view, relates to lord TYRAWLEY; who, at the time of which I am writing, and long before, was an eminent character at the court of GEORGE the second. He had been much abroad; and sometimes in the quality of an ambassador. He was the father of the late general O'HARA, the governor of GIBRALTAR; whom he had by a portuguese lady. Lord TYRAWLEY himself, was governor of GIBRALTAR, when I was there, in the year 1756: he succeeded general FOLKES, in the government of

that garrison. He was a man of political, but much more of amorous intrigue; and he was deemed a person of extraordinary talent for humour, and repartee.

One day when I dined with lord GEORGE, at CHATHAM, an officer who was in company, asked him what he thought of lord TYRAWLEY as a *bel esprit*?—"The first time (replied he) "that I heard him converse, I thought him very "entertaining;—the second time, very well;—"and the third time, very indifferent.—That is "not the way (added he) with my lord CHES- "TERFIELD; *he* never flags."

Here, we have a short, but pertinent, and well distinguished criterion, of the superficial, and transient; and of the sterling, and constant social lustre of the mind.—A man who has not a great strength and variety of mental power; nor much liberal, and elegant information, and knowledge; but who has a good deal of confidence, vivacity, and fluency; and who dashes at every thing, *must* make *some* lucky hits; must, at times, throw out a striking association, or collision of ideas;—but for want of a strength, and exuberance of mind; and of the stores that supply such a mind; and that such a mind has always at it's command, he will, at different times

be very unequal to himself, as an interesting companion; his brilliancy, to-day, will, perhaps, fade considerably to-morrow; and to those who are much with him, when the circle of anecdotes, and stories, with their intermediate jerks of pun, and fancy, has completed it's round, *that* brilliancy will, ere long, be totally extinguished. But the mind on which nature has bestowed vigour, brightness, acuteness, and versatility; and which is likewise highly cultivated, and enriched by polite literature, is always present, and always affluent, to it's owners;—it is ever in the power of *this* mind—happily to steer,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe:—

as it's force creates at pleasure, it's rays illuminate, and beautify, all it's variegated, finely combined, and strikingly contrasted images;—they illuminate—*not* with the dubious, and perishable flashes of the meteor; but with the clear, stedly, and eternal light of the sun.

I remember another accident which happened while I was at CHATHAM-camp; and which will show, among innumerable instances, what latitudinarians men of the sword are, in matters

of religion. Mr. WHITFIELD came to CHATHAM, to offer his spiritual services to the soldiers. My friend captain SMITH (whom I have already, and particularly mentioned) brought a message to his lordship, from that primitive apostle. “ Mr. WHITFIELD, my lord, has
“ come hither; he sends his respects, by *me*, to
“ your lordship; and requests that he may
“ have your permission to preach in the camp.”
—“ Make my compliments, SMITH, to Mr.
“ WHITFIELD; and tell him, from me, that he
“ may preach any thing to my soldiers that is
“ not contrary to the articles of war.”

A medium of mild, and well-tempered discipline, between unbounded licence, and tyrannical intolerance, would make a good, and graceful part of church-government. Captain SMITH, the gentleman who delivered Mr. WHITFIELD's request to lord GEORGE SACKVILLE, and who, *then*, made it a subject of merriment, became afterwards, himself a warm, and devoted methodist. Unforeseen, and surprising, are the changes, and revolutions of the human mind! But I mean not to accuse my friend, nor to lower his respectable character. Methodism did no harm to *him*; nay, I believe

that it did good ;—it improved his virtues, and refined them to a christian purity. When the tenets of the Methodists impress a sensible, liberal, and pious mind, they warm, and elevate that mind to the sublimest heights of christianity. They infuse into it, an enthusiasm ; and without enthusiasm, nothing great was ever either attained, or practised. But I must give a definition of *my* enthusiasm ; for in a lax, and unlimited sense, it has produced much evil ; and especially when it has been an associate of our religious faith. By enthusiasm, then, I only mean, an ardent, and invincible love of the object to which we are most attached ; and an ardent, and indefatigable pursuit of that object. Mr. SMITH, when I first knew him at CHATHAM camp, was a worthy, and generous man :—but when we renewed our acquaintance, many years after ; and when he was a very religious man ; his worth was, certainly, more exalted ; and his generosity was more expanded. Yet a few excellent examples of uniform action, and dignity, in morality, and religion, do not invalidate the truth that results from impartial, just, and general observation. I by no means, here, intend to be an undistinguishing advocate for Methodism :

I am satisfied, that, on the whole, it has done infinitely more harm than good to true christianity; by it's natural tendency, and effects, it gives, a blind, and dangerous confidence, and security, to presumption; it drives the weak, the timorous, and the diffident, to terroure, and despair; and the low, vulgar, and nonsensical jargon, both in sense, and language, of it's untutored, and ignorant rhapsodists, make those objects ridiculous, that should ever be held in veneration, and awe; in short, they disgrace the spirit, and destroy the efficacy of religion.

Consistently with that open impartiality which I have endeavoured to maintain through life; and on which, while it has been extremely hostile to my interest, I have often reflected with great satisfaction; I here think myself obliged to give some respectful attention to the memory of the famous JOHN WESLEY. He was a man of talents, learning, and virtue; and an eloquent, and indefatigable champion in the cause of christianity. I have no doubt that he now enjoys a happy immortality; and from his labours in the spiritual vineyard, his name will have all that immortality which can be bestowed on it by earthly celebrity. He was a mild

teacher of christianity; he did not deform the deity with those gorgon-terrors, from which *his* amiable majesty is abhorrent; and which it is blasphemy to ascribe to him. Therefore, instead of misleading the human mind to a dangerous confidence, or despondency, I believe that in many of his hearers, he effected the excellent work of reformation; and engaged them to the habits of a rational, and true christian piety. No man knew the value of time, better than he; or used it with more assiduity, and jealousy of its lapse, in the pursuit of the great, and sacred objects of religion. He gave a striking example to the world, of the mighty consequences that flow from a diligent, and unremitted perseverance in noble conduct; for the religious influence of a private man, who had all his life proceeded in our *viâ sacrâ*, which is too commonly despised, made him, at length, an object of very considerable *political* weight in this country. He himself could have raised an army; and if that venerable patriarch had been now living, his followers would have yielded, in active intrepidity, to none of their countrymen; he would have breathed into the souls of his numerous disciples, an irresistible patriotism

against the apostate, and tyrant of FRANCE.— In his profession, he had his faults; and what man is without them? In some of his writings, he seems to arrogate to himself, and his friends, the inspiration, and miracles of the first apostles. This unwarrantable claim, was very favourable to his love of power; for *that* passion (I am sorry to observe) was Mr. WESLEY's principal fault; yet he was, in his character, on the whole, an excellent man; as I shall now more particularly evince.

Mr. WESLEY possessed extensive learning, and bright intellectual abilities; which he exerted, during a long life, in the immediate service of his maker, and for the salvation of man. To these pure, and divine works, that his due reverence might be devoted; he extended his employment in them as far as was possible; he allowed himself no more time for sleep than was rigorously demanded by nature. Neither heat, nor cold; tempests, nor dangers; nor far distant climates; could check the fervour of *his* zeal; nor the diffusion of his practice. If he was affluent, for *his* humble and primeval system, I know, from the true history of his life, that he was only a banker for the poor. Instead of

accumulating wealth, with a feverish avarice, *he* was industrious to find, and thoroughly to know, real, and worthy objects of charity; whom he often relieved with liberal, and large donations; as far as human nature can imitate the divine, WESLEY imitated *him* “whose meat and drink “it was, to do the will of his father;” like his Saviour, “he went about doing good.”

October, 1808. I have carefully read over again what I wrote six years ago, relating to captain SMITH, Mr. WESLEY, and the methodists. That I may not be mistaken in what I then occasionally said, and that I may be a distinct, and determined friend of true religion, as it is my duty to be, I desire my readers carefully to peruse, and consider what follows.

JESUS CHRIST never mentions faith, without strongly inculcating good works; moral, and benevolent practice; without which there is no religion. His whole sermon on the mount of olives is practical doctrine; not one verse of it is devoted to erratick and wild visionary objects, of which a sensible mind can take no hold. In short, it is from beginning, to end, a moral sermon; an epithet of genuine praise, which

those vulgar, conceited, and ignorant people mean for an epithet of contempt. As they are, in general, totally unacquainted with all propriety of language, I must tell them that *moral*, signifies, *practical*. But this is quite consistent with their theory, and their conduct. For their great stress is laid upon faith; where it should, at least, be equally laid upon good works. The fatal consequence of this doctrine is, that their disciples, in their actions, pay no attention to the mild, benevolent, and beneficent precepts of JESUS CHRIST, and to his example, who went about doing good; but think that their faith is to do every thing for them; and thus their whole life is past without one act of generous virtue. I am speaking of the general and predominant consequences of this doctrine; but there may be exceptions. In my long, and variegated life, I have had occasionally, and I thank God, only occasionally, some intercourse with methodists; and whenever a deed of true christian charity was to be done, I have generally found them the most selfish, hard hearted, unrelenting beings in the world.—Persons of all religious persuasions, who show a proper regard for religion, are good, and virtuous people; but

they, who, in general, with a gloomy, and stupid bigotry, carry their attention to externals, and mere sound, to a ridiculous degree, and who, in all weathers run after sermons, have commonly in their lives, very little of the true practical, and generous spirit of christianity. Of this truth, the methodists are prominent and glaring examples. I speak of what I know to be true; but I admit exceptions.

An impious, and blasphemous methodistical enthusiast, asserted in one of his rhapsodies, that when DAVID committed adultery with BATHSHEBA, and sent her husband, UURIAH, with a letter, which was to procure his death, to the jewish camp, he was as sure of the favour of GOD, as in his most virtuous and pious hours. Good GOD! how my hand trembles, while I am writing this sentence, so blasphemous against the Creator, so destructive of human virtue. In this instance, it is hard to say whether the king or the preacher was the greater criminal. An unexamining, and unreflecting bigot may here tell me that king DAVID is pronounced to be a man after GOD's own heart. I think little better of this assertion than of the preceding one of the impious methodist. I will

never be an impious traitor to my reason, and my judgment; those glorious, and sacred faculties with which my great and good Creator has endowed me; they have always been the tests by which I have tried and accepted my religion; and thus I have acted with a proper reverence for the Deity; and with a proper respect for sacred truth. From what I have now written, unexamining, and unreflecting bigots, and enthusiasts may be convinced that I properly despise *their* headlong, and precipitate belief; and that there is an adamant barrier from all spiritual communication between us.

They are perpetually perverting the texts of scripture, and changing their salutary spiritual food into spiritual poison. I shall give two instances of this perversion. The scripture says that "God is no respecter of persons;" by which is plainly meant, in the eye of common sense, that he will do justice to people of all ranks, and conditions. But a methodist, whose disposition, and corrupt notions of religion habituate his mind and manners to sullenness, and insolence, gives to this text the most unchristian interpretation; in consequence of which he is watchful to exhibit on every oc-

casion, a rudeness, and barbarity of behaviour. There are no people upon earth who are so ignorant of the true meaning of the scriptures as these creatures; and yet with a preposterous presumption they pretend to be perfect masters of it. Repeated, explicit, and energetick are the texts in the new testament which strictly enjoin personal reverence and obedience to the superiour orders of society. If they recollected, as they ought, the mild precepts, and the humility of the example of CHRIST, they would be ashamed of themselves (if they *could* be ashamed) for their spiritual, and vulgar pride.

This is a serious charge; I now go on to another, which if it was not applied to a sacred object, would be ridiculous. They think it a most deadly, and damning sin, to be innocently and agreeably employed on a sunday. If a person dresses gayly on a sunday, goes on a message, visits a friend, or even cooks his dinner, they send the poor man or woman to hell, in a moment. If any thing could open the eyes of stubborn obstinacy, it would be the rational, and excellent latitude which our Saviour gives to human conduct, on a sunday. I do not know what they may think of *my* religion,

and I do not care ; but while I am writing in this manner, I know that I am treading in the steps of my blessed and divine master, whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light. With regard to the sabbath, as they are pleased to call sunday, they are exactly uncircumcised jews ; for though the hebrew word, *sabbath*, signifies *rest* ; it was never meant by MOSES that it should be literally, a day of rest. But jews and methodists have nothing to do with reason.

On the foundation of that most luminous, and excellent guide, as it was intended by the Deity, for man, on all objects that related to him, CHRIST tells us that “the sabbath was made for man; not man for the sabbath.” But a blundering methodist, in his doctrine and in his conduct, has the assurance to pervert reason, and directly to contradict the divine teacher who enforced it. He completely inverts our Saviour’s maxim, and tells us, *not* that the sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath ; but that “the sabbath was not made for man ; but man for the sabbath.”

Thou great, and benign Creator of the universe ; thou omnipotent former of innumerable suns, and planetary worlds ; in how tremendous

and shocking a manner is *thy* divine majesty and economy degraded and disgraced, by a set of presumptuous, and blasphemous wretches, who profanely drag them down to their own vulgar, and groveling ideas ;—and make *thy* benevolent nature a severe judge of human trifles, which are totally excluded from thy vast and unbounded empire !

I come now to a most horrible doctrine ; I do not know whether it is entirely embraced by the methodists ; but I feel it at present, to be my indispensable duty, properly, and severely to animadvert upon it. It has been explicitly asserted that people have been predestinated, from their birth, to eternal happiness, or to eternal misery. Such a horrid, and tremendous partiality makes God Almighty the most unjust being that can be imagined. But what is worse, it makes him the most detestable tyrant that can be imagined : for he rewards men with eternal happiness for doing what they could not help doing ; and he punishes them with everlasting misery for doing what they were under an absolute necessity of doing.—To such a dreadful pitch of blasphemy and wickedness we sink, when we despise and reject the decisive test of all that is right,

and wrong; and mechanically adopt what we read, without consideration, or reflexion:—when a reasonable being wishes to refute those impious errors, they tell him that they are in the book. By this answer they cannot pass a heavier sentence on their own ignorance, indolence, and stupidity. By this irrational, and supine belief (if it deserves the name) they do the greatest injustice to the book, and to themselves. When a man has the impiety to despise reason in any momentous, but especially in the most momentous inquiry; he dishonours, and disgraces the sacred writings by his blasphemies, and knows nothing about true religion.

The great injustice that is done to the true meaning of the scriptures by illiterate people, proceeds from their ignorance of the genius of the oriental style, which delights in hyperbole, and exaggeration. Our Saviour mentions everlasting happiness, and everlasting misery in the same verse. For this reason, say they, the bad state must be everlasting as well as the good. But, this is no reason at all; it is totally annihilated, when we consider the infinite goodness, and benignity of God, and the doctrine and example of JESUS CHRIST. That we are to be

everlastingly happy is perfectly consonant with the nature, and attributes of the Deity; and with the mild and benevolent precepts of JESUS CHRIST:—that we are to be everlastingly miserable is absolutely, and altogether abhorrent from both.

I will here give one eminent instance of the hyperbolical eastern style. The gospel of ST. JOHN thus concludes:—"And there are many
"other things which JESUS did, the which, if
"they should be written every one, I suppose
"that even the world itself could not contain the
"books that should be written."—If they who take every word in scripture literally, believe this, they are ridiculous; if they believe in eternal punishments, they are blasphemous.—Such people should adopt the frantick assertion of ST. AUSTIN; "credo quia impossibile est."—"I believe, because it is impossible."

It is melancholy for the friends of the church of ENGLAND to reflect that the brood of methodists have been generated by a kind of monstrous production, within *her* pale. This is to me unaccountable, when I consider the beautiful, and pathetick liturgy of our church, and

the general excellent strain of sermons which are preached in our pulpits. It is still more melancholy to reflect that many of the clergymen of our established church have the abandoned impudence to preach rank methodism in their pulpits; to contaminate, and shade the pure light of the gospel; to lead their congregations astray, and thus to bewilder their minds in the labyrinths of spiritual darkness, and confusion.

I must take this opportunity to express the great pleasure I received on sunday last from hearing my good friend Mr. RUDGE perform the duty of our church at ST. MILDRED's in the poultry. That he is young, and has but lately taken orders, heightens his merit. His matter, and his manner, were equally impressive and edifying. In imitation of our divine master, and celestial teacher, he was accurate, energetick, and eloquent, in closely combining faith with practice, and indeed in dwelling with rather more attention on the latter object; a very prudential step in these times, when many visionary enthusiasts, in our churches, mislead and infatuate their congregations with their wild, and unsubstantial doctrines. These men have the impudence to

call themselves evangelical preachers; I call them diabolical preachers; for they strangle practice with their cord of faith.

I have given a good deal of praise to Mr. WESLEY, because generous, and ardent minds love and admire extraordinary characters in every department of life. I entertain the highest esteem, and veneration for his memory; as far as his persevering, and indefatigable exertions, and his humane and active charity go: with regard to his pretended inspiration, and miracles, I feel very disadvantageous, and opposite impressions.

I have been very attentive and careful, in what I have now written, to give a just representation of the christian system. I have embraced this publick opportunity of serving and supporting the most interesting cause that can be presented to mortals. I am very old, and afflicted with a nervous disorder; therefore I shall not have it in my power to unfold my religious sentiments to the world by any new production. According to *my* plan, when I sate down to write against the methodists, they were only objects of inferiour consideration. If I could have

supposed that what I was to write would have any effect upon *them*, it would have been a quixotick imagination. But all that I have said against *them*, takes a just and expanded view of the christian religion; and therefore I hope that it will be of considerable use, and edification to unprejudiced and liberal minds. I trust in GOD that it will fortify such minds in genuine faith and practice; and that it will prevent them from deigning the least attention to enthusiasm, bigotry, and superstition.

I have expressed myself on this occasion with all that ardour of mind, which a most interesting and sublime cause demanded. That ardour was excited, and kept alive by my general indignation against those illiterate, vulgar, and sacrilegious men, who robbed GOD of his glory; distorted, and deformed the christian system; and dragged both these great and highly elevated objects down to the sink of their own miserable capacities, and attainments. In what I have written I had no personal animosity. To write tamely and timidly on important, sacred, and everlasting truth, I leave to coldness of heart, and mediocrity of intellect.

I now recollect rather an humorous anecdote, that relates to sir CHALONER OGLE, who, in the year 1775, commanded the RESOLUTION of seventy-four guns ; which lay then as a guard-ship, at SPITHEAD. To that ship, I had been appointed a chaplain, by my lord SANDWICH, through the interest of Mr. GARRICK. If we connect this anecdote with the licence that was given by lord GEORGE SACKVILLE to Mr. WHITFIELD, it will additionally illustrate the concise, and easy religion of the sons of MARS.

The duty of a clergyman was very seldom required of me while I was chaplain to the RESOLUTION. One day, however, when I met my naval commander in a street of PORTSMOUTH, and payed my respects to him, he proposed that I should do duty, on the ensuing sunday, on board of the RESOLUTION. I replied that it was my wish to receive such a command more frequently.—“ At all events (replied he) I think “ that it is right that these things should be “ done sometimes, as long as christianity is on “ foot.”

The camp at CHATHAM broke up, about the

middle of october, in this year, 1757.—I got leave to return, with a recruiting party, to my old rural retreat, BIGGLESWADE. For this indulgence, I was again obliged to my friend colonel POOLE, who was always very friendly, and kind to me. I longed to enjoy some literary quiet; indeed my state of health demanded an easy situation, and a salubrious air. In the company of two or three military friends, I took LONDON in my way to BIGGLESWADE. I then, for the first time, had the elegant, and heart-felt pleasure of seeing the exerted genius of Mr. GARRICK. The play was ROMEO and JULIET: GARRICK played ROMEO;—and to fill the evening with the personified soul of SHAKESPEARE, Mrs. CIBBER played JULIET; and WOODWARD, MERCUTIO.

When I arrived at BIGGLESWADE, I experienced a melancholy falling off there. Every thing seemed to sympathise with my languid health; the melancholy “habit of my soul.”—The weather was gloomy:—my former landlord, JERRY BRYANT, had no room for me, at the swan; I was disagreeably lodged:—my friend Mrs. HAYWOOD, and the honest vicar, were

slowly recovering from dangerous maladies.—My success in recruiting, which was now very indifferent, corresponded with my other discouraging views. But if these objects had not drawn a shade over my mind, I was determined, with the first opportunity, to quit the army. I had taken so great a disgust against it, that no difficulties upon earth, could have given me so much pain as my continuance in it.—Yet I read, and wrote, even at *this* oppressive juncture of my life;—but what my books, and what my compositions were, I have totally forgotten.

While I was at BIGGLESWADE, I received a letter from colonel POOLE, which hastened the execution of my determination. The regiment of welsh fuzileers had been augmented by a second battalion; in which I was now a first lieutenant;—this promotion I should have mentioned before, in it's proper place;—for I was raised to the rank of first lieutenant, when I was at BIGGLESWADE, in the spring of 1757; by the death of captain LORT, who died in ITALY, where he had, for some time, resided, for his health. A draft from our second batta-

lion was ordered to the EAST-INDIES; and I was one of the officers who was to go thither. The truth is, if I had been ever so eager to go to INDIA, I was, at *that* time, incapable of going; for I was in so weak a state, that I was hardly able to walk over the floor in my apartment. My colonel's letter mentioned the tempting object of double pay, which the EAST-INDIA-company gave their officers; but nothing could have bribed me from my resolution; I offered my resignation to the secretary at war; without strongly urging the excuse of illness. I had a letter very soon from lord BARRINGTON (as I might easily have expected) which acquainted me, that his majesty had accepted my resignation. I had a growling letter, about the same time, from general HUSKE; which I did not much value; as I had emancipated myself from *his* command.

I had written to my dearest mother, who lived at BERWICK upon TWEED, on this momentous subject; I had communicated to her my resolution to resign my commission; whatever might, afterwards, be my fate.—The intelligence gave her the deepest concern; my old master, Mr.

RUMNEY, wrote to me, at *her* request; to dissuade me from my intention: he represented to me, and indeed with force, and eloquence, the great imprudence, the madness, of throwing myself, precipitately, on the world; without powerful friends; and without any prospect of a subsistence. But his advice had no effect on me; it's influence was precluded by my fixed, and invariable decision. For to compleat *any* scheme; to execute *any* project that had seized my mind, and at *any* hazard; how unwarrantable soever, by prudence, and common-sense, was the occasion; and how strongly soever I was dissuaded from it;—was unfortunately, a part of my constitution, and of my habits. A person thus impelled, and thus accustomed to act, *may*, perhaps, have reason to complain of the selfish barbarity of mankind; who give no quarter to those imprudences which divest us of all external power; but he certainly will be absurd, if he does not ascribe his bad fortune to *himself*.

When my mother found that I had thrown the die, she wrote an affectionate letter to me; warmly inviting me to come, and share *her*

humble fare; and to trust to the future care of Providence; if I should deserve it by my virtue. The tear fills my eyes, while I have the image of that venerable parent before me;—and while I recollect this transcript of her heart. In the middle of november, 1757, I bade adieu to the army for ever.

END OF VOL. I.

ERRORS IN VOL. I.

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- 13 for *rembone* read *umbone*
25 for “*thick o’er with titles*” read “*stuck o’er with titles*”
74 for *vir-* read *viribus*
100 for *mugæ* read *nugæ*
110 for *amazing* read *amusing*
140 for *sanguinam* read *sanguinem*
140 for *sauciant* read *sauciant*
177 for *domesticatum* read *domesticarum*
185 for *boons* read *barns*
276 for *impressive* read *impassive*
237 for *agreeably ludicrously* read *agreeably and ludicrously*
254 instead of *for an elegance congenial* read *of an elegance congenial*
210 for *loves* read *love*
367 for *forget* read *forgot*

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London (1809)

Biogr. 1118 s-1

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